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For use in

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EDITORS

E. O. Excell and William Edward Biederwolf

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A Word to the Christian Public.

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Each of those whose names here appear had a part in the selection of the songs. We have done this not only to make the best possible book for our own evangelistic meetings, but with a view of raising the standard of present day Gospel music. *There is no book like it in print.* We expect the book to be its own testimony, and pray God's blessing upon its mission.

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Make Christ King

No. 1. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for Thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir- tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 2. Make Christ King.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT MATTHEWS.

R. M. Robert Matthews.

1. Hark to the call of the new cru-sade, Christ o-ver all will king be made,
2. Strong is the foe of the new cru-sade, Sin in its ar - mor is well ar-rayed;
3. Come, in His name join the pilgrim throng, Stand for the right, and down the wrong;

CHORUS.

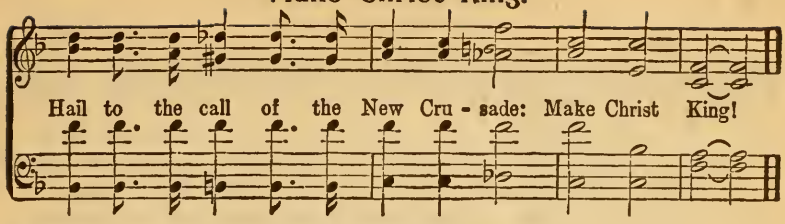
Out to the world let the chal-lenge ring: Make Christ king!
In - to the fight we our best must fling: Make Christ king! Hail to the King of
Glo-ry to God, let the cho - rus sing: Make Christ king!

kings! Tri-umph-ant Re-deem-er! On march the soldiers of the New Cru-sade.

This is the battle cry: Christ made the King! And to our Sov'reign we allegiance bring;

Prince, Guide and Counselor He shall be. Car - ry the standard to vic-to-ry!

Make Christ King.



No. 3. My Only Plea.

John Crombie White. Chas. H. Gabriel.

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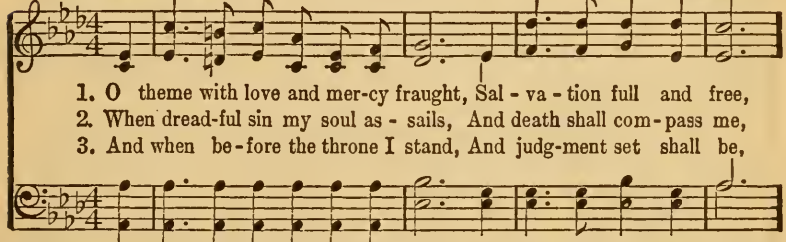
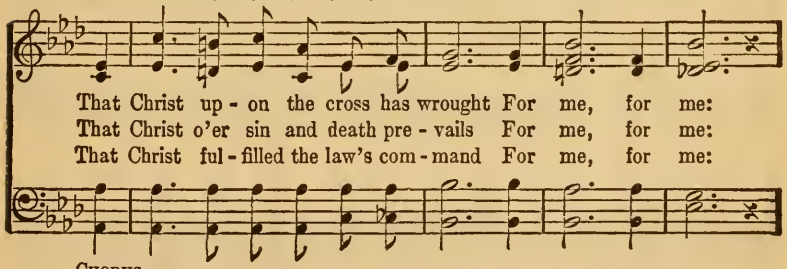
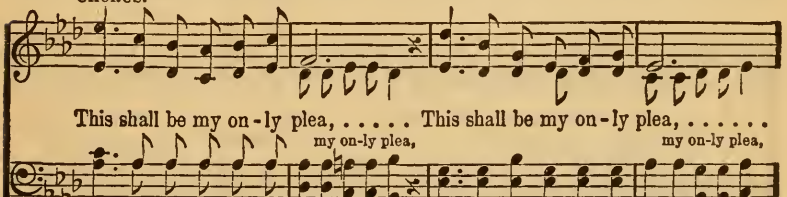
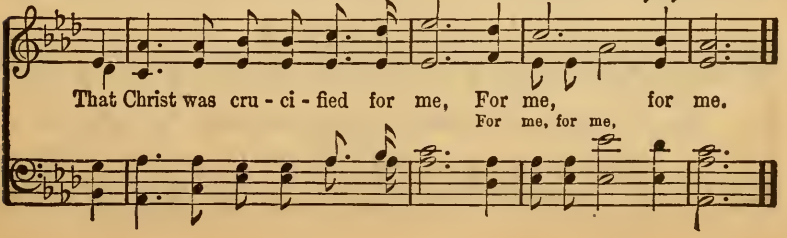




CHORUS.





No. 4. Ye Must Be Born Again.

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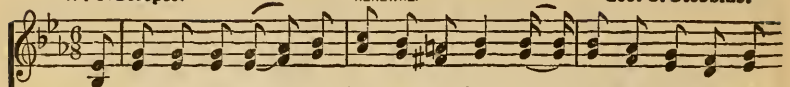
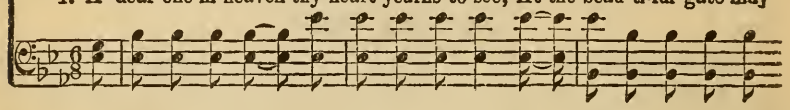
RENEWAL.

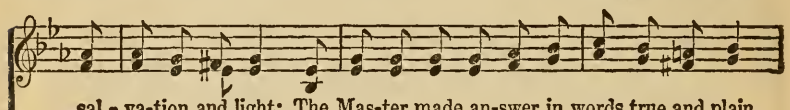
W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.



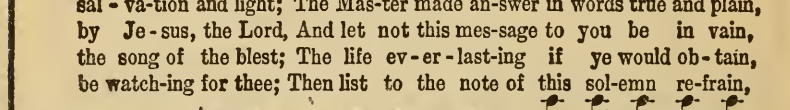
1. A ruler once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of
2. Ye chil-dren of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly ut-tered
3. Oh, ye who would en-ter that glo-ri-ous rest, And sing with the ransomed
4. A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beau-ti-ful gate may



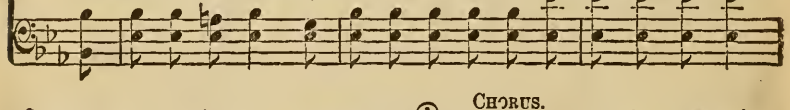
sal - va-tion and light; The Mas-ter made an-swer in words true and plain,
by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes-sage to you be in vain,
the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last-ing if ye would ob - tain,
be watch-ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol-emn re-frain,



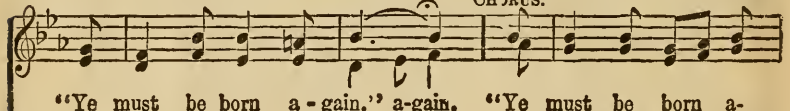
CHORUS.



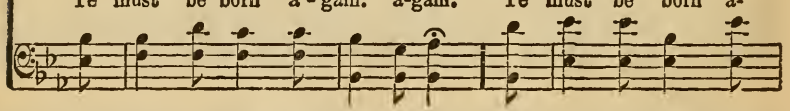
"Ye must be born a - gain." a-gain. "Ye must be born a-



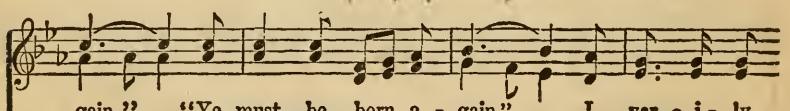
gain," "Ye must be born a - gain," I ver - i - ly,



a - gain. a-gain.



ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, "Ye must be born a-gain." a-gain.



No. 5. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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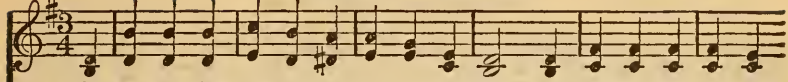
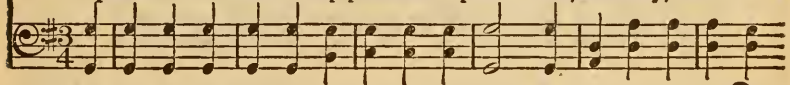
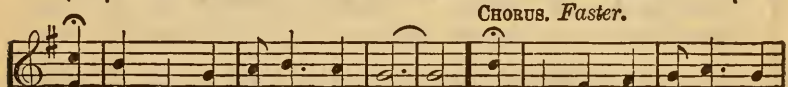
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

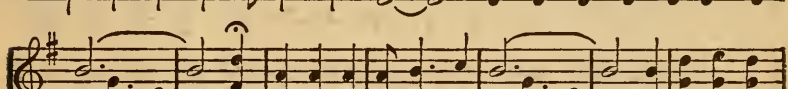


with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

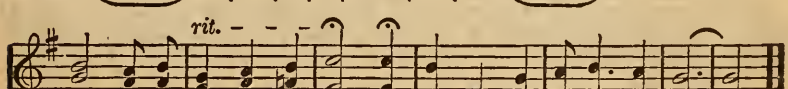


CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

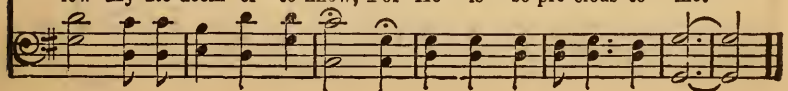


pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-



rit. - - -

low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.



No. 6. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 7. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm Pool.

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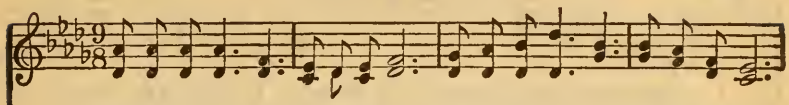
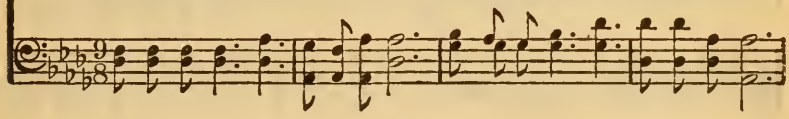
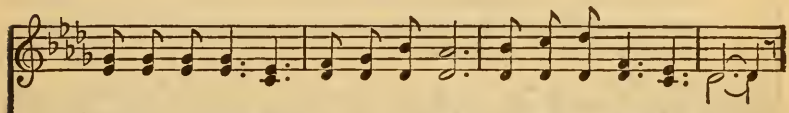
Chas. H. Gabriel.

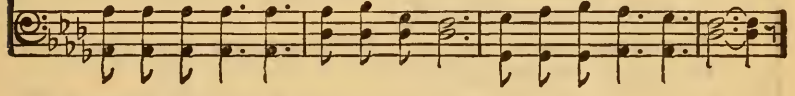


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

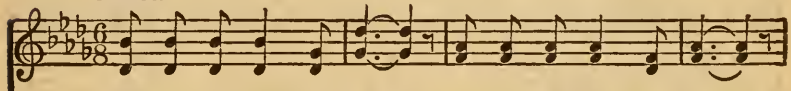




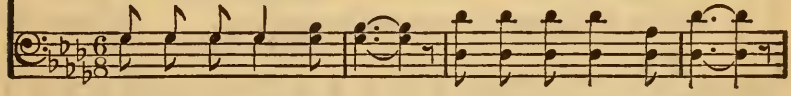
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

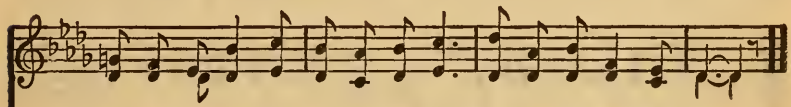


CHORUS.

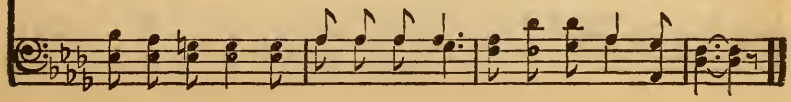


Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;





Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



No. 8. Thy Kingdom Come!

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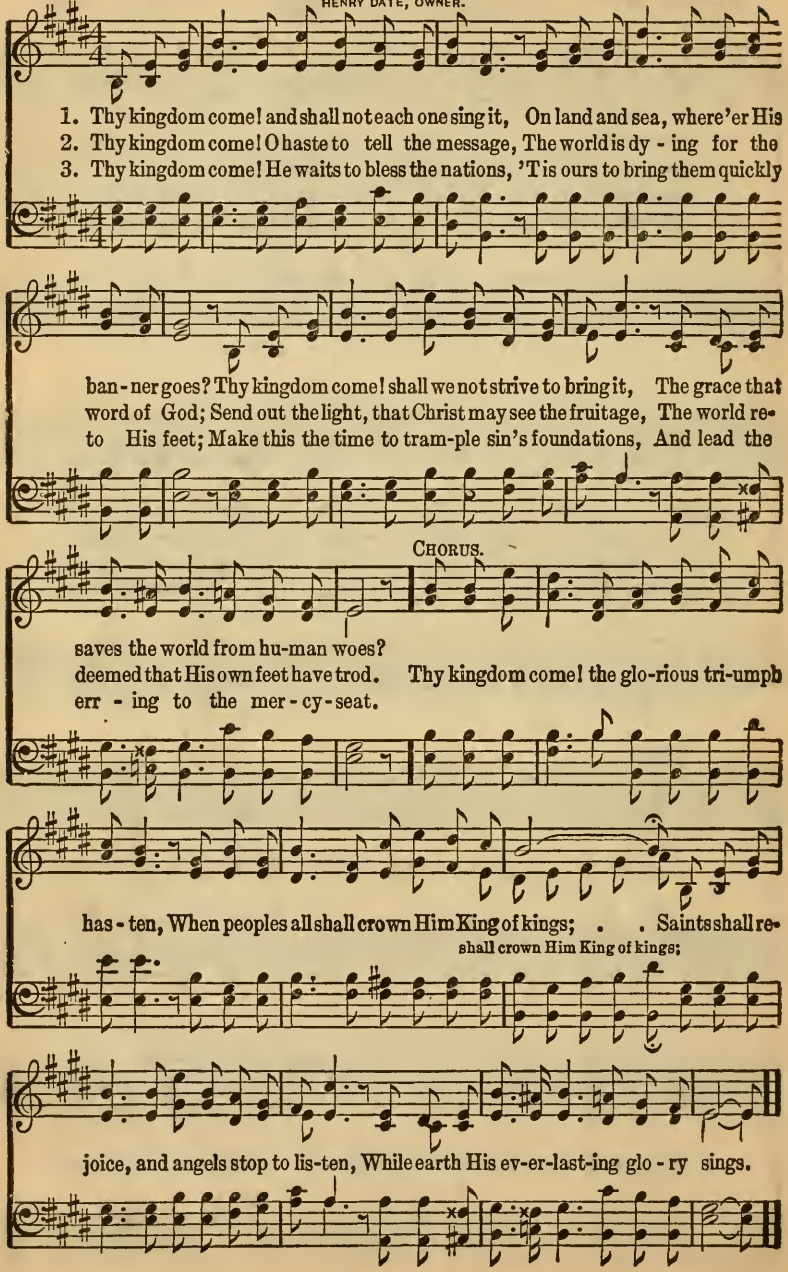

No. 9. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - - - - - - CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 10. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads home,
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

leads home, leads home;

No. 11. Steady, Brother, Steady.

Ida L. Reed.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Haldor Lillenas.

1. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, tho' the storm-winds rise, And darkness gath-er o'er you and it veil your skies; Keep your course un-wa-vered, and be brave, be true; Fear not while the Mas-ter holds the helm with you.
2. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y tho' the wild waves sweep, Your barque will ride in safe-ty for He rules the deep; Waves shall not o'er-flow you while the Pi-lot's near, By the chart He giv-eth you, your course can steer.
3. Stead-y, broth-er, stead-y, look you o-ver there, Be-yond the cloud and tem-pest see, the port lies fair; There with-in the har-bor with the storms all past, You can safe-ly an-chor, sheltered safe at last.

CHORUS.

Steady, steady, tho' clouds veil the sky; Steady, steady, tho' waves roll high;
surging waves are rolling high;
Steady, steady, be brave, be true, Fear not while the Master holds the helm with you.

No. 12. Is It the Growning Day?

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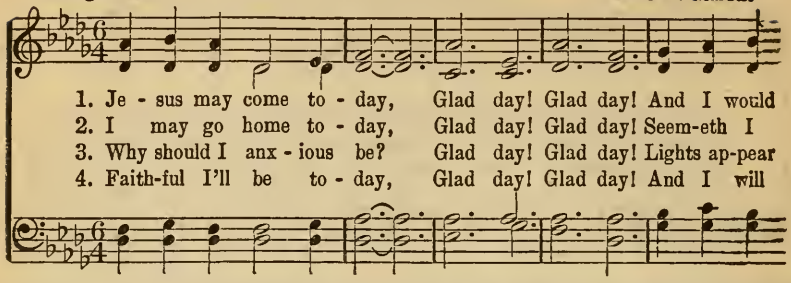
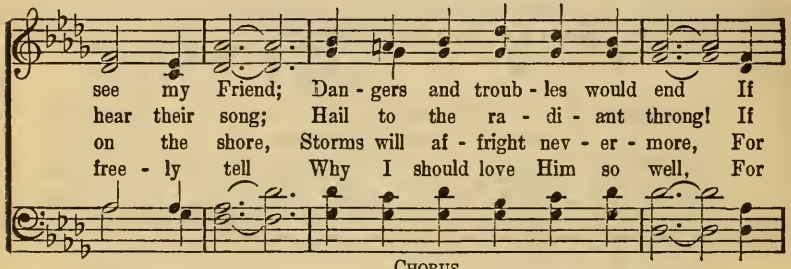
George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

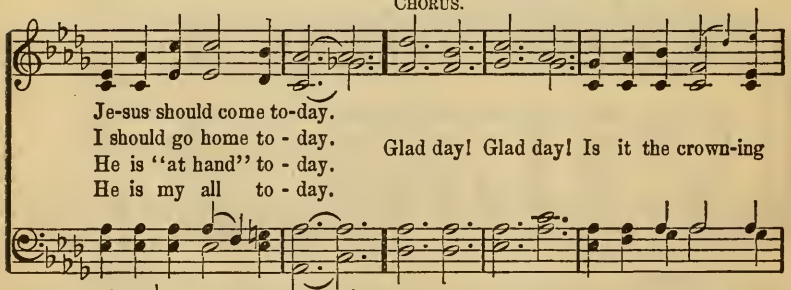


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will



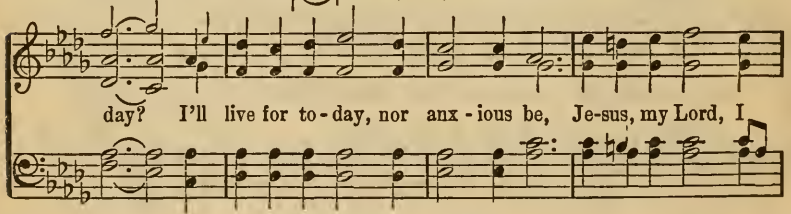
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

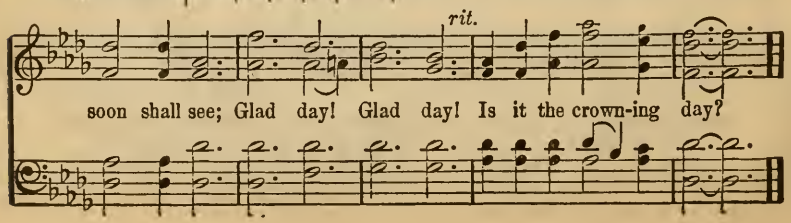


Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.

Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing



day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I



rit.

soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

No. 13. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray - ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To

CHORUS.

read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.

Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,

rit.

my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless - ing to - day.

No. 14.

Mighty to Save.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GORDON V. THOMPSON.
USED BY PER.

G. V. T. Gordon V. Thompson.

1. I have a Re-deem-er who saves me from sin; Now He's a - bid-ing for-
2. I have a Re-deem-er to pi - lot me o'er Life's an - gry bil-lows to
3. I have a Re-deem-er, so watch-ful is He, Walk-ing be - side me, my
4. I have a Re-deem-er, I know He is mine, Prov - ing His pres-ence by

ev - er with - in, His life for my ran-som so free - ly He gave—'Tis
heaven's fair shore; I know He will keep me, tho' wild be the wave—'Tis
ter-rors all flee; He guards me in dan-ger, and bids me be brave—'Tis
pow-er di - vine; I sure - ly can trust Him to con-quer the grave—This

CHORUS.

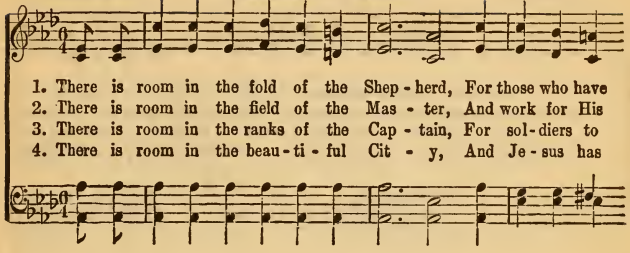
Je - sus my Sav - ior, might - y to save. Might - y to save! He's

might-y to save, Yes! Je-sus my Sav-ior is might-y to save! Sin's old al-

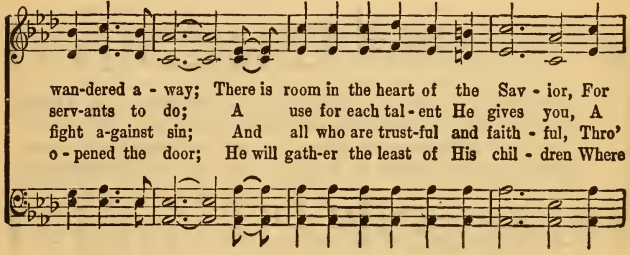
lure-ments no long - er I crave; Je - sus al-lures me, might-y to save.

No. 15. Room for You.

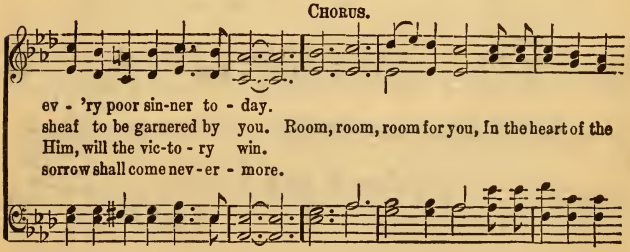
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. SIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.



1. There is room in the fold of the Shep - herd, For those who have
2. There is room in the field of the Mas - ter, And work for His
3. There is room in the ranks of the Cap - tain, For sol - diers to
4. There is room in the beau - ti - ful Cit - y, And Je - sus has

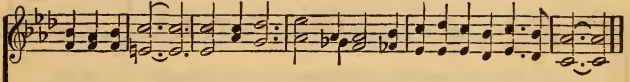


wan-dered a - way; There is room in the heart of the Sav - ior, For
serv-ants to do; A use for each tal - ent He gives you, A
fight a-gainst sin; And all who are trust-ful and faith - ful, Thro'
o - pened the door; He will gath-er the least of His chil - dren Where

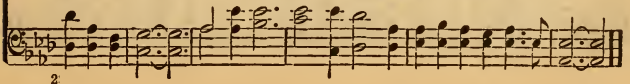


CHORUS.

ev - 'ry poor sin-ner to - day.
sheaf to be garnered by you. Room, room, room for you, In the heart of the
Him, will the vic-to - ry win.
sorrow shall come nev - er - more.



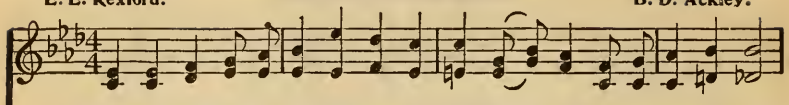
Sav-ior a-bove; Room for me, room for you, Come, rest in His won-der-ful love.



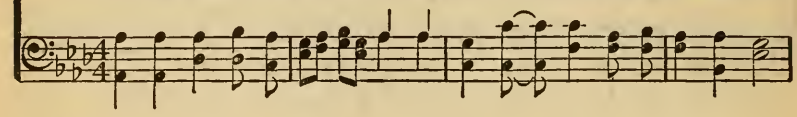
No. 16. How You Will Love Him!

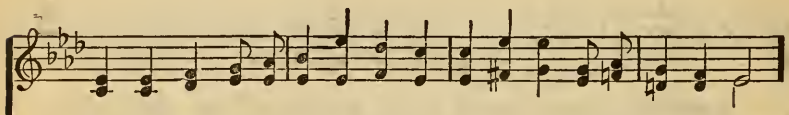
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

E. E. Rexford. B. D. Ackley.

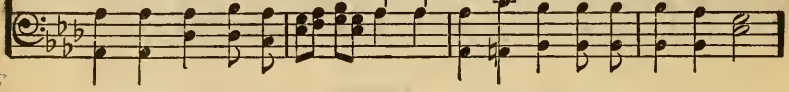


1. Ye who wander, of sin grown wear-y, Lonely and far from the safe home-fold,
2. Come, and coming, find peace and pardon Waiting for you at the place of prayer;
3. You should know of this love so tender, Love that is steadfast, and deep, and true;
4. Come, and find that you cannot fath-om Love like Christ's till you taste and see;

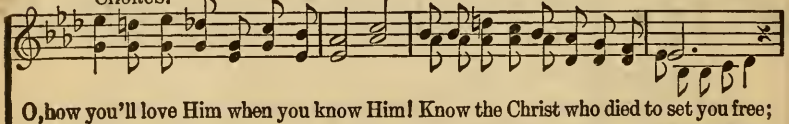




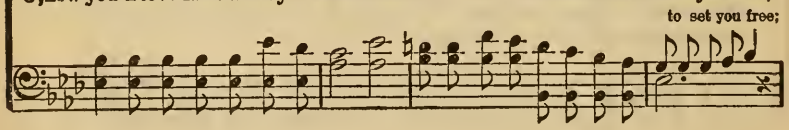
Come and learn what the love of Christ is, Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Kneel and ask for a soul for-giv-en,—Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come and share in its sweetness with me, Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
Heights and depths of the love of Je-sus No man knows till it sets him free.

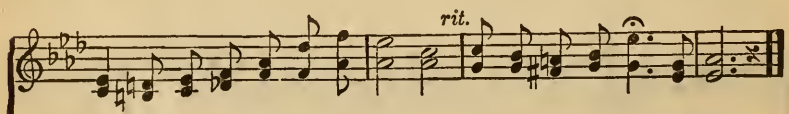


CHORUS.

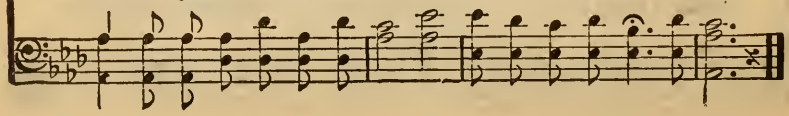


O, how you'll love Him when you know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free;
to set you free;





On Calv'ry's cross His heart was broken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!



No. 17. I Shall Dwell Forever There.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. When the night is o'er and the shad-ows past, And e - ter - nal dawn dis-
2. Tho' my sky be filled with the clouds of time, And my soul is burdened
3. How my heart will sing when I see the King, For there is no sovereign

pels the gloom of earth - ly care, In the home of God I shall
with fore-bod-ings of de - spair, Yet, my heart is cheered, for the
that with Je - sus can com - pare; So the sac - ri - fice of a

rest at last, In the land of E - den I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
hope is mine, If I trust in Je - sus I shall dwell for - ev - er there.
life I'll bring, And with Him in glo - ry I shall dwell for - ev - er there.

CHORUS.

I shall walk the streets of the Cit - y of God With its Tree of Life so bright, so fair;

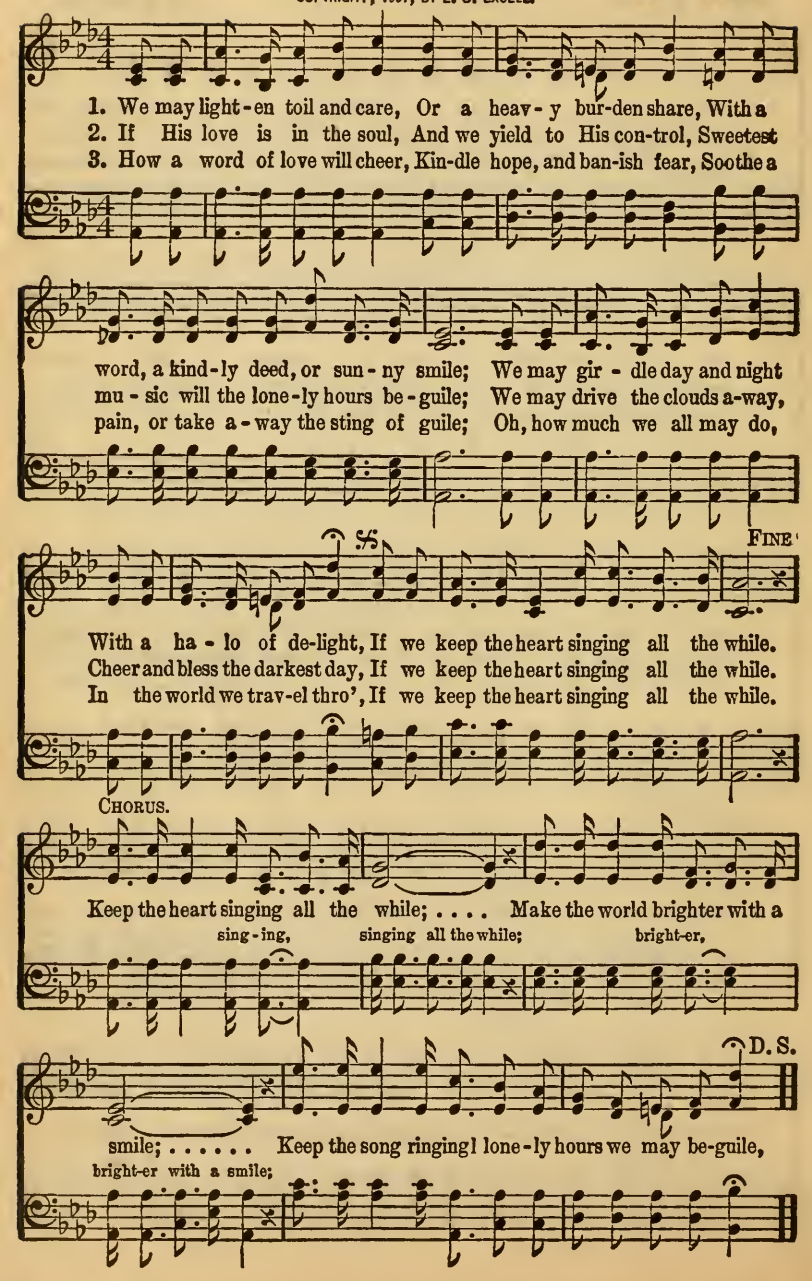
There will be no night—Je - sus is the Light,—I shall dwell for-ev - er there.

No. 18. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 19. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
F. G. FISCHER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin-ished my pil - grim - age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev-er fail-ing a-
3. When I have traveled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by

ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I ..... shall be sat - is
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be

fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

rit.

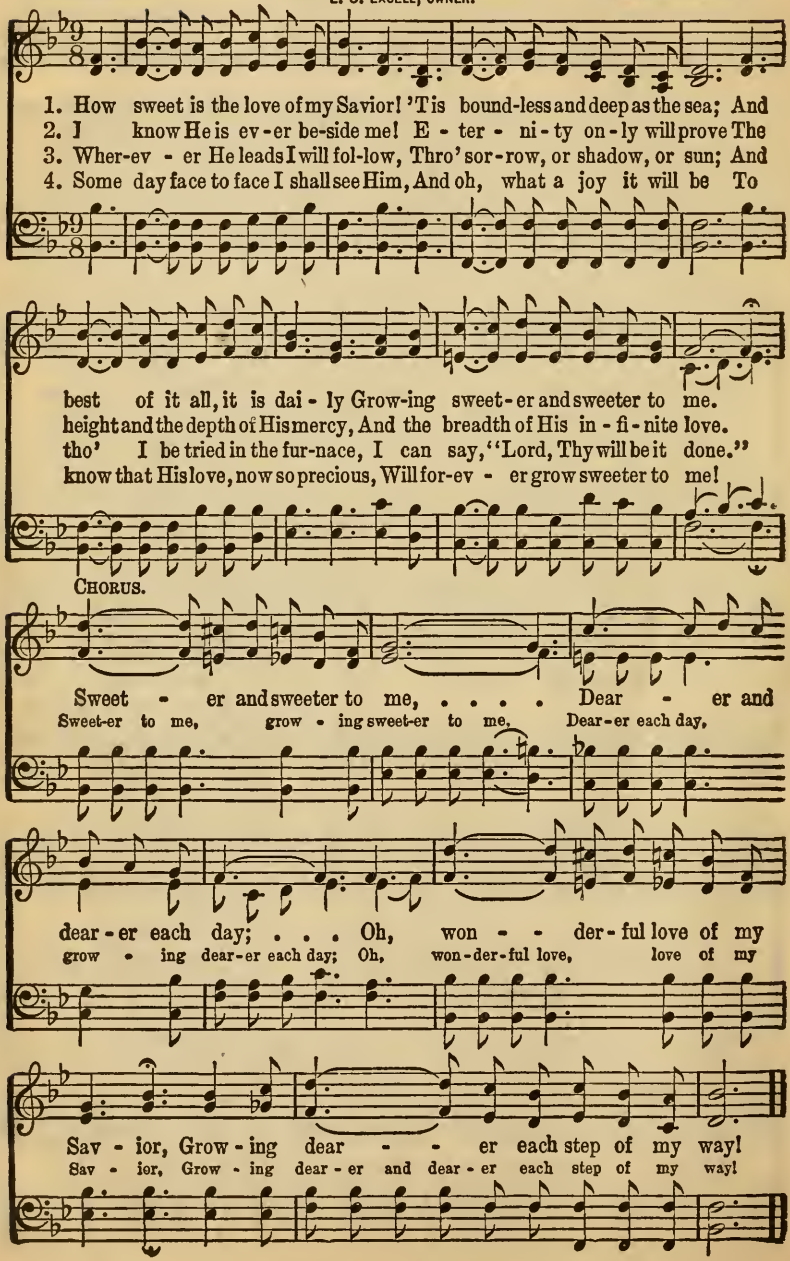
Sheltered a - bove by His in - fi - nite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 20. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

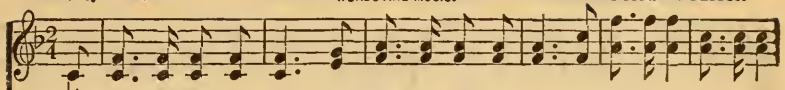


No. 21. Loyalty to Christ.

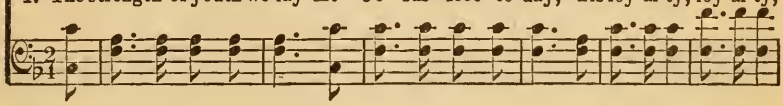
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

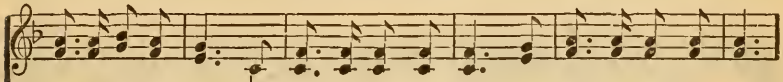
COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

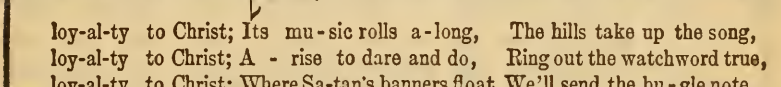


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

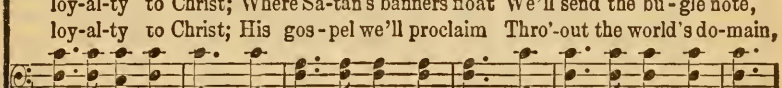




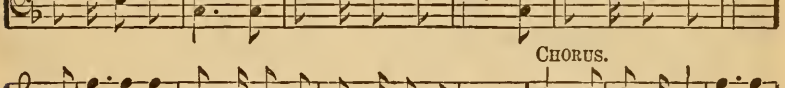
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,

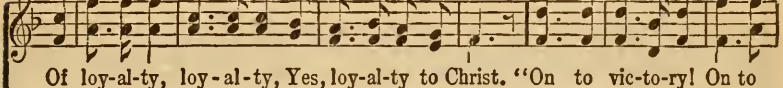


CHORUS.

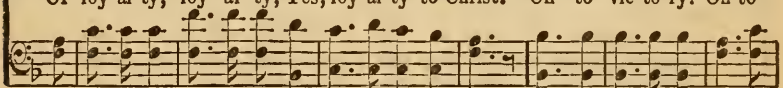


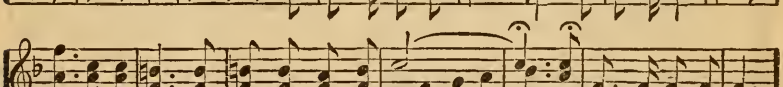
Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



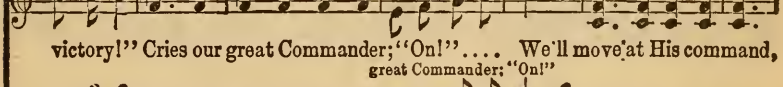


victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"





We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



No. 22. Spend One Hour With Jesus.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Katharine A. Grimes. E. O. Excell.

1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm-y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;

He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:

He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count-less bless - ings send,

He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'n-ly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus.

No. 23. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 24. Will There be any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO R. SWENEY
USED BY PER OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His

sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I go-eth down?

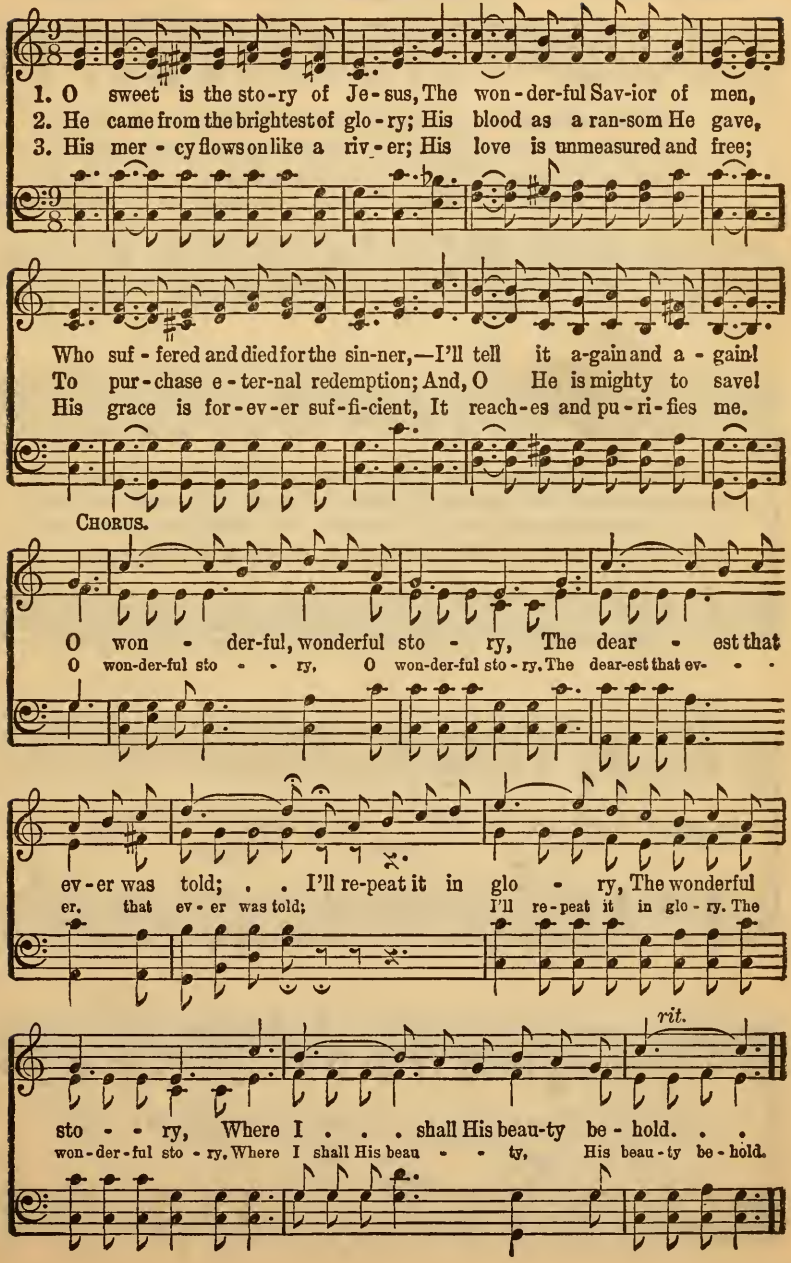
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 25. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

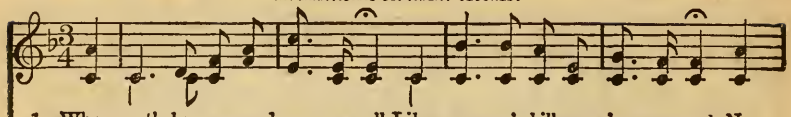
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

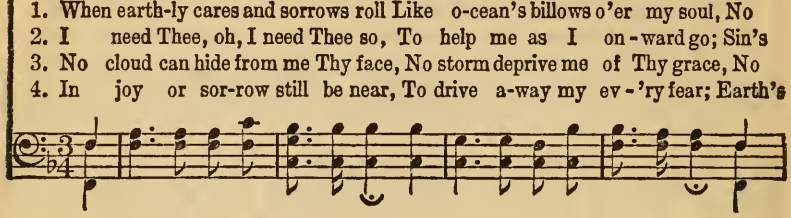


No. 26. Bring Peace to My Soul.

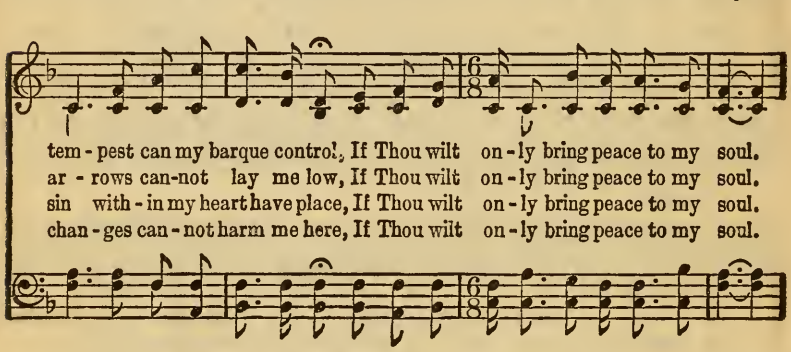
Helen M. Dungan. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. J. M. Dungan.



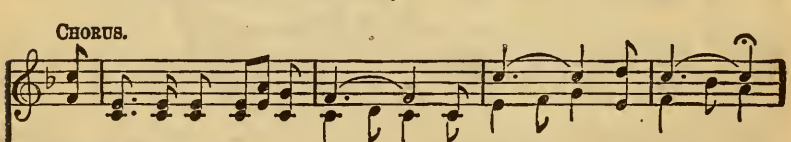
1. When earth-ly cares and sorrows roll Like o-cean's billows o'er my soul, No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I on-ward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev-'ry fear; Earth's



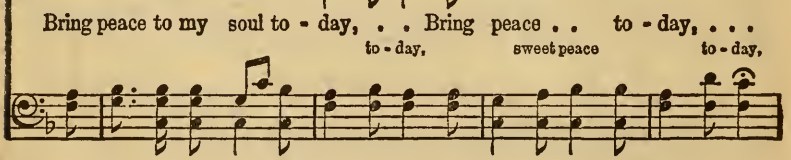
tem-pest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar-rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin with-in my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chan-ges can-not harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

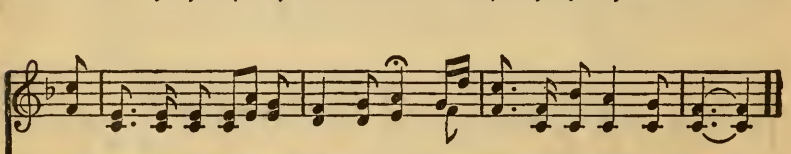


CHORUS.

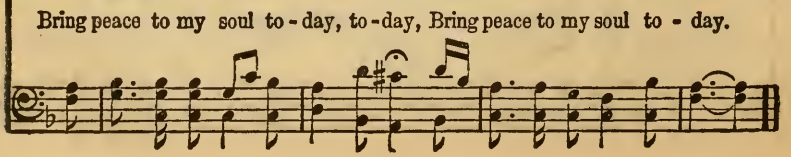


Bring peace to my soul to-day, . . Bring peace . . to-day, . . .
to-day, sweet peace to-day,





Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to-day.

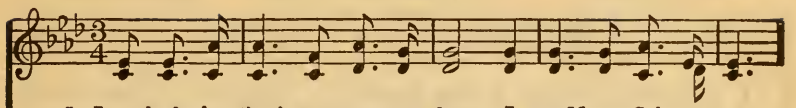


No. 27. Grace, Enough for Me.

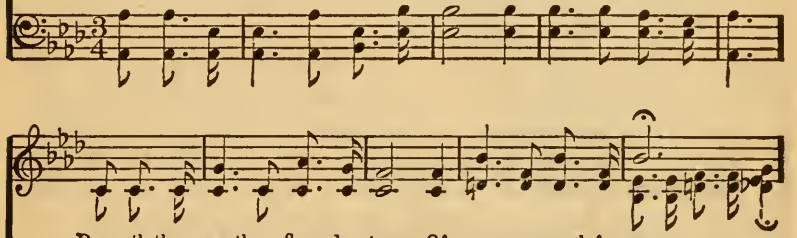
E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

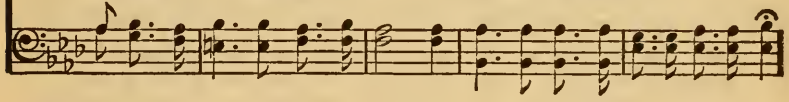
E. O. Excell.



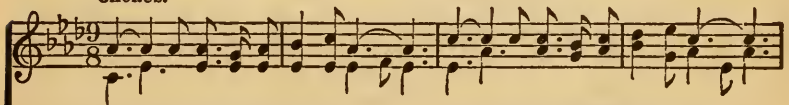
1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



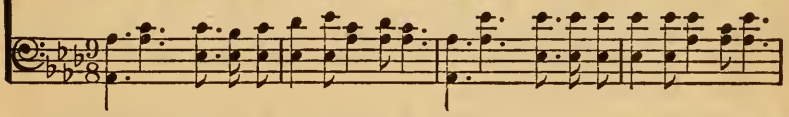
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

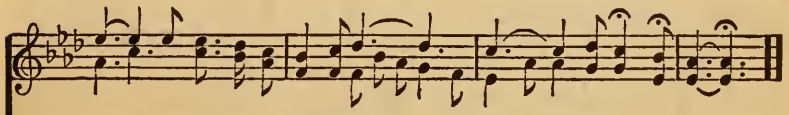


CHORUS.

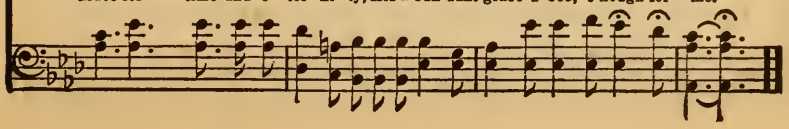


Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,



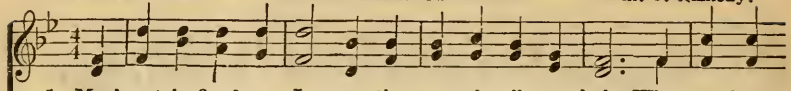


Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

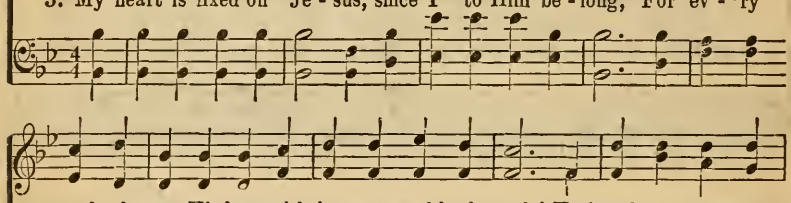


No. 28. My Heart is Fixed on Jesus.

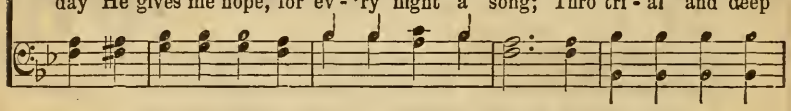
Lavinia E. Brauff. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY WM. J. RAMSAY. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Ramsay.



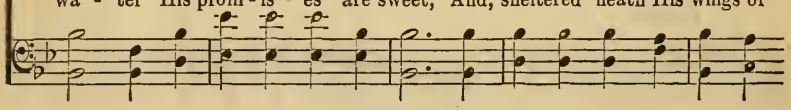
1. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, the sun of all my tho't; What wondrous
2. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, with-out Him life is vain; His prom-ise
3. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, since I to Him be - long, For ev - 'ry



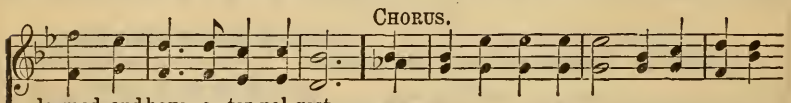
work of grace His love with-in my soul hath wro't! He found me poor and
is thro' all my days to com-fort and sus - tain; I love to hear Him
day He gives me hope, for ev - 'ry night a song; Thro tri - al and deep



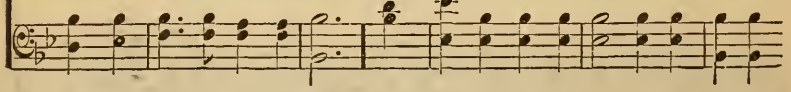
help - less, by ev - 'ry sin op-pressed, And died that I might be ro-
whis-per—"Be not a-fraid—'tis I!" As o'er the storm - y sea I
wa - ter His prom - is es are sweet, And, sheltered 'neath His wings of

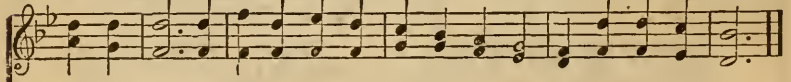


CHORUS.

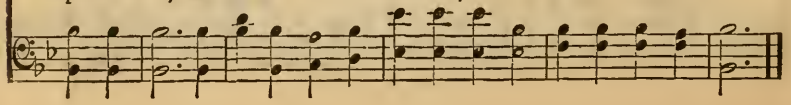


deemed, and have e - ter-nal rest.
sail be - neath a cloud-ed sky. My heart is fixed on Je - sus, No oth - er
love I find a safe re-treat.



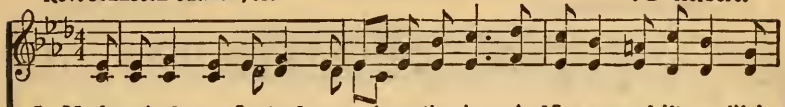


hope have I, I could not live with-out Him, And with-out Him dare not die.

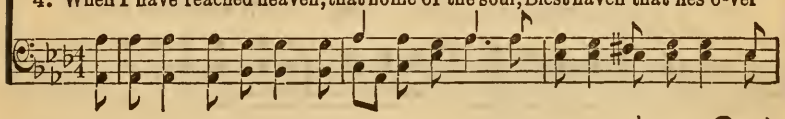


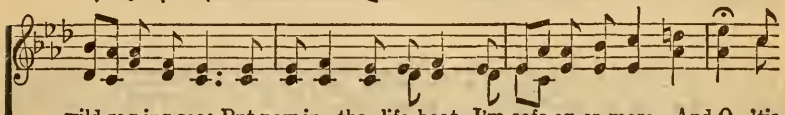
No. 29. O 'Tis a Great Change for Me.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. J. B Herbert.

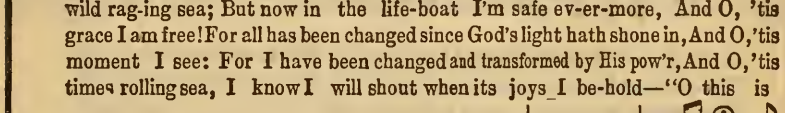


1. My boat had once float-ed a-way from the shore, And I was a-drift on life's
2. My life was once darkened, and fettered by sin, But now, Hal-le - lu-jah! by
3. No more is my spir - it con-formed to this world, But now higher joys ev-'ry
4. When I have reached heaven, that home of the soul, Blest haven that lies o-ver

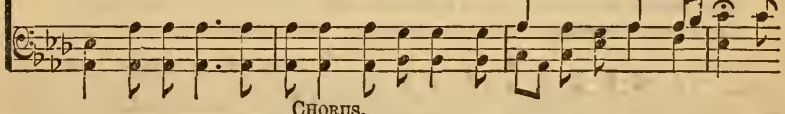




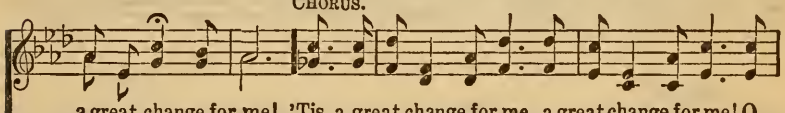
wild rag-ing sea; But now in the life-boat I'm safe ev-er-more, And O, 'tis
grace I am free! For all has been changed since God's light hath shone in, And O, 'tis
moment I see: For I have been changed and transformed by His pow'r, And O, 'tis
times rolling sea, I know I will shout when its joys I be-hold—"O this is

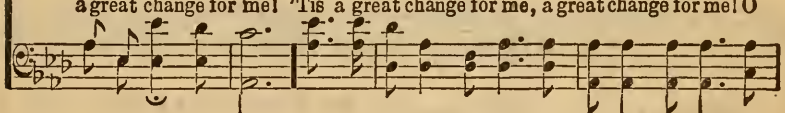


CHORUS.

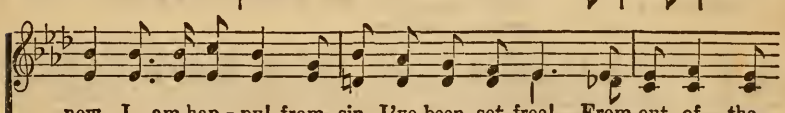


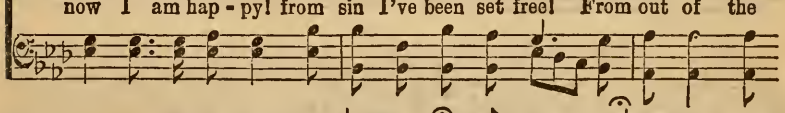
a great change for me! 'Tis a great change for me, a great change for me! O



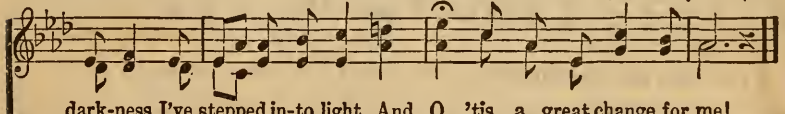


now I am hap - py! from sin I've been set free! From out of the





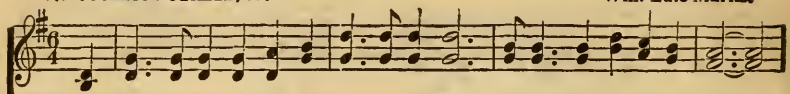
dark-ness I've stepped in-to light, And O, 'tis a great change for me!



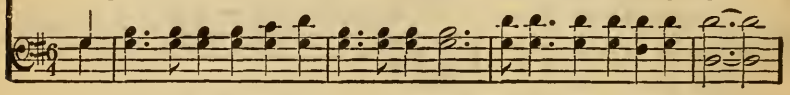
No. 30. Tell It Wherever You Go.

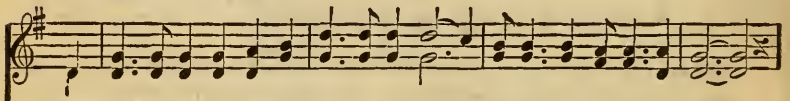
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Wm. Edie Marks.

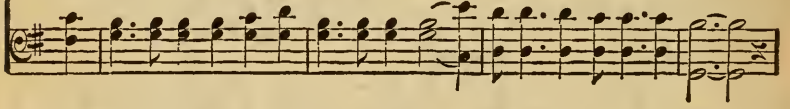


1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it where-ev-er you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
3. When troubles as-sail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wher-ev-er you go;
4. If you are an heir to a man-sion on high, Tell it wher-ev-er you go;

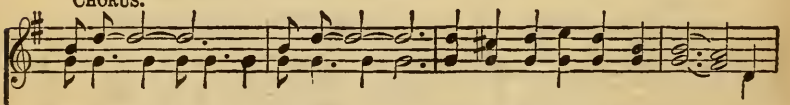




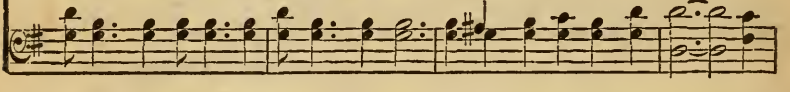
If in-to your darkness His light has shone in Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
If He is your Friend, and with Him you a-bide, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
When sorrow's o'erwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wher-ev-er you go.
Un-til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wher-ev-er you go.

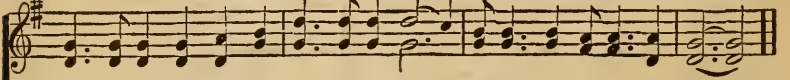


CHORUS.

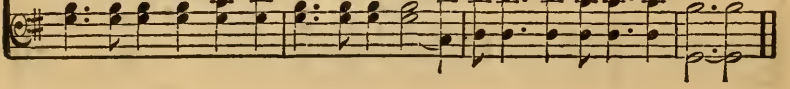


Tell it,..... tell it,..... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If
Tell it that oth-ers a-round you may know,





you would win oth-ers from sin and from woe? Tell it wher-ev-er you go!



No. 30 a I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je-sus;

Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

would be like Je-sus.

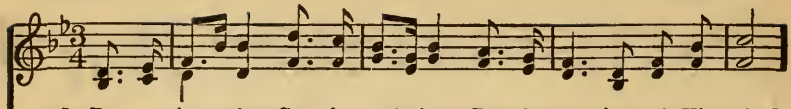
CHORUS.

Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

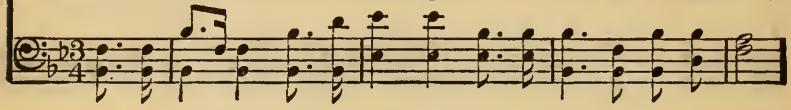
Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 31. I Am Listening.

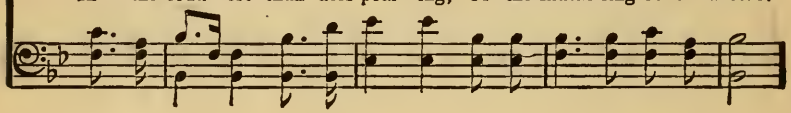
W. S. M. W. S. Marshall.



1. Do you hear the Sav - ior call - ing, By the woo - ings of His voice?
2. By His Spir - it He is woo - ing, Soft - ly draw - ing us to Him,
3. By the Word of Truth He's speaking To the wand'ring, er - ring ones;
4. In His Prov - i - den - tial deal - ings, E - ven in His stern de - crees,

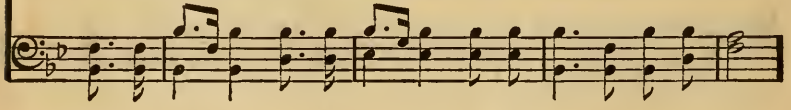


Do you hear the ac - cents fall - ing? Will you make the pre - cious choice?
Thro' the day and night pur - su - ing, With His gen - tle voice to win.
List! the voice the still - ness break - ing! Hear the sweet and sol - emn tones!
In the loud - est thun - ders peal - ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

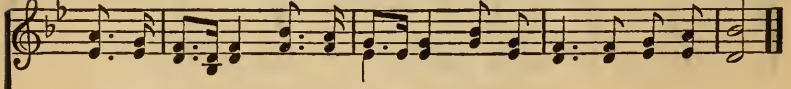


REFRAIN.

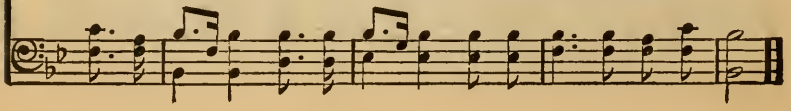
I am lis - t'ning, oh, I'm lis - t'ning, Just to hear the ac - cents fall;



Repeat softly.



I am lis - t'ning, oh, I'm lis - t'ning To the Sav - ior's gen - tle call.



No. 31 a The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine.

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

No. 32. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft-en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft-er pain and an-guish, aft-er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft-er foes are conquered, aft-er bat-les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis-ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a-ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft-er strife is o-ver, aft-er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev-er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 33. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

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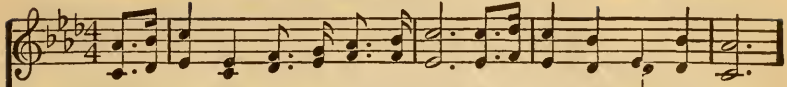
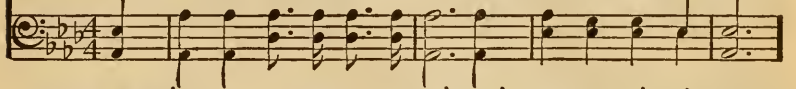
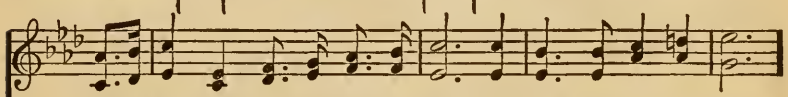
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

Jno. R. Sweney.

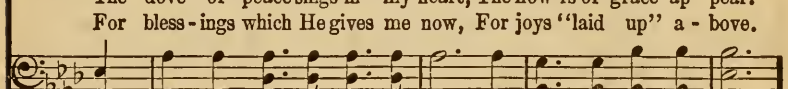


1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,





Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



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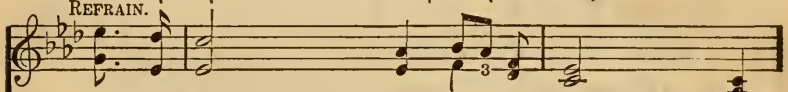
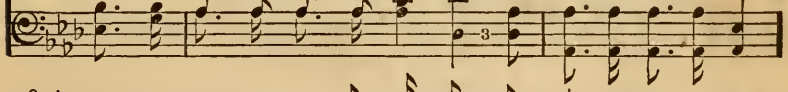
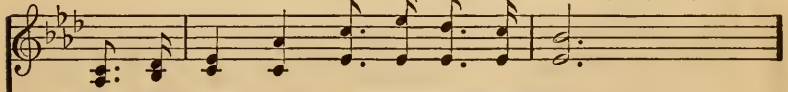
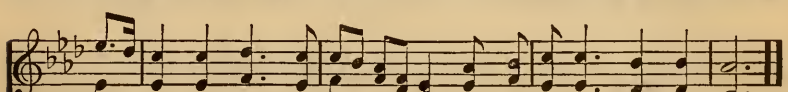


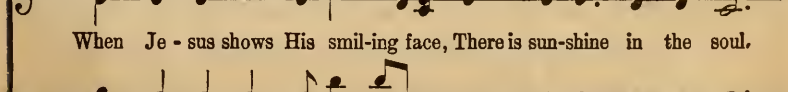
O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



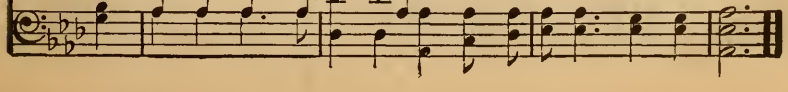


When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;





When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.



No. 34. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with - in a for - eign land; My home is far a-way, up - on a gold - en strand; Am-bas - sa - dor to be of realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.

2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev - 'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se - duc - tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the mes - sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

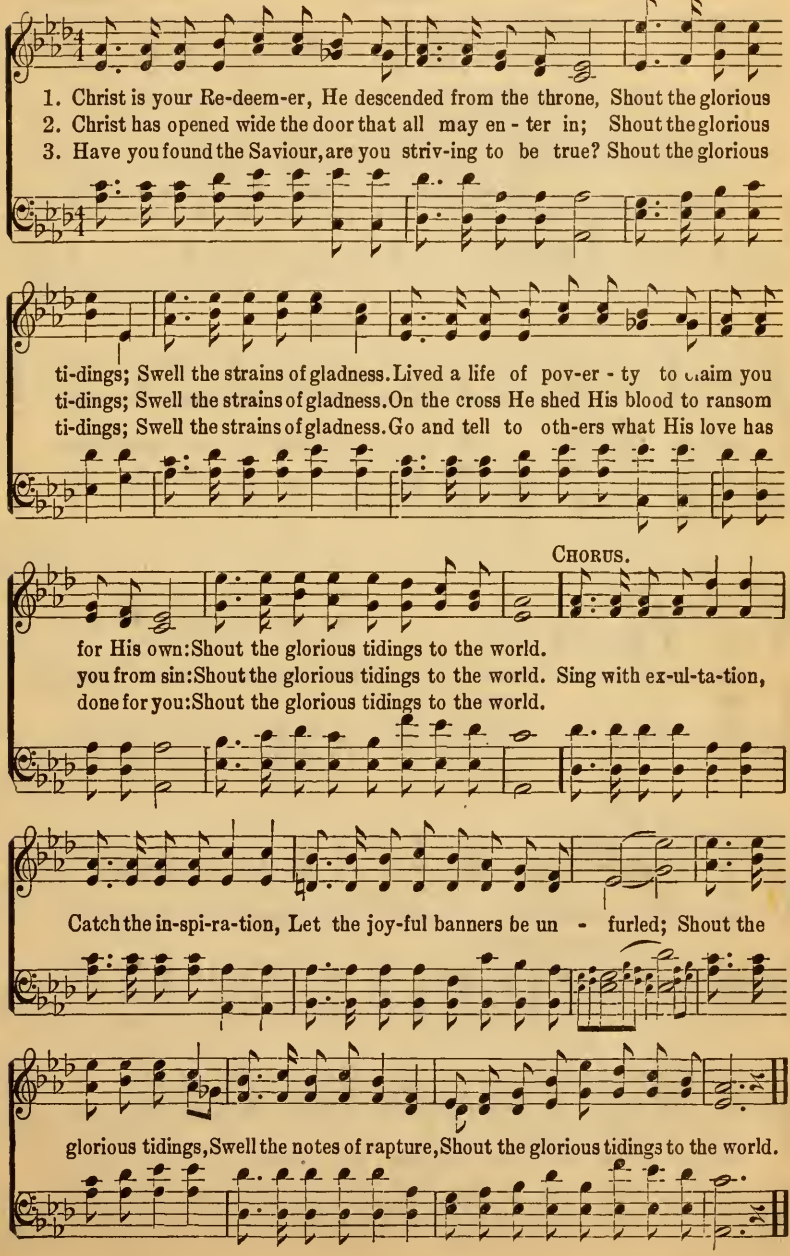
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro - sy plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor - tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

CHORUS.

No. 35. The Glorious Tidings.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY V. M. HATFIELD,
USED BY PER

Victor M. Hatfield. Susie E. Hatfield.



No. 36. Forward to the Goal.

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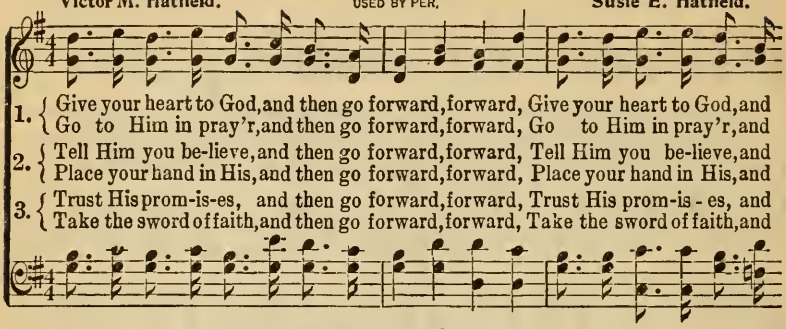
USED BY PER.

Victor M. Hatfield. Susie E. Hatfield.

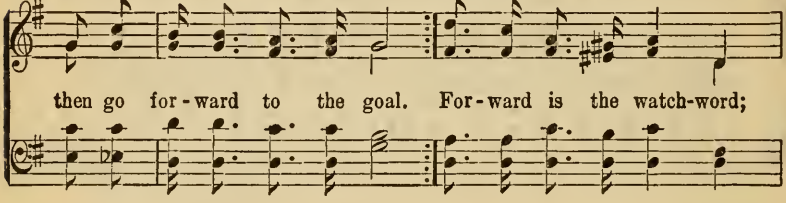


1. { Give your heart to God, and then go forward, forward, Give your heart to God, and
Go to Him in pray'r, and then go forward, forward, Go to Him in pray'r, and

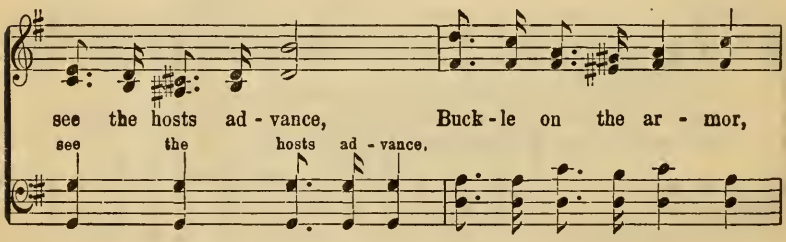
2. { Tell Him you be-lieve, and then go forward, forward, Tell Him you be-lieve, and
Place your hand in His, and then go forward, forward, Place your hand in His, and

3. { Trust His prom-is-es, and then go forward, forward, Trust His prom-is-es, and
Take the sword of faith, and then go forward, forward, Take the sword of faith, and

CHORUS.

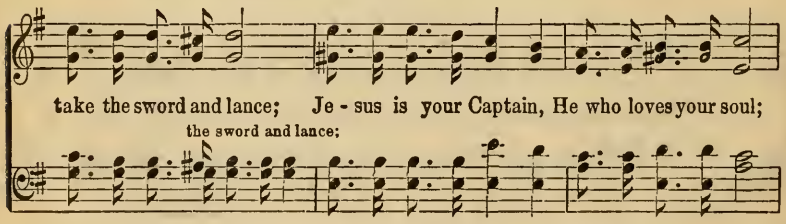


then go for-ward to the goal. For-ward is the watch-word;



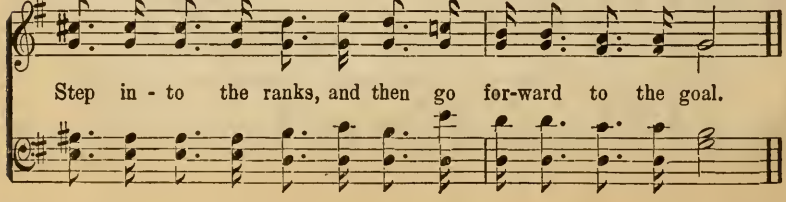
see the hosts ad-vance, Buck-le on the ar-mor,

see the hosts ad-vance,



take the sword and lance; Je-sus is your Captain, He who loves your soul;

the sword and lance;



Step in-to the ranks, and then go for-ward to the goal.

No. 37. The Bible of Our Fathers.

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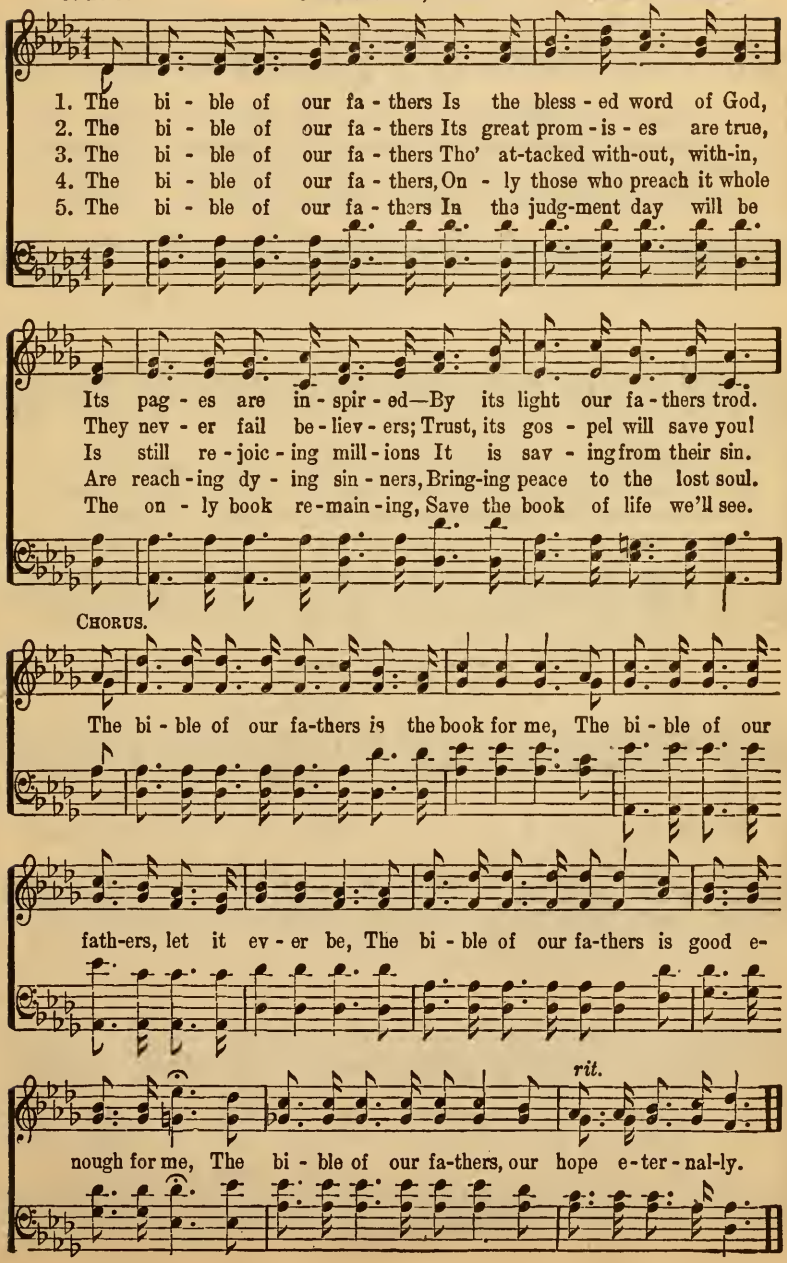
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

C. B. S. Clarence B. Strouse.



No. 38. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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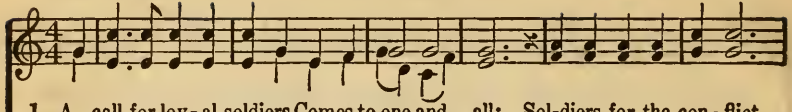
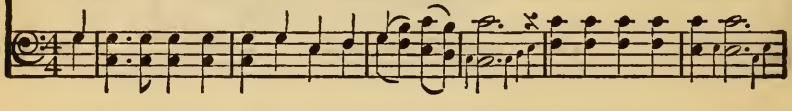
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

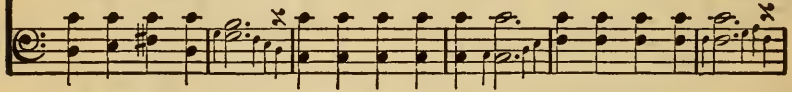
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

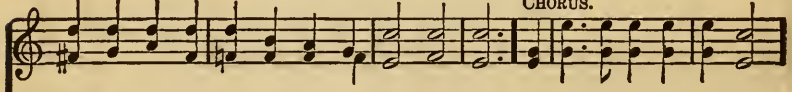


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

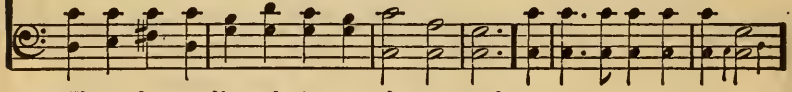


D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

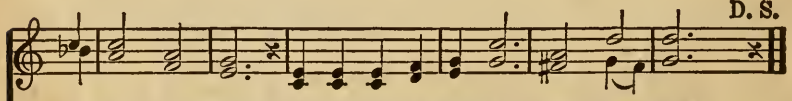


Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,



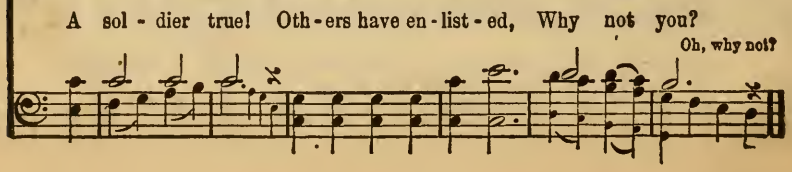
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

Oh, why not?

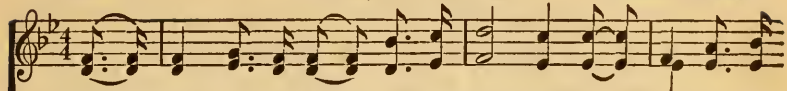


No. 39. The Church in the Wildwood.

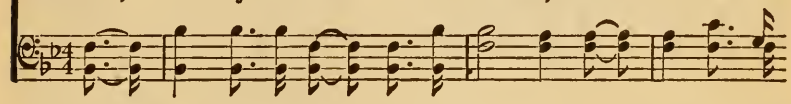
W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

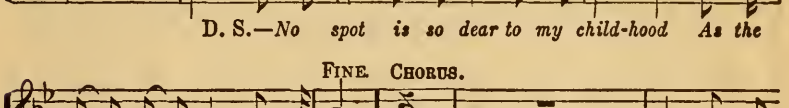
Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one,'Neath the tree where the

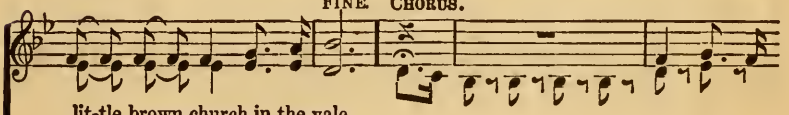


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall

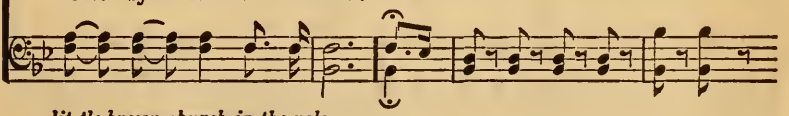


D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

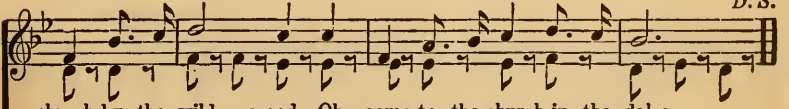


lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

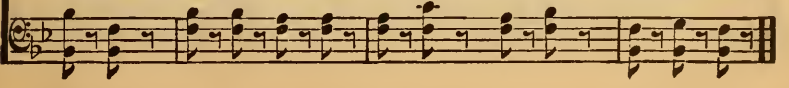


lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



No. 40. When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY MRS. J. G. WILSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson.

1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.

CHORUS.

When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a

joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all

Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 41. Saved.

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a friend who is all to me,.... His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,.. In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
love he said to me,..... "Come un-to me and I'll

lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
lead you home,.. To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."....

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

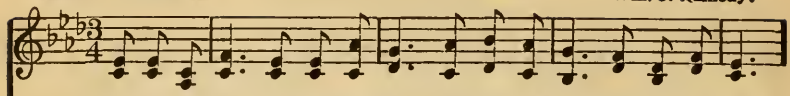
cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

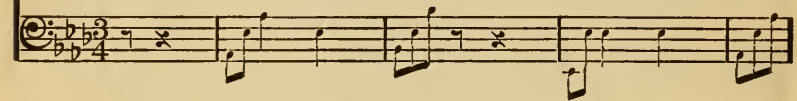
No. 42. Ghrist Rescued Me.

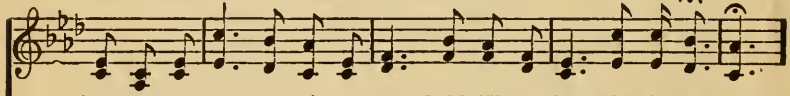
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY WM. J. RAMSAY.

Mrs. W. T. Morris. Wm. J. Ramsay.

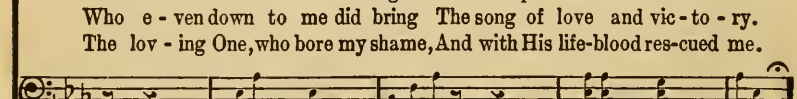


1. My lov-ing Lord in sym-pa-thy With tend'rest love came un-to me,
2. So long had I been bound by sin, So deep-ly dyed, with-out, with-in,
3. Yes, out of dark-ness in-to light, And out of weak-ness in-to might,
4. Ah! sweet indeed it is to sing The prais-es of my Lord and King,
5. O hal-le-lu-jah! praise His name, My bless-ed Lord, al-ways the same;

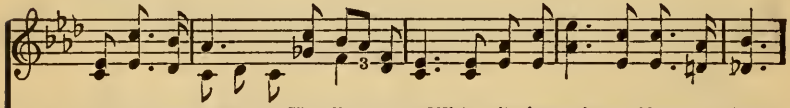




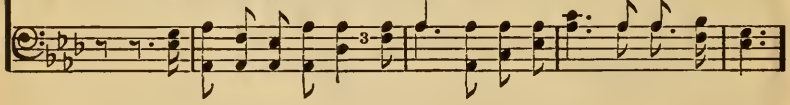
And from the depths of mis-er-y With His own hands He lift-ed me.
And vain all bet-ter life had been, Till Je-sus' touch had made me clean.
Then out of blind-ness in-to sight With nail-pierced hands He set me free.
Who e-ven down to me did bring The song of love and vic-to-ry.
The lov-ing One, who bore my shame, And with His life-blood res-cued me.

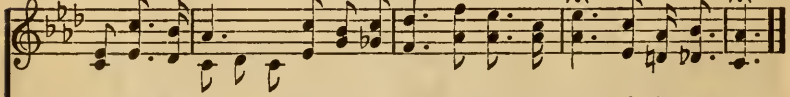


CHORUS.

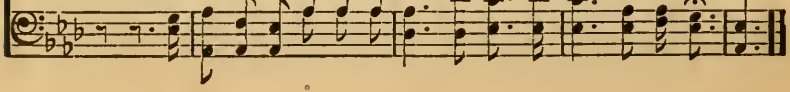


With His own hands He lift-ed me, With nail-pierced hands He set me free;
With His own hands He lift-ed me,



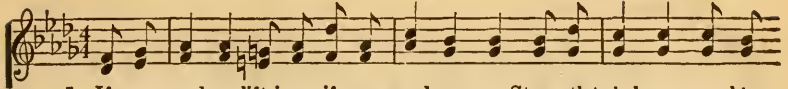


From depths of sin and mis-er-y, With blood-stained hands Christ rescued me.
From depths of sin and mis-er-y,

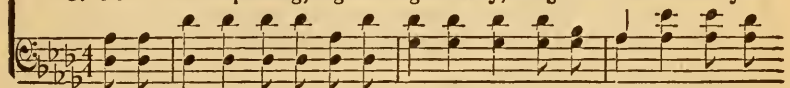


No. 43. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

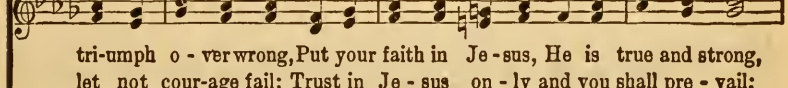
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.



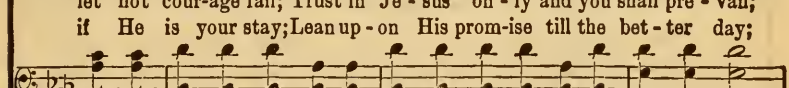
1. If you need up-lift-ing, if you need a song, Strength to help your soul to
2. In some hour unguarded, if the foe as-sail, Tho' you feel your weakness,
3. On the Lord depending, sing a-long the way, Naught can ev-er harm you



tri-umph o-ver wrong, Put your faith in Je-sus, He is true and strong,
let not cour-age fail; Trust in Je-sus on-ly and you shall pre-vail;
if He is your stay; Lean up-on His prom-ise till the bet-ter day;

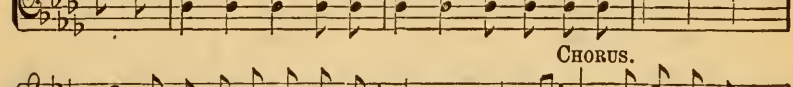


CHORUS.

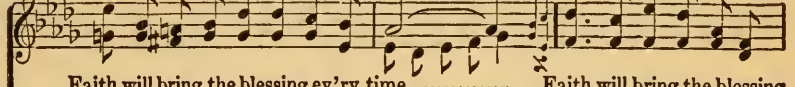


Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time..... Faith will bring the blessing

yes, ev-'ry time,

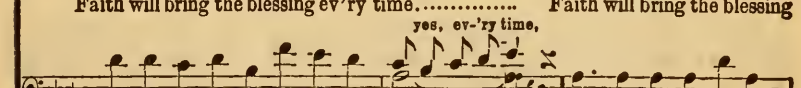


ev-'ry-time, Tho' your faith be simple or sublime; For the Savior knows the heart,



Ev'ry need He will impart, Faith will bring the blessing ev'ry time.....

ev-'ry time.



No. 44. O Beautiful for Spacious Skies.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. S. A. WARD, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Katharine Lee Bates. S. A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern, im-pass-ioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun- try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

No. 45. O Love that Will not let Me Go.

Rev. George Matheson. COPYRIGHT, 1910. BY HOMER RODEHEAVER. J. B. Herbert.

May be sung as Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

1. O love that will not let me go, I rest my
2. O light that followest all my way, I yield my
3. O joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

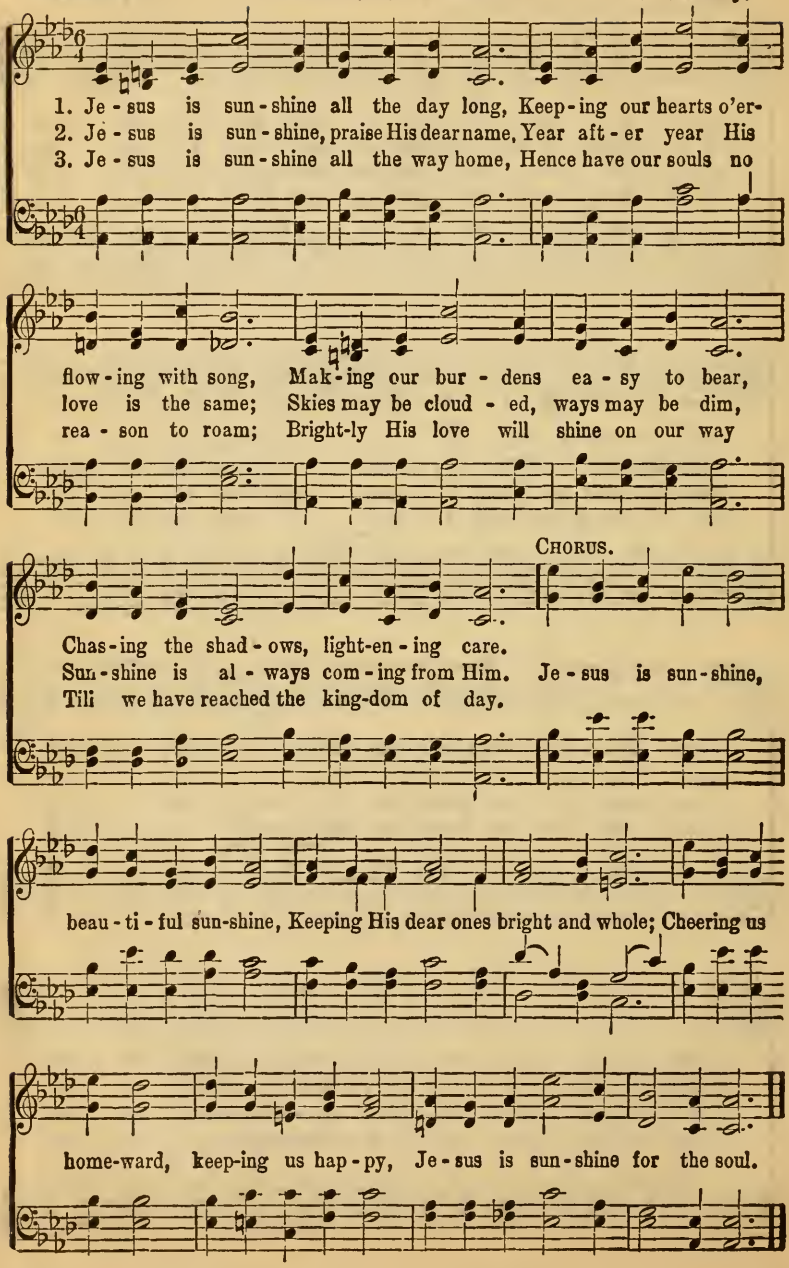
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the
ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry

owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May
ray, That in Thy sun - shine's blaze its day May
rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That
dead, And from the ground there blos - soms red Life

rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
bright - er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.

No. 46. Jesus is Sunshine.

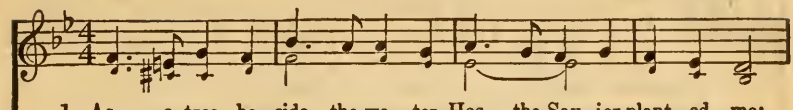
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF B. D. Ackley.



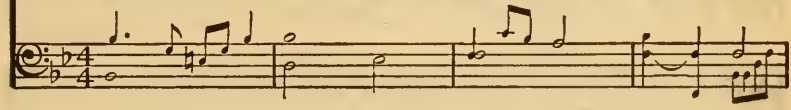
No. 47. I Shall Not Be Moved.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. H. AND B. D. ACKLEY.
CHAS. BUTLER, OWNER.

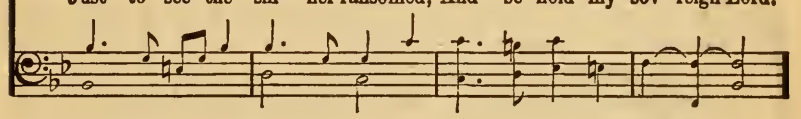
A. H. A. **Alfred H. Ackley.**



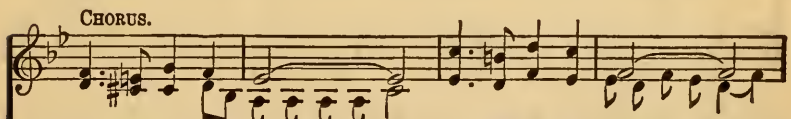
1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - ior plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore Him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,



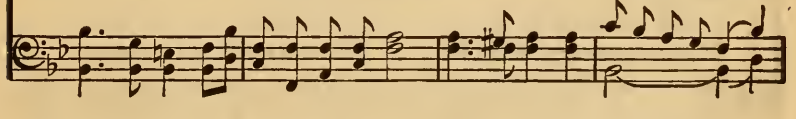
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up - ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark - ness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be - hold my sov-'reign Lord.



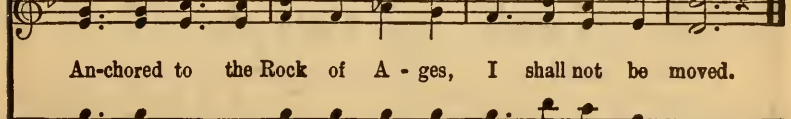
CHORUS.



I shall not be moved, . . . I shall not be moved; . . .
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;

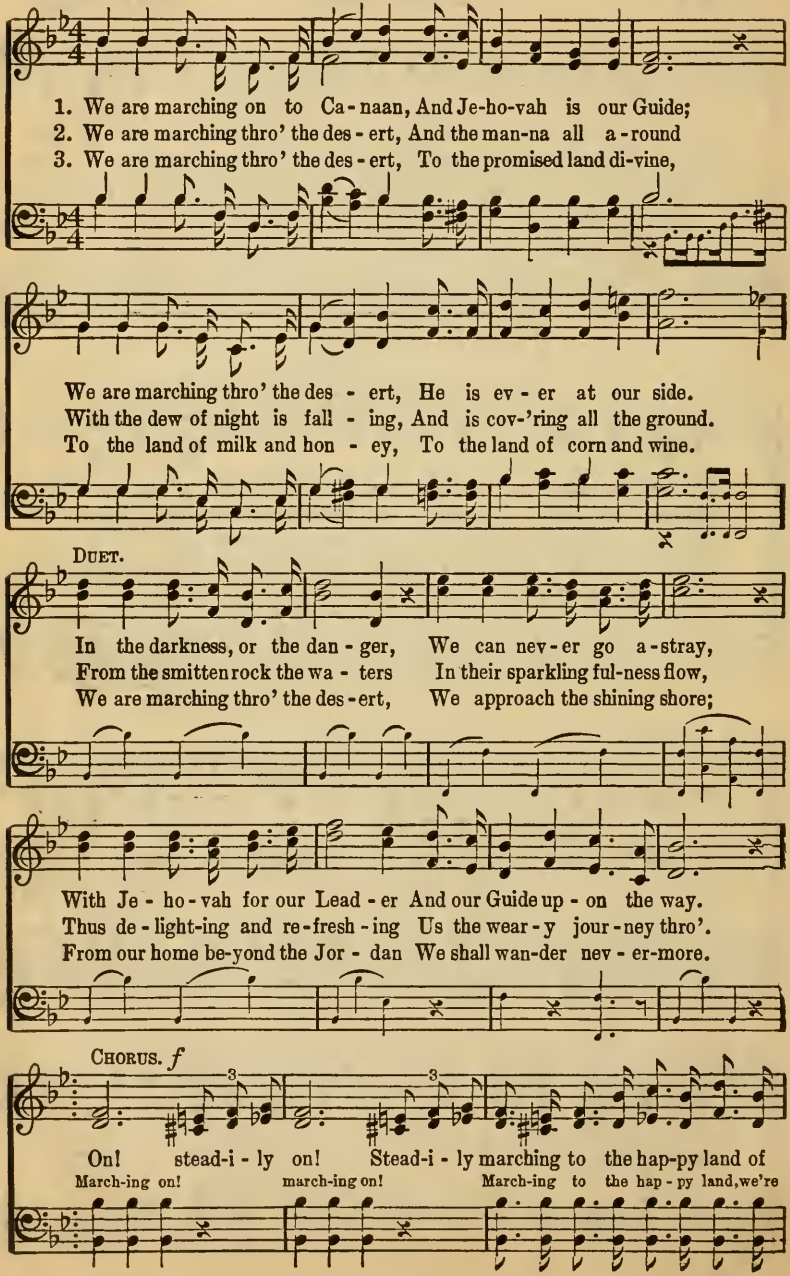


An-chored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.



No. 48. Marching on to Canaan.

Rev. M. L. Hofford. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.



Marching on to Canaan.

Ca-naan; On! stead-i-ly on! Ver-i-ly guid-ed by Je-ho-vah's hand are
marching on; Marching on! marching on! Guid-ed by Je - ho-vah's hand are

After last stanza repeat pp

we. Stead-i-ly marching to the hap-py land we go.
we, guid-ed are we. March-ing to the hap - py land we go, marching home.

No. 49. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

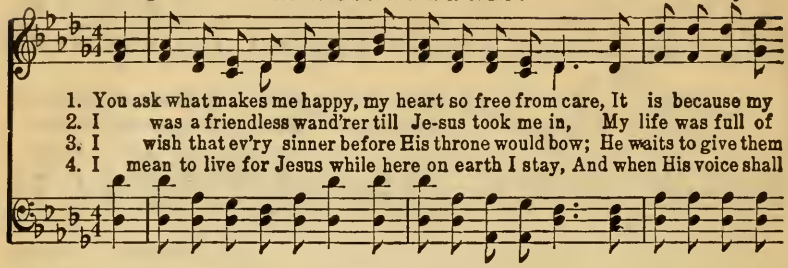
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 50. I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

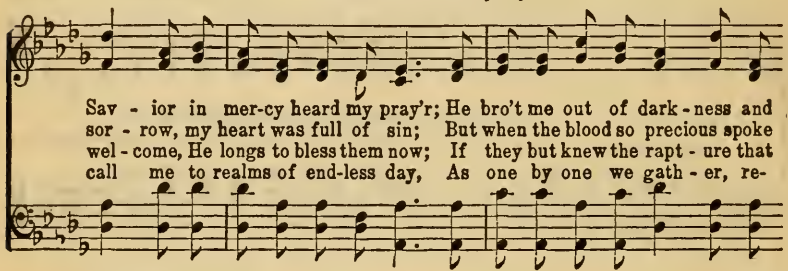
P. H. Dingman.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

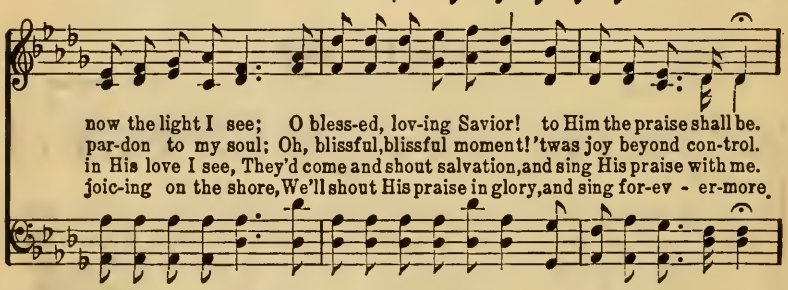
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je-sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to give them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

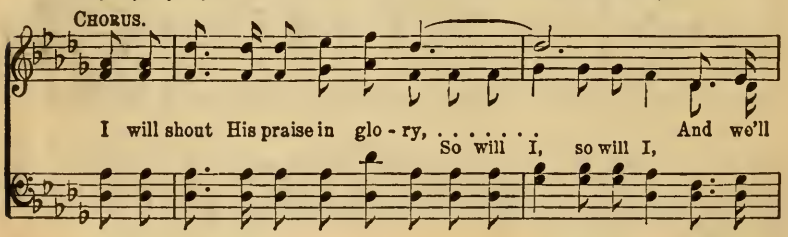


Sav - ior in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark - ness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
wel - come, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapt - ure that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

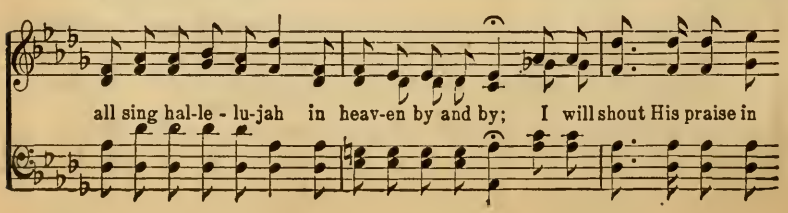


now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov-ing Savior! to Him the praise shall be.
par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond con-trol.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

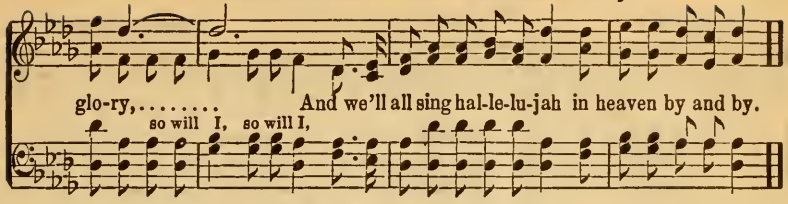


I will shout His praise in glo - ry, ... And we'll
So will I, so will I,



all sing hal-le - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

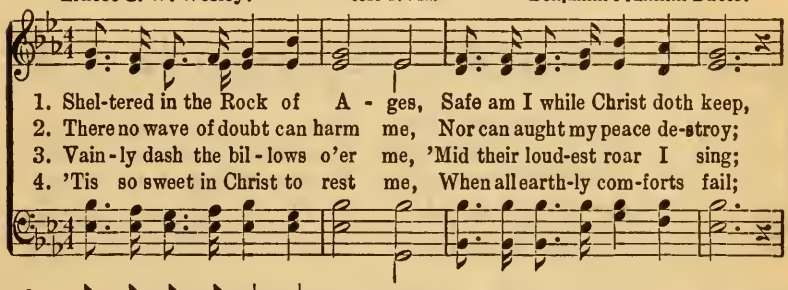
I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

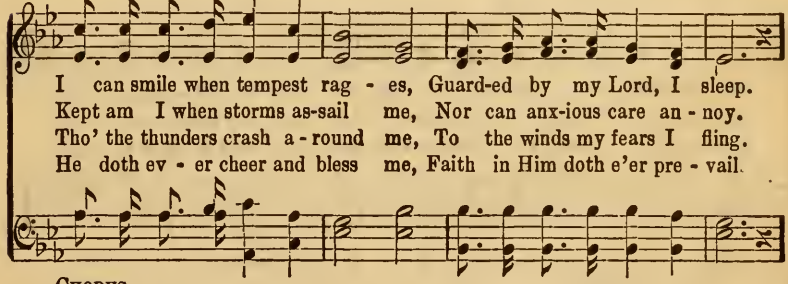


No. 51. Sheltered in the Rock of Ages.

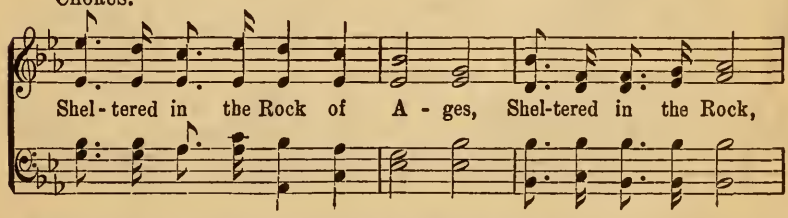
COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.
USED BY PER.

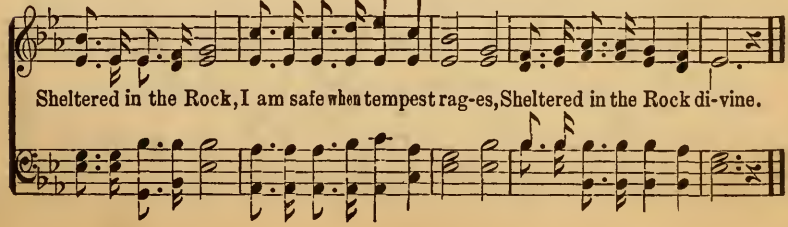
Ernest G. W. Wesley. Benjamin Franklin Butts.





CHORUS.





No. 52. The Earth is the Lord's.

Psalm 24.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The earth and the ful - ness with which it is stored, The world and its
2. Oh, who shall the hill of Je - ho-vah as - cend, Or who in the
3. He shall from Je - ho - vah the bless-ing re - ceive, The God of sal-

dwell - ers be - long to the Lord; For He on the seas its foun-
place of His ho - li - ness stand? The man of pure heart and of
va - tion shall right-eous-ness give; Ye gates, lift your heads, and an

da - tion hath laid, And firm on the wa - ters its pil - lars hath laid.
hands with-out stain, Who swears not to false-hood, nor loves what is vain.
en-trance dis - play; Ye doors ev - er - last - ing, wide o - pen the way.

CHORUS.

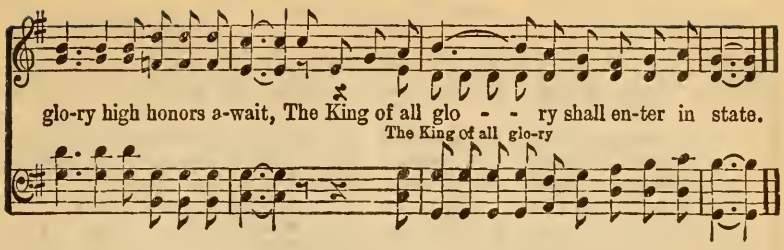
Be lift-ed, ye gates,..... to the beau-ti-ful way;..... Ye doors ev-er-

Be lift-ed, ye gates to the beau-ti - ful way; Ye

last - - ing, an en-trance dis - play;..... The King of all

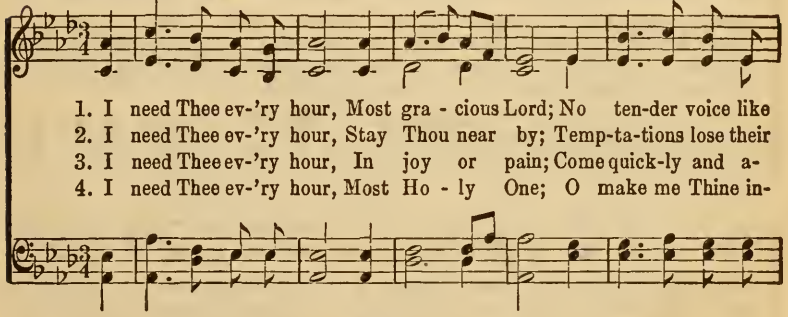
doors ev - er - last - ing, an entrance dis-play;

The Earth is the Lord's.

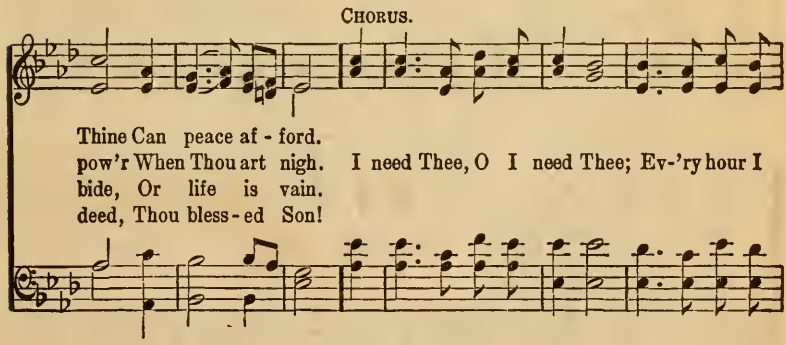


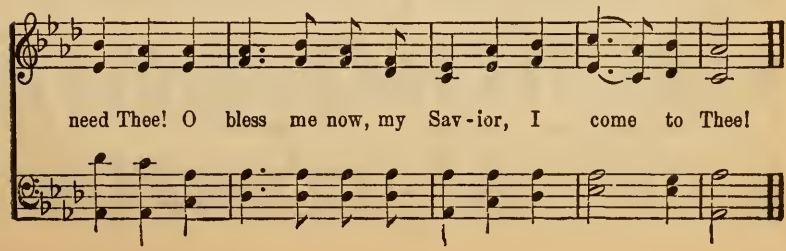
No. 53. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL, USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.



CHORUS.



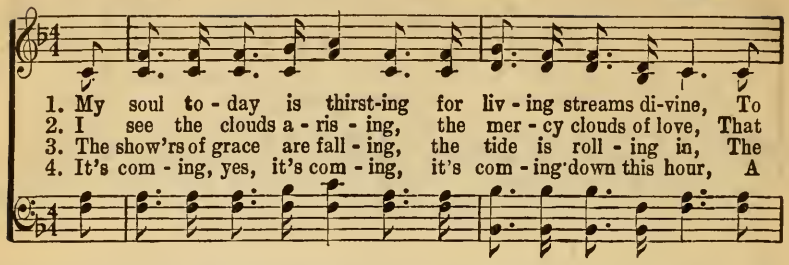


No. 54. Like a Mighty Sea.

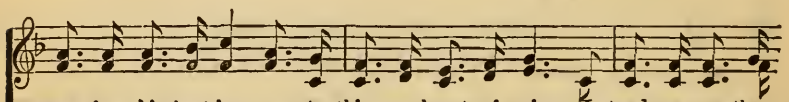
Rev. H. I. Zelley.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

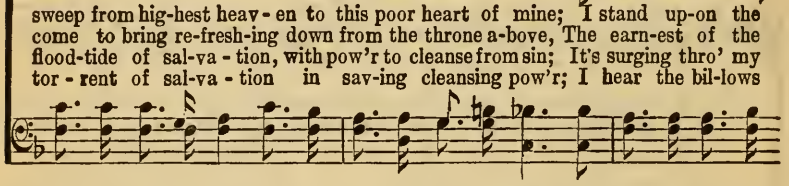
H. L. Gilmour.



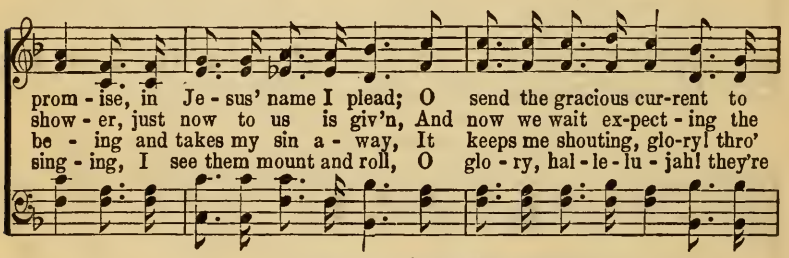
1. My soul to - day is thirst-ing for liv - ing streams di-vine, To
2. I see the clouds a - ris - ing, the mer - cy clouds of love, That
3. The show'rs of grace are fall - ing, the tide is roll - ing in, The
4. It's com - ing, yes, it's com - ing, it's com - ing down this hour, A



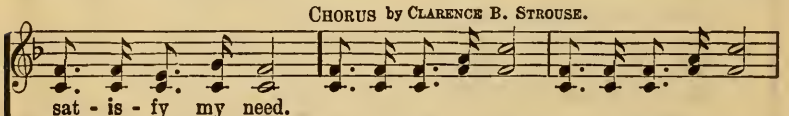
sweep from hig-hest heav - en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove, The earn-est of the
flood-tide of sal-va - tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
tor - rent of sal-va - tion in sav-ing cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows



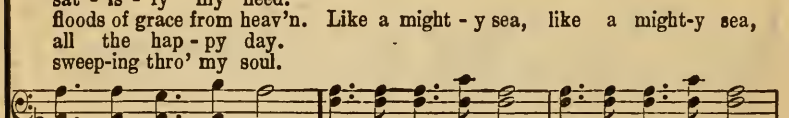
prom - ise, in Je - sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to
show - er, just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect - ing the
be - ing and takes my sin a - way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro'
sing - ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! they're

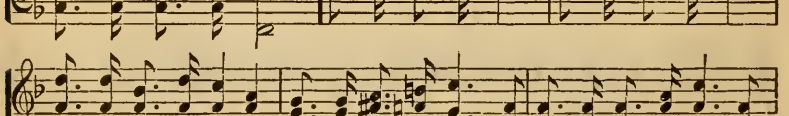


CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

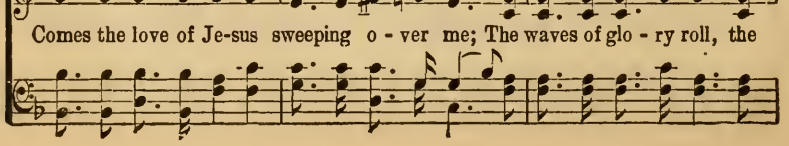


sat - is - fy my need.
floods of grace from heav'n. Like a might - y sea, like a might-y sea,
all the hap - py day.
sweep-ing thro' my soul.

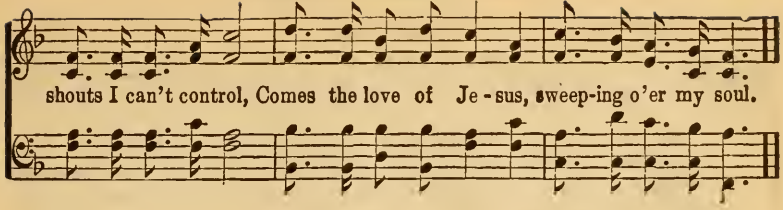




Comes the love of Je-sus sweeping o - ver me; The waves of glo - ry roll, the



Like a Mighty Sea.



No. 55. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

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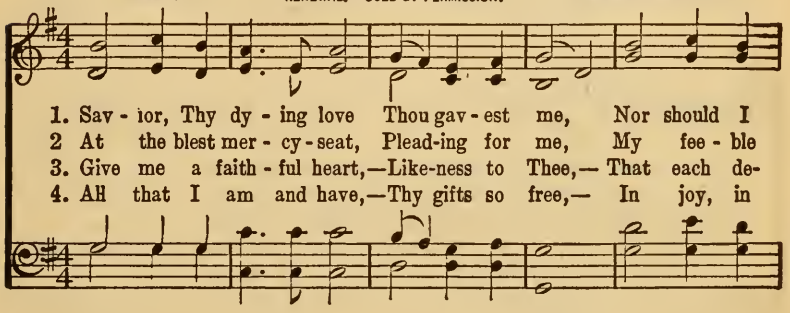
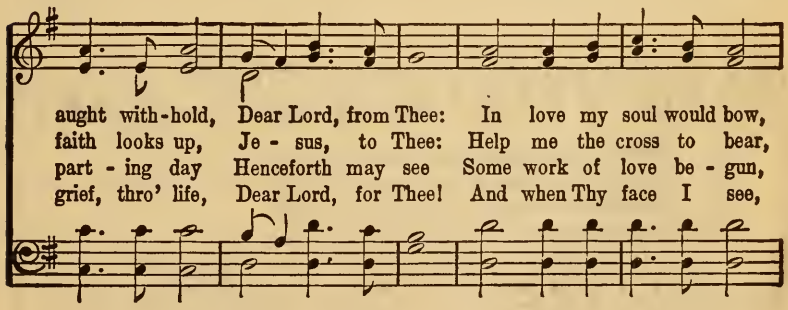
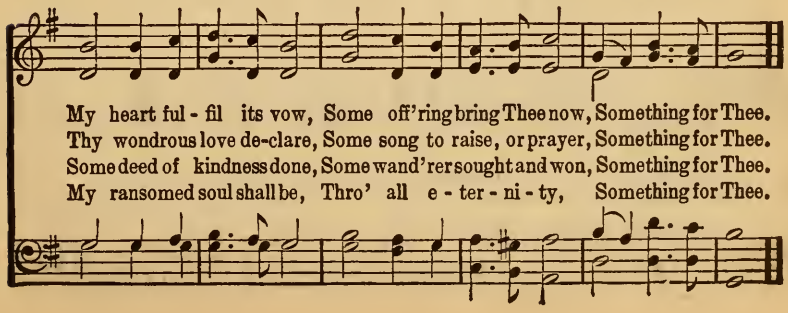
Robert Lowry, D. D.







No. 56. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

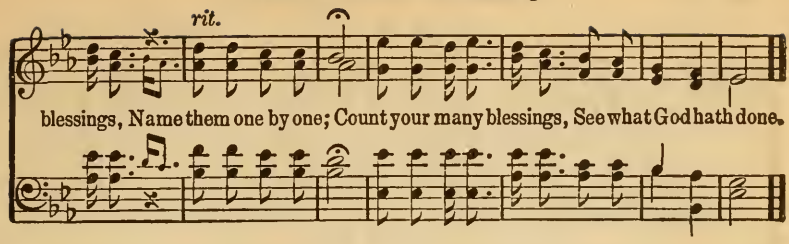
CHORUS.

one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

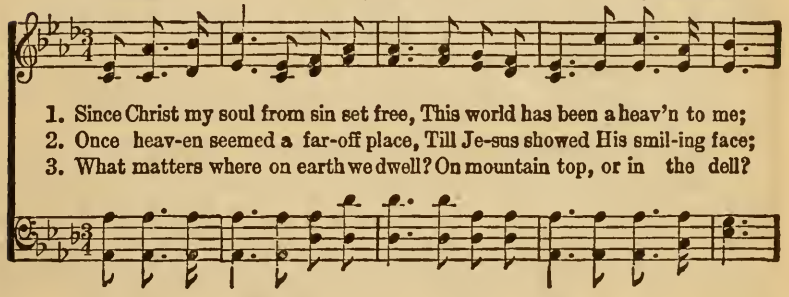
one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

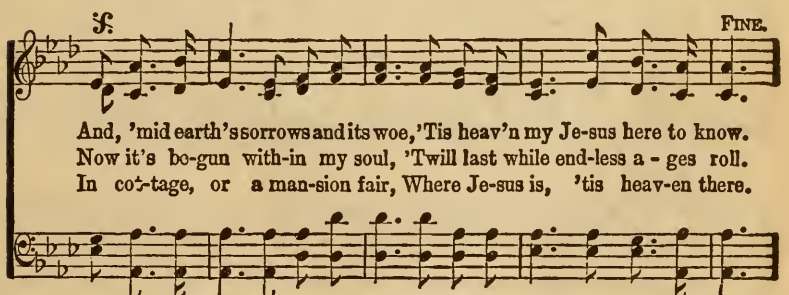
Count Your Blessings.

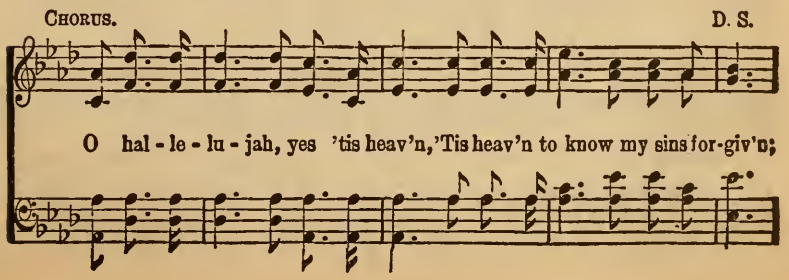


No. 57. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. M. BLACK. USED BY PER. J. M. Black.







No. 58. The New Glory Song.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.

C. B. S. LAKESIDE BUILDING CHICAGO. Clarence B. Strouse.

1. If you are discouraged In darkness or in doubt, If you are down-hearted,
2. Do you long for comfort This world has nev-er bro't? Do you car-ry bur-dens,
3. When you're sorely tempted, Be-cause of some defeat, When you have forebodings,
4. When life's joys and sorrows, It's hopes and fears are o'er, When with those we've la-bored,

The Lord can bring you out, Don't give o'er the battle The vic-t'ry you can win,
Your many sins have wro't? Take it all to Jesus; Your Friend He's always been,
Of tri-als you're to meet, Trust and do not worry, Thy faith will sure-ly win,
We reach the golden shore, We'll rejoice for-ev-er, For vic-t'ry o - ver sin,

O - pen your heart to heav-en And the glo - ry will come in.

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart to heaven and the glo - ry will come in, O-pen your

heart to heaven and the glo-ry will come in; Tell Je-sus all your tri-als, He'll

save you from your sin, Open your heart to heaven and the glory will come in.

No. 59. Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CLARA M. SCOTT. OWNED BY THE EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;

Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy children thus to share.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;

O - pen my {eyes, / ears, / heart,} il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!

No. 60. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be
cross - es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

rit.

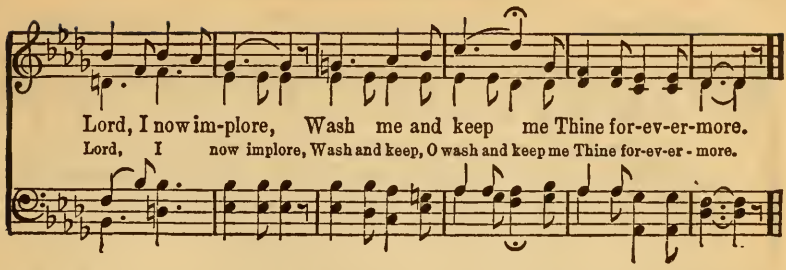
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan-der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

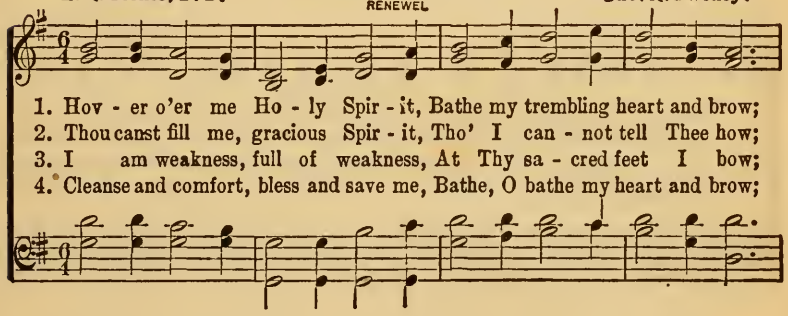


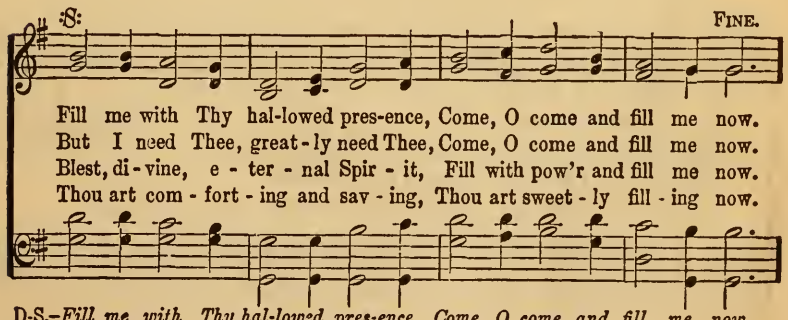
No. 61. Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D.

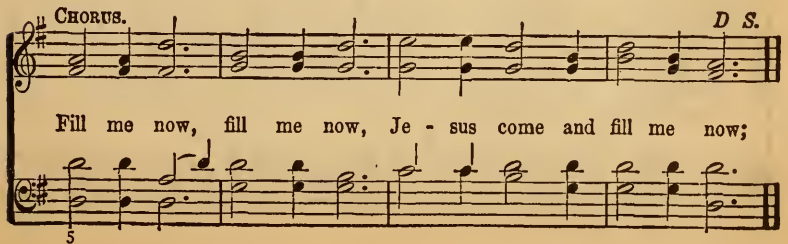
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY.
RENEWEL

Jno. R. Sweney.





D-S.–*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*



No. 62. Be a Blessing.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. — A. J. Showalter.

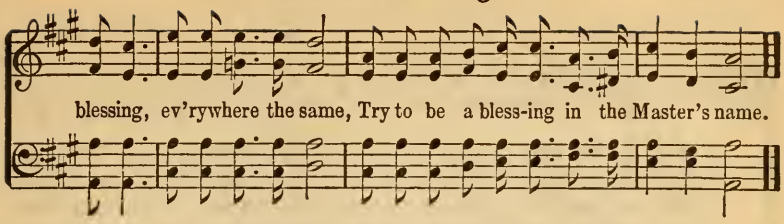
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heav-en's light, Shed-ding forth its beau-ty o-ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin, and woe,
2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gos-pel message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some loving deed,
3. Just a cup of wa-ter, for the Mas-ter's sake, May sweet chords of mu-sic in some bos-om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim tow'rd the golden land,
4. If you fol-low Je-sus all a-long life's way, You will help to brighten ev-'ry hour and day; Would you shine in glory brighter than the sun?

REFRAIN.

Try to be a bless-ing ev-'ry-where you go. Be a blessing on life's wear-y mile; Be a blessing with a word or smile; Be a
Try to be a bless-ing in the time of need. on life's weary mile; Be a sun-ny bless-ing with a word or smile; Be a constant
Try to be a bless-ing, both with voice and hand.
Try to be a bless-ing till your work is done. Be a cheerful bless-ing

Be a Blessing.

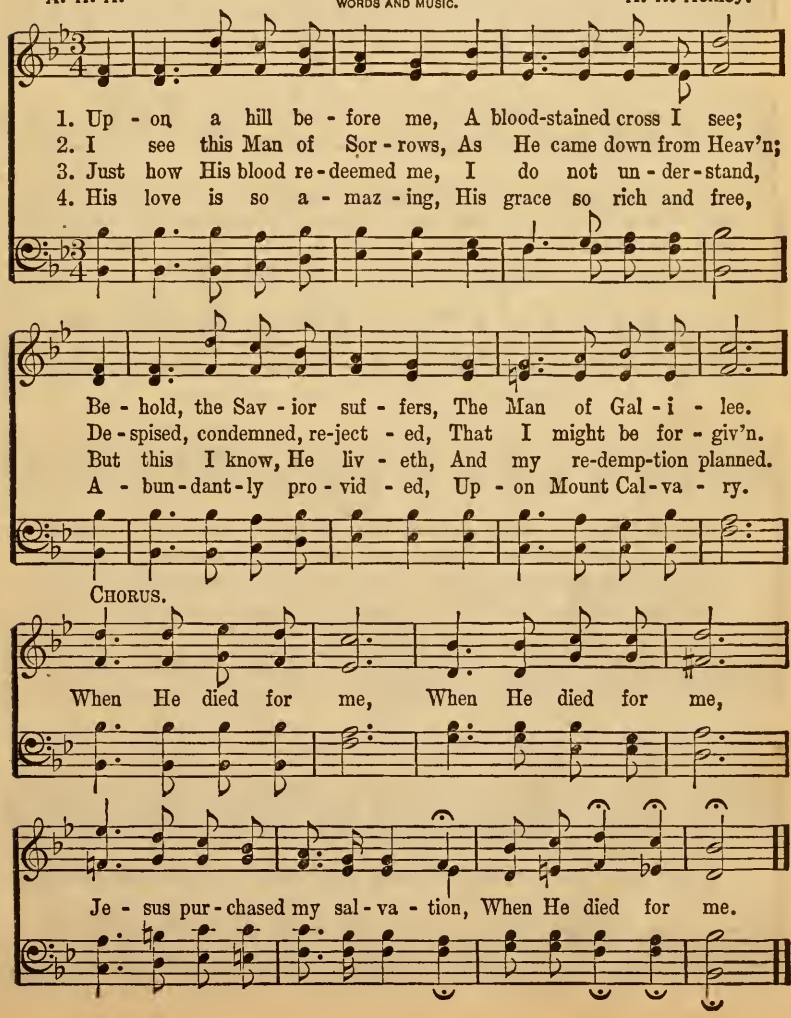


No. 63. When He Died For Me.

A. H. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

A. H. Ackley.



No. 64 My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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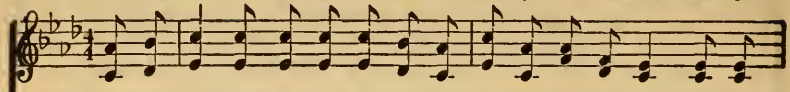
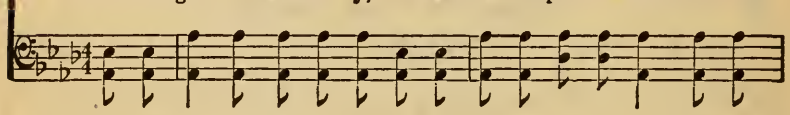
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

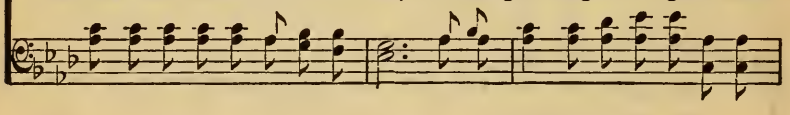
Jno. R. Sweney.



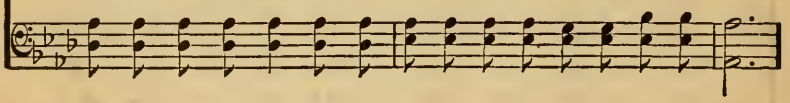
1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will



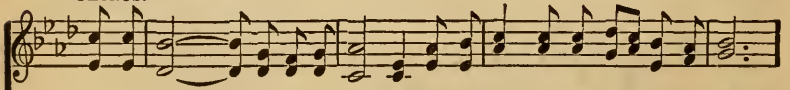
bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

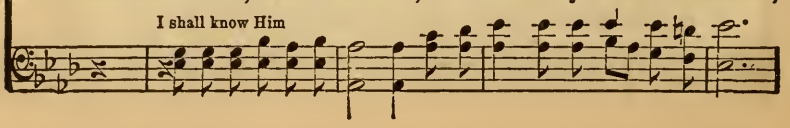


CHORUS.

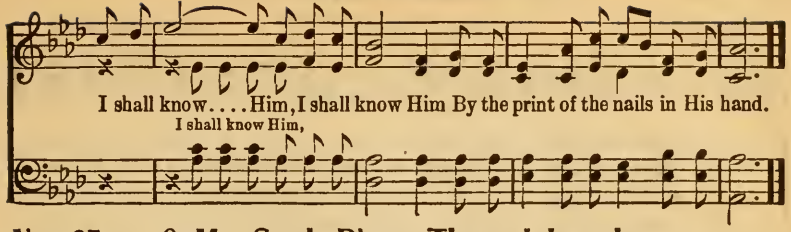


I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him



My Savior First of All.



No. 65. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
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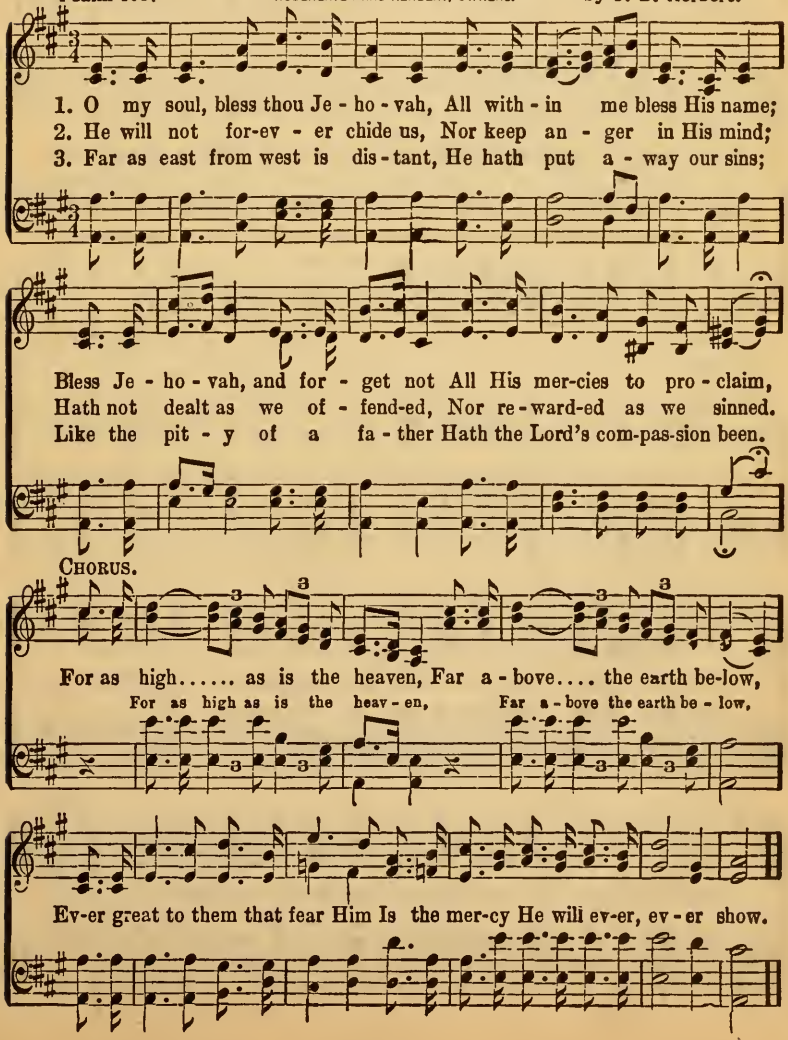
From Donizetti.
by J. B. Herbert.



No. 66. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er more!

No. 67. **I Will Not Forget Thee.**

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions, all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,

CHORUS.

Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I . . . . . will not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er leave thee; I will not for-get thee, for-get

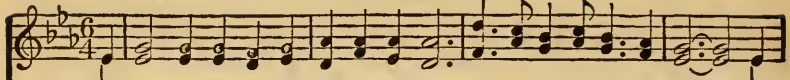
No. 67 a

Over and Over Again.

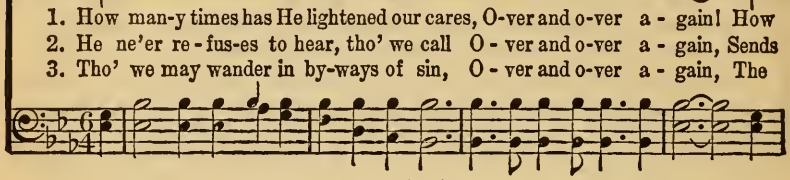
Floy S. Armstrong.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

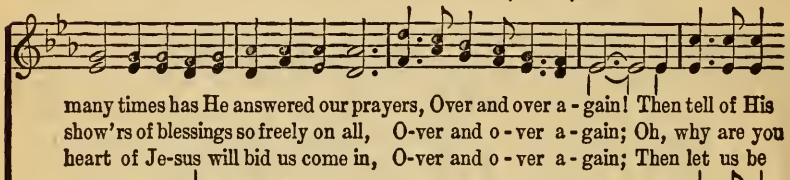
Chas. H. Gabriel.



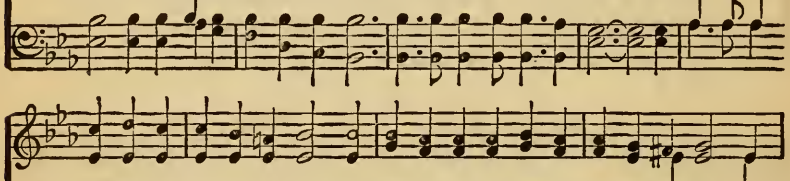
1. How man-y times has He lightened our cares, O-ver and o-ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus-es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o-ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wander in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o-ver a - gain, The



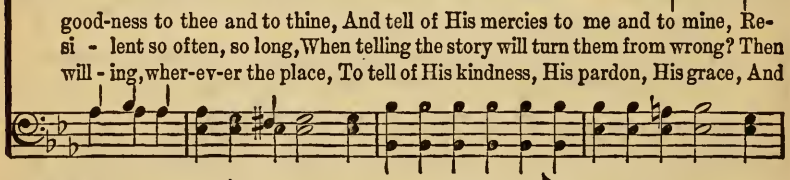
many times has He answered our prayers, Over and over a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of blessings so freely on all, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je-sus will bid us come in, O-ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be



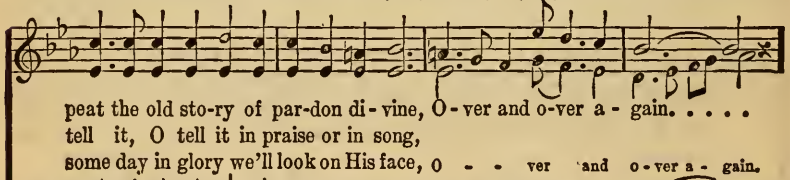
good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mercies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so often, so long, When telling the story will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev-er the place, To tell of His kindness, His pardon, His grace, And



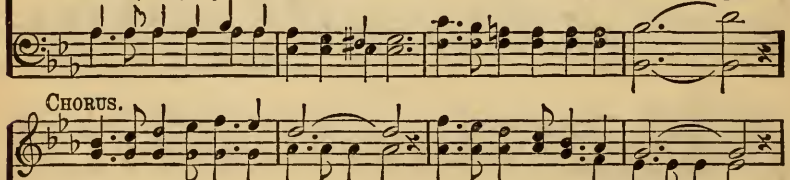
peat the old sto-ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o-ver a - gain. . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song,
some day in glory we'll look on His face, O - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.



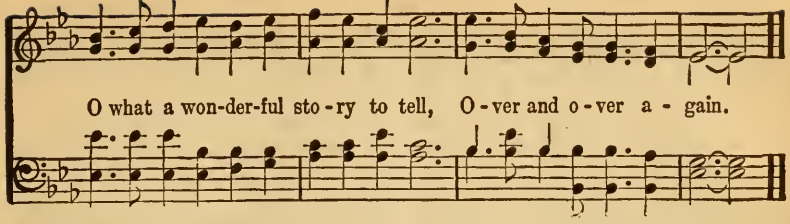
CHORUS.



O - ver and o-ver a - gain, . . . O - ver and o-ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,



Over and Over Again.



No. 67 b Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes.

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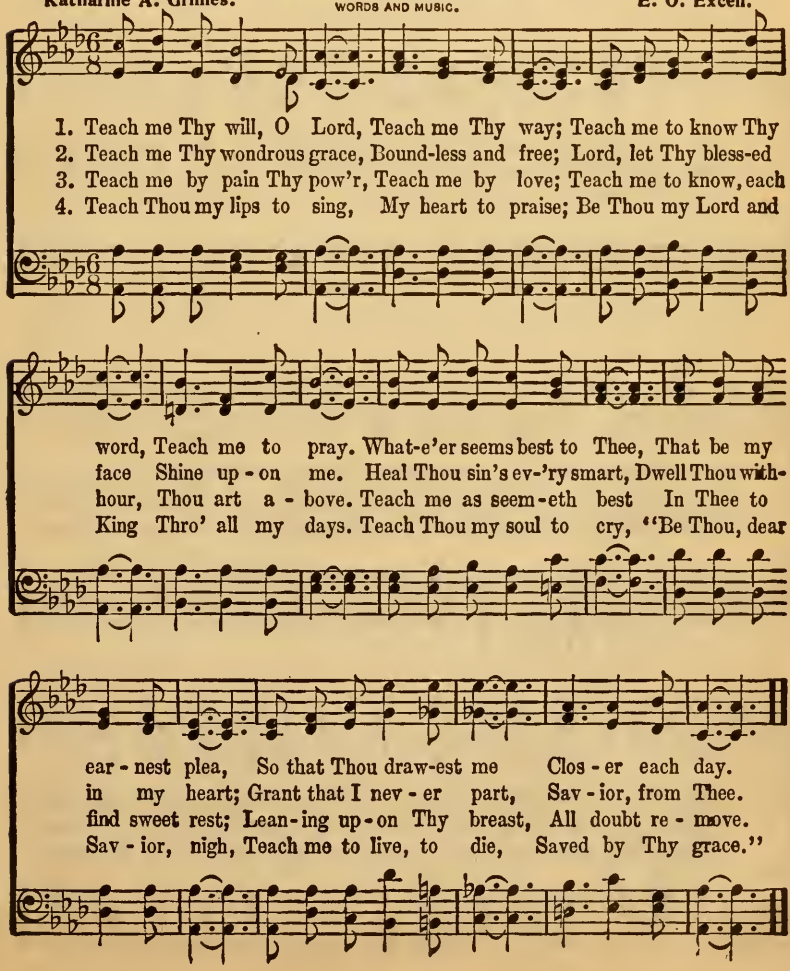
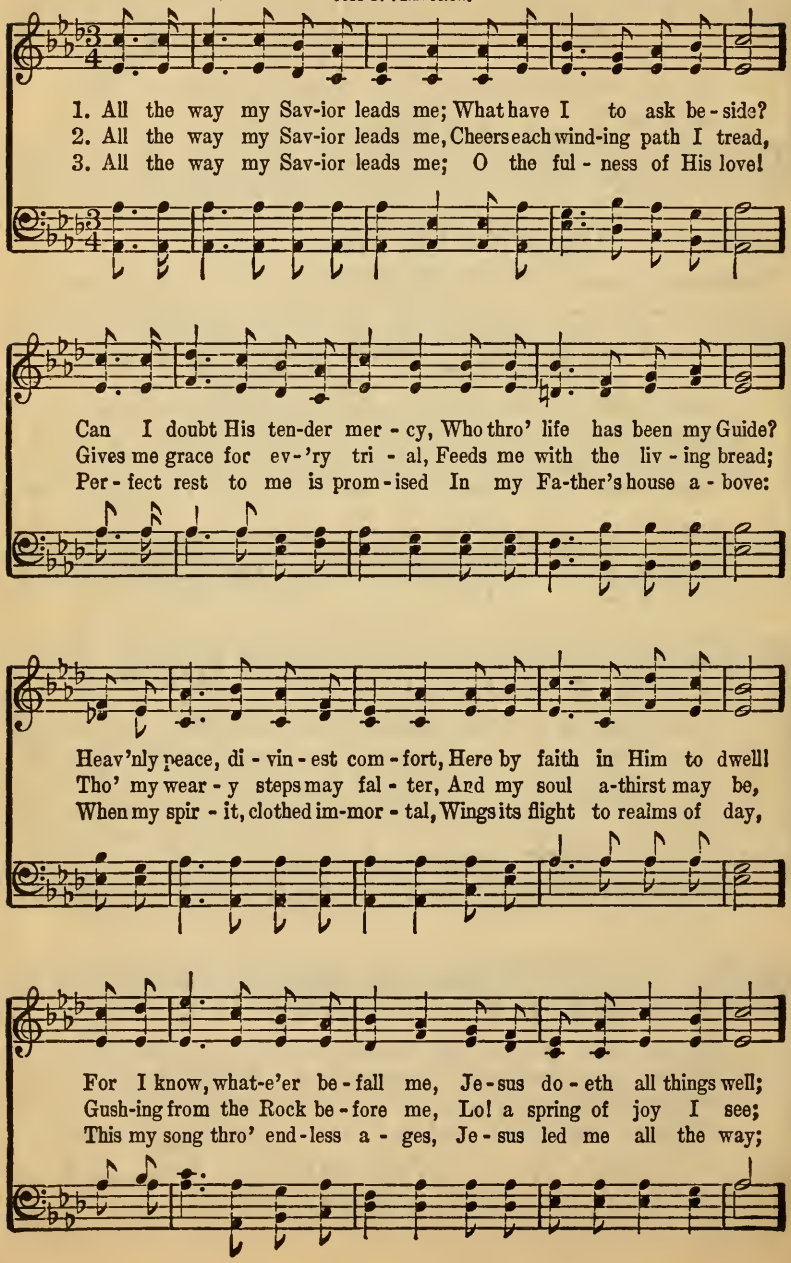
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

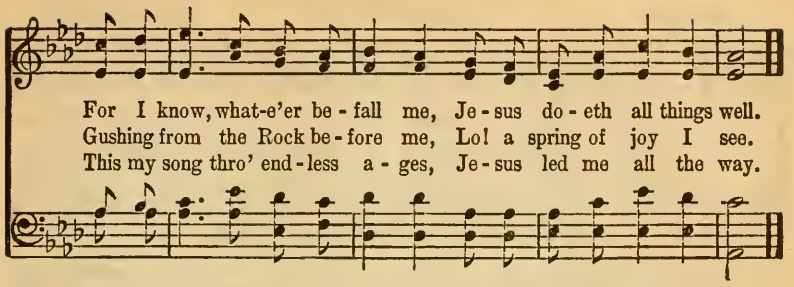


No. 68. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

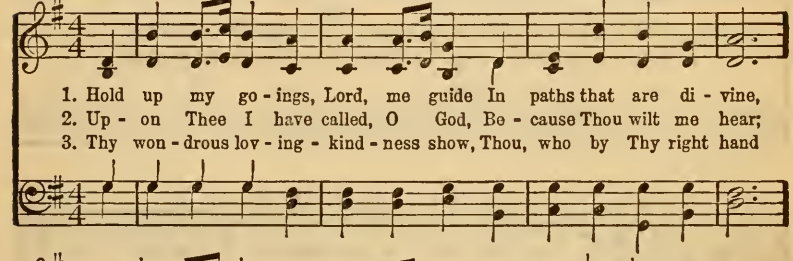


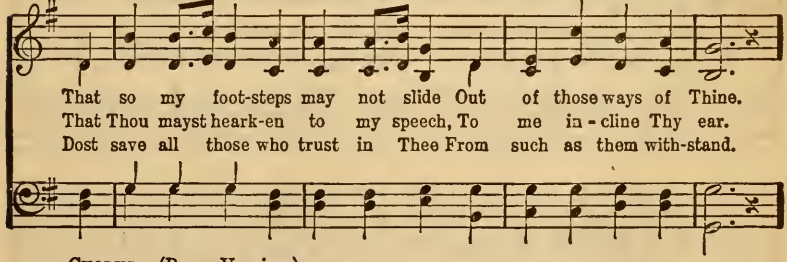
All the Way My Savior Leads Me.



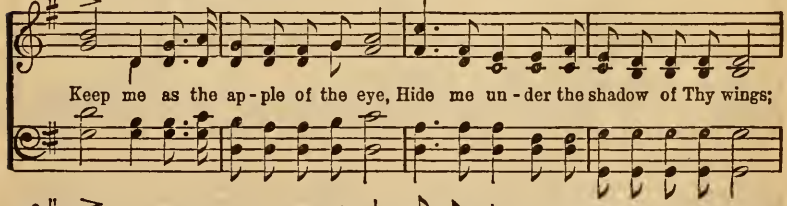
No. 69. Keep Me as the Apple of the Eye.

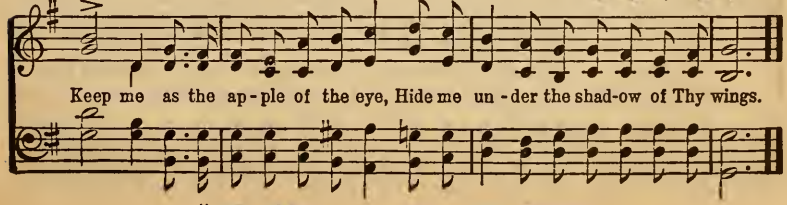
Psalm 17. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY J. B. HERBERT. J. B. Herbert.





CHORUS. (Prose Version.)



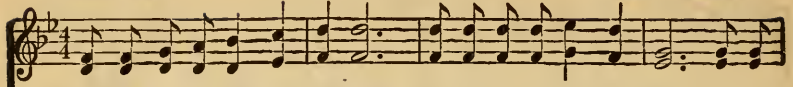


"UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WING." USED BY PERMISSION.

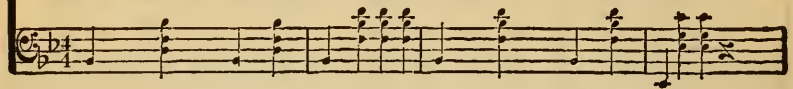
No. 70. On the Great Highway.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

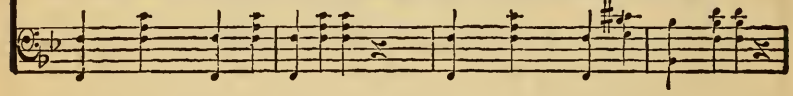
Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.



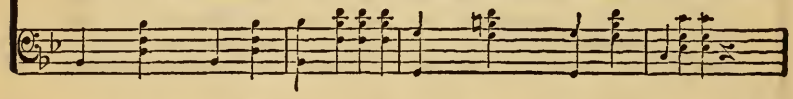
1. Onward up the King's great highway, Upward to the promis'd land, We are
2. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, Tho' the stormy winds rush by, Yet we



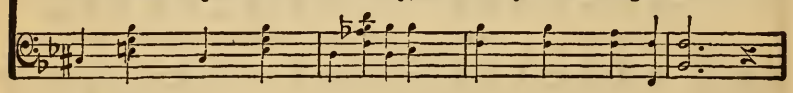
marching with a shout of triumph, For the Lord of hosts is in command;
know the sun is brightly shin-ing Just beyond the clouds that veil the sky;



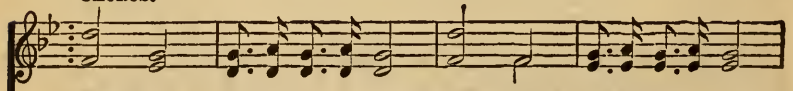
Stead-i-ly, our force in-creas-ing, On we go with songs of joy, For no
Onward, then, and upward, ev-er, Sing-ing, praising more and more, Till we



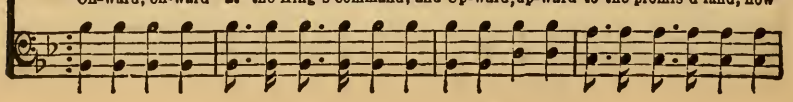
en-e-my shall hold the way be-fore us, Neither shall they frighten or de-stroy.
reach at last the promis'd land of beauty, And our days of marching all are o'er.



CHORUS.



On - ward at the King's command, Up - ward to the promis'd land,
On-ward, on-ward at the King's command, and Up-ward, up-ward to the promis'd land, now



On The Great Highway.

Moves the might-y ar-my of the Lord in proud ar-ray, To vic-to-ry and

glo-ry o'er the King's highway; Then vic-to-ry and glo-ry o'er the King's highway.

No. 71. In the Sunlight of His Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROY GOURLEY.

O. A. Newlin. Roy Gourley.

1. Are you walking in the sun-light of the bless-ed Sav-ior's love? Are you
2. Yes, I'm walking in the sun-light of the bless-ed Sav-ior's love, I am
2. Oh, we're walking in the sun-light of the bless-ed Sav-ior's love, We are

walk-ing in the sun-light of His love? Have your sins all been for-giv-en,
walk-ing in the sun-light of His love; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing
walk-ing in the sun-light of His love; We are now His faith-ful chil-dren

have you new life from a-bove? Are you walking in the sunlight of His love?
hov-ers o'er me like a dove, I am walk-ing in the sunlight of His love.
and our deeds does He approve, While we're walking in the sunlight of His love.

No. 72. The Grimson Wave.

A. C. Pratt.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Gertrude Manly Jones.

1. O cross of shame and an-guish, Dark, fath-om-less, un-known;
2. The crim-son wave is flow-ing, Is flow-ing now for thee;
3. Be-hold by faith a Sav-ior Up-on th'ac-curs-ed tree;
4. Be-hold your Sav-ior plead-ing, His mer-cy now is free;

O fount of grace and glo-ry, O thou tide of love di-vine,
Be-hold the fount-ain o-pen wide Up-on Mount Cal-va-ry,
Be-hold Him bleed-ing, dy-ing there, And this for you and me!
Come, lest the tide re-ced-ing, Nev-er more a-vail for thee,

Flow on till ev-'ry na-tion Shall tell thy pow'r to save—
That crim-son wave is flow-ing, Dear sin-ner, 'tis for thee;
Come to this heal-ing fount-ain, O haste with-out de-lay,
That fountain now is o-pen, The spir-it striv-ing still;

The heal-ing cleansing pow-er In the flow-ing crim-son wave.
Come with thy heav-y bur-den, For the tide is full and free.
And 'neath its wave of crim-son Wash thy load of sin a-way.
To all the in-vi-ta-tion Gives: "Come, who-so-ev-er will."

The Grimson Wave.

CHORUS.

The crim-son tide is flow-ing free, For thee, dear one, for thee, for thee,

Come, bathe thy wea-ry, sin-sick soul, It's heal-ing tide shall make thee whole.

No. 73. The Way of the Cross.

1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

D. C.–*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,*

ad lib. *D. C.*

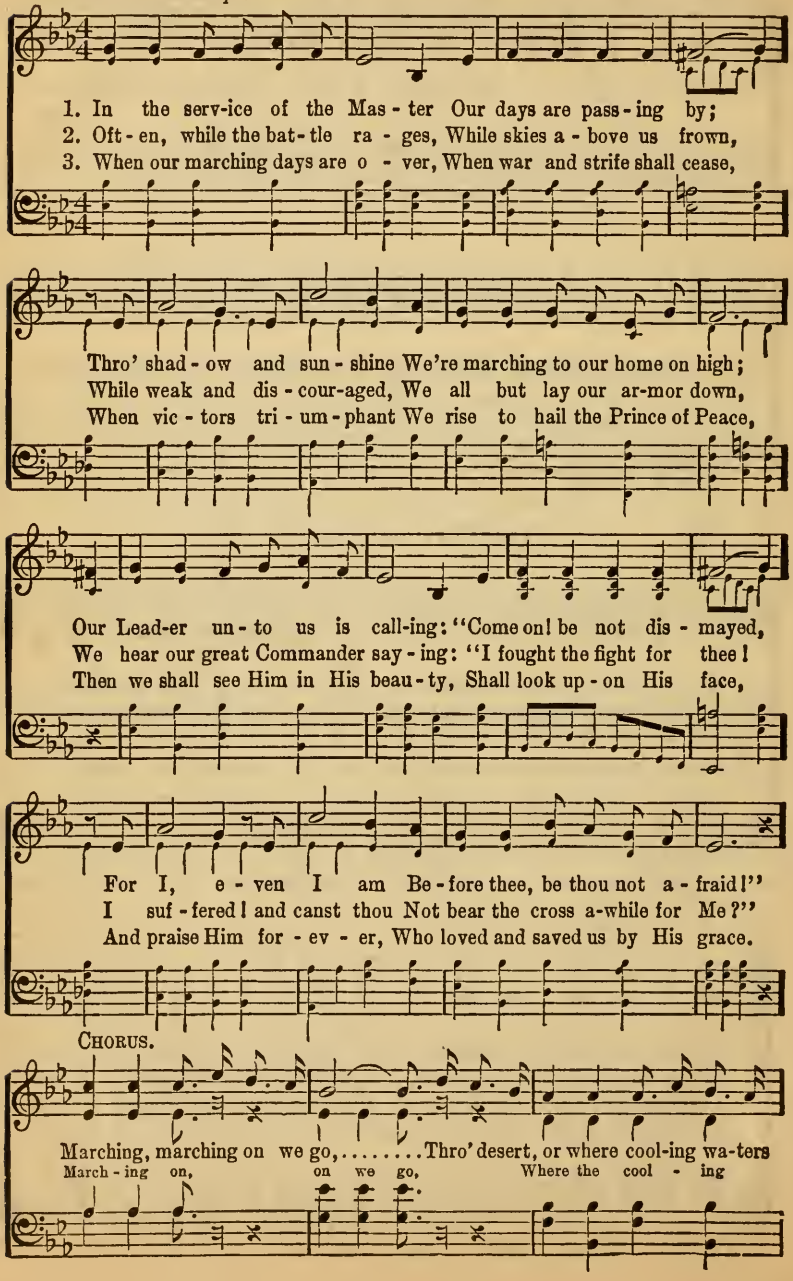
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing: "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 74. Onward Till the Dawning.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

In moderate tempo. (Theme of first strain from Beethoven.)



Onward Till the Dawning.

flow,.....Tho' flood or flame.....We bless His name,.... And to the
wa - ters flow, Thro' flood or flame We bless His name, To

world His love pro - claim; { On - ward till the
all His love pro - claim; { On-ward till the

as for-ward, on - ward, up - ward!

dawn - ing of the day when war for - ev-er-more shall cease.
dawning of the day when we shall see the Prince of (*Omit*.....) Peace.

No. 75. Full Surrender.

1. Lord, I make a full sur - ren - der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre - sent Thee, Glad - ly now no lon - ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be - fore Thee, Hear, this hour, the sa - cred vow!

For Thy love, so great and ten-der, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing pre-vent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev-er now. ev - er now.

No. 76. Wonderful Love.

C. H. G.

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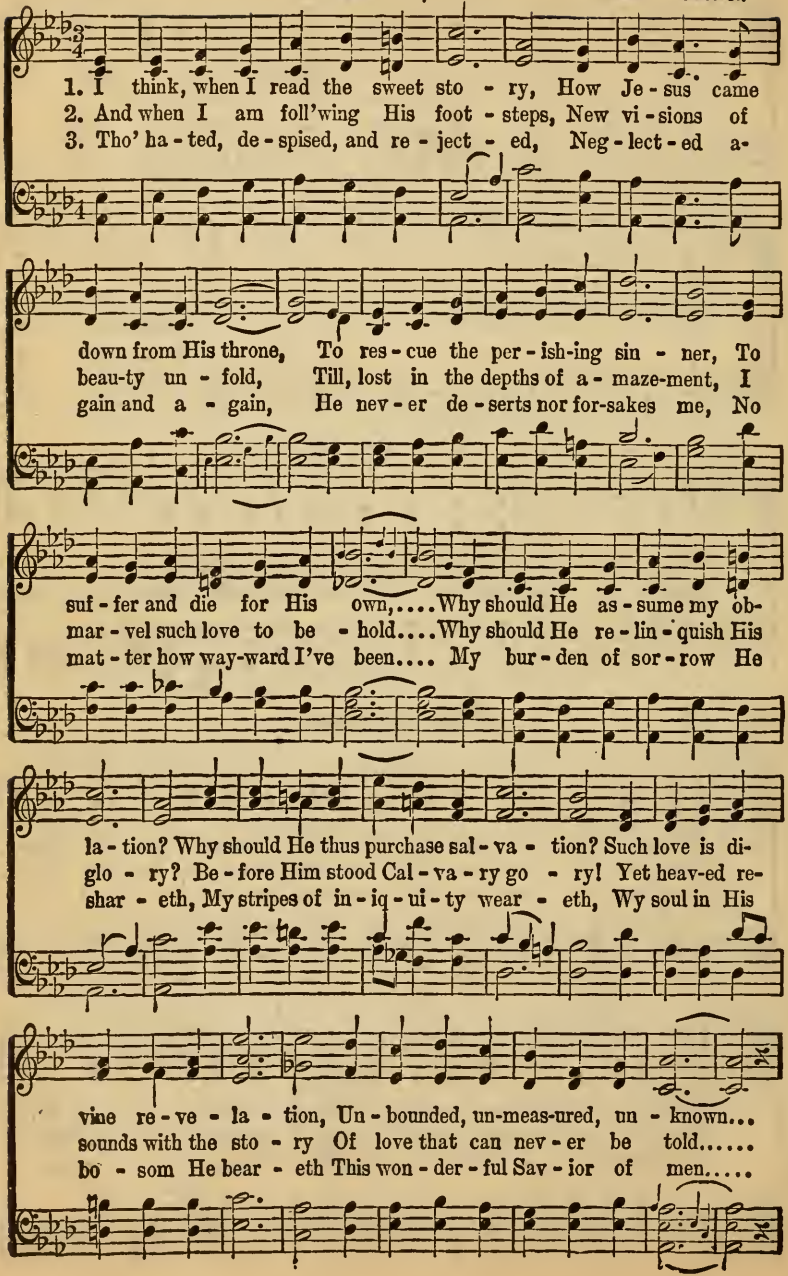
Chas. H. Gabriel.



CHORUS.

Wonderful Love.

O it is won - der - ful that He should love me, And for my sins with His

life-blood a tone! Oh, it is won - der - ful, won-der-ful, won-der - ful!

rit.

Yet to the world be it known, He brought me a - gain to His own.

No. 77. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.

1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of - fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be - guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great

p *pp*

fee - ble,—Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

No. 78. We're Marching to Zion.

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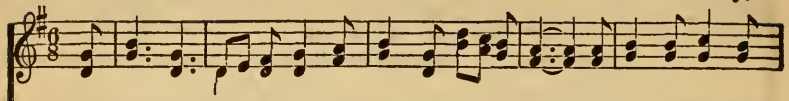
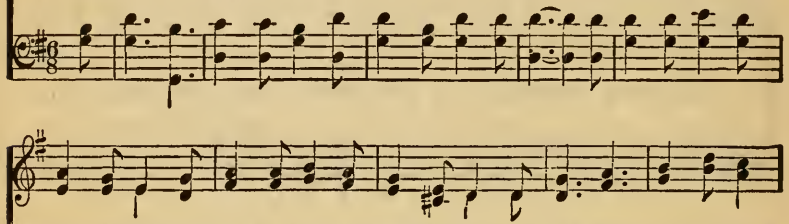
Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.

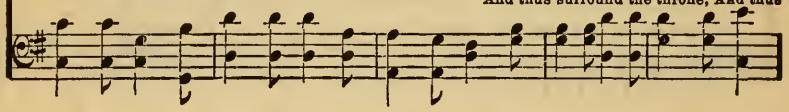


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-

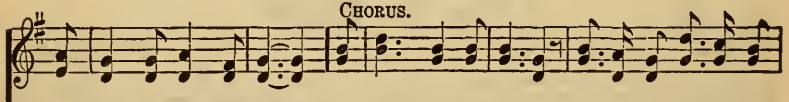


sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus

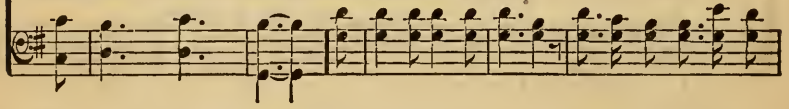


CHORUS.



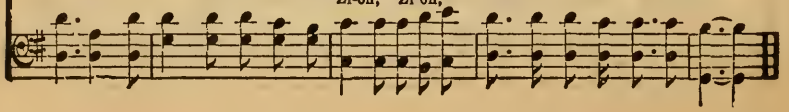
And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.

sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi-on, Zi-on,



Social Service Songs.

No. 79. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have burdens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heaven should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day,..... Some-bod-y to - day, a - long life's way;..... Let home-ward way;

sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, O help some-bod-y to - day!

No. 80. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way,

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas - - ter while you may;

Harvest Song.

night is fall-ing, Hast-en to o-bey, For reapers are needed to-day.

No. 81. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Proving him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i-dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fair-est flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Con-stant-ly chased a-way the night;

Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how his will was sac-ri-ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—

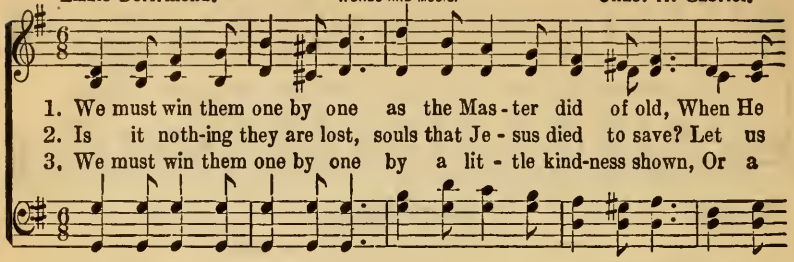
rit.

Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you?

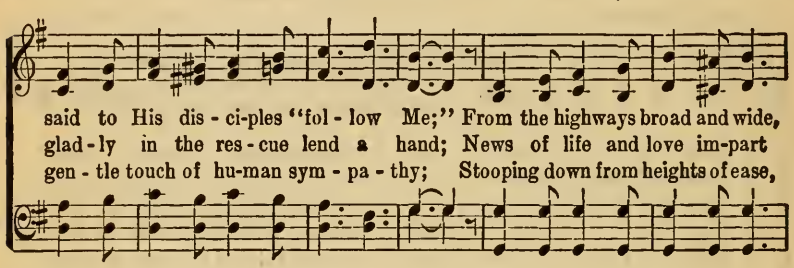
No. 82. Win Them One by One.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.

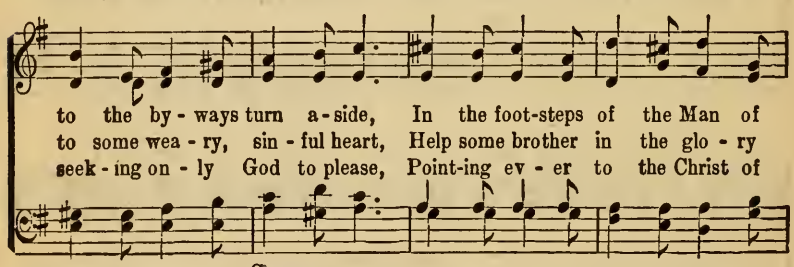
Lizzie DeArmond. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. We must win them one by one as the Mas - ter did of old, When He said to His dis - ci-ples "fol - low Me;" From the highways broad and wide,
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je - sus died to save? Let us glad - ly in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen - tle touch of hu-man sym - pa - thy; Stooping down from heights of ease,



to the by - ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee
to some wea - ry, sin - ful heart, Help some brother in the glo - ry light to stand. One by one, yes one by one, We must win them for Je - sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a-
seek - ing on - ly God to please, Point-ing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.



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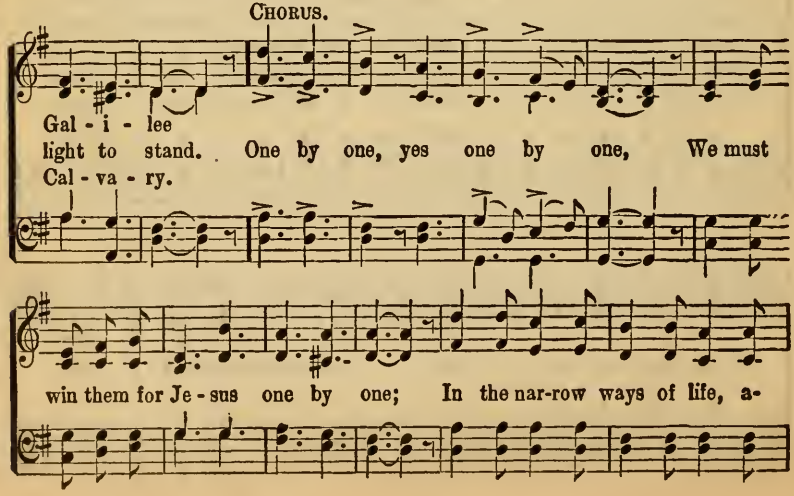
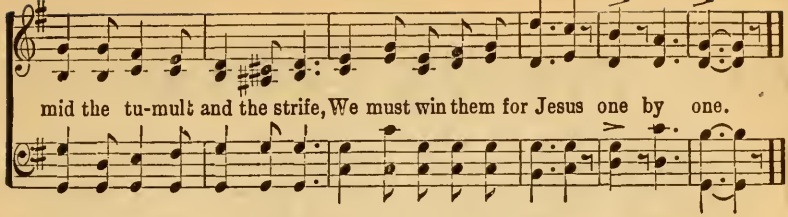


Win Them One by One.

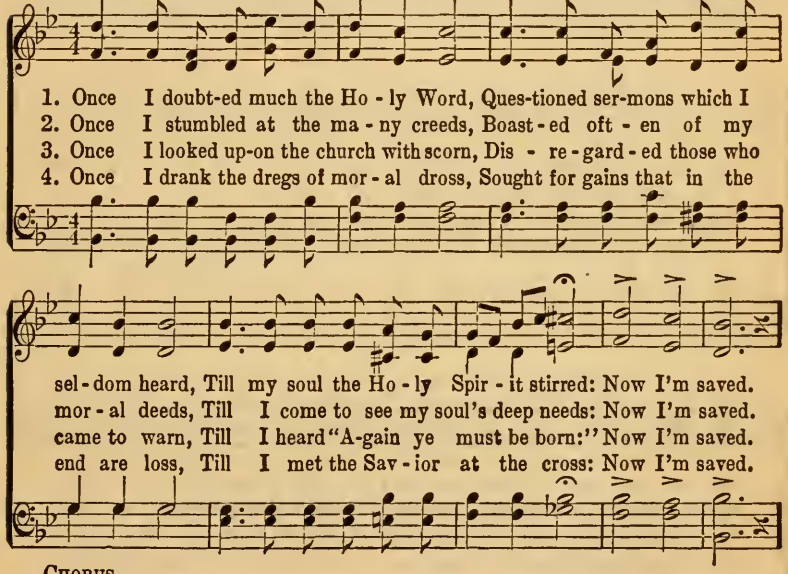


No. 83. Saved for Service.

O. A. Newlin.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY O. A. NEWLIN.
USED BY PER.

Roy Gourley.



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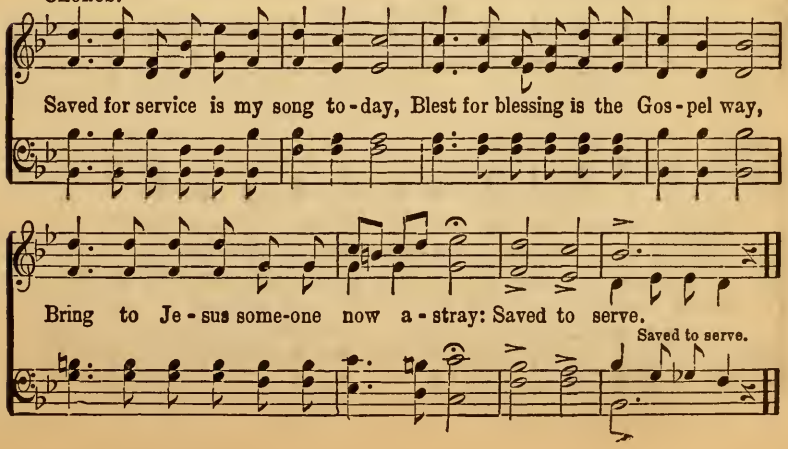
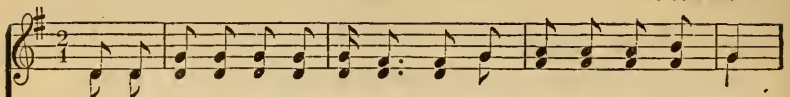
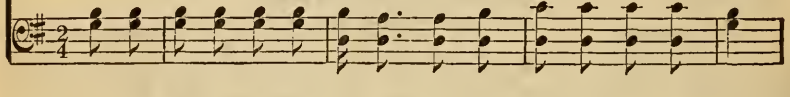


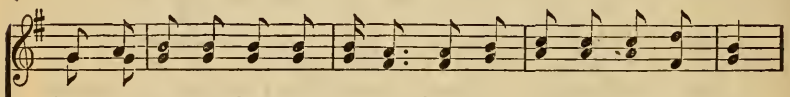
No. 84. Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

Mrs. Albert Smith. S. J. Vail.

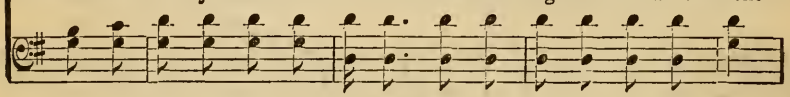


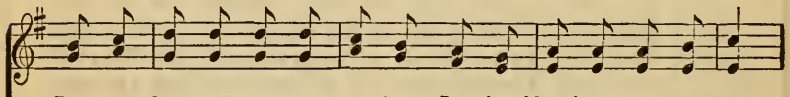
1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all a-round our path;
2. Strange we never prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed a-gainst the win-dow-pane,
4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our memories back



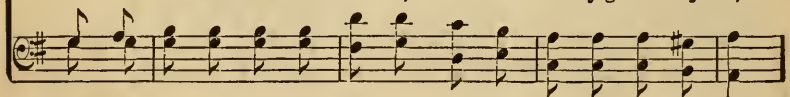


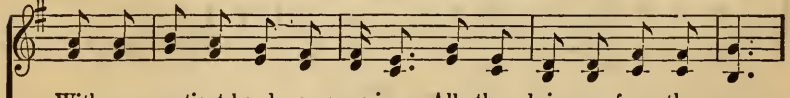
Let us keep the wheat and ro-ses, Cast-ing out the thorns and chaff;
Strange that we should slight the violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to-mor-row—Nev-er troub-le us a-gain—
To the has-ty words and act-ions Strewn a-long our back-ward track!



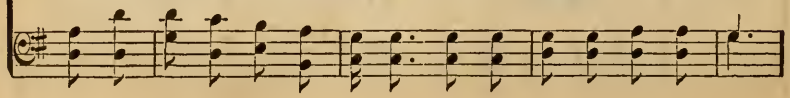


Let us find our sweet-est com-fort In the bless-ings of to-day,
Strange that summer skies and sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?
How those lit-tle hands re-mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie,



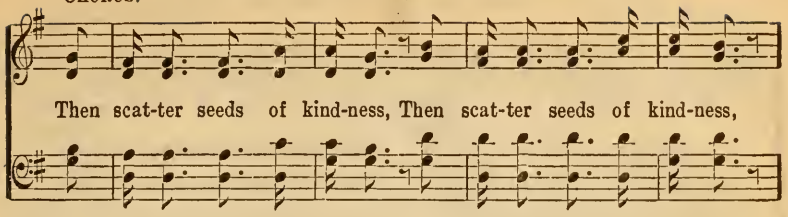


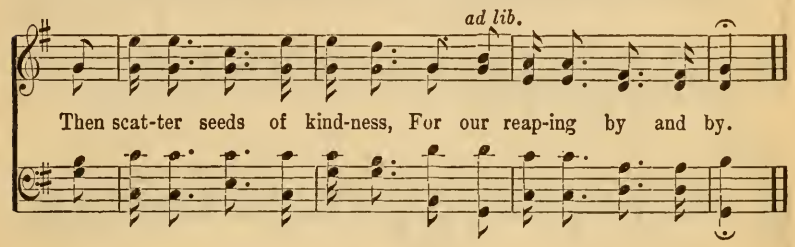
With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way.
As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.
Would the prints of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now.
Not to scat-ter thorns, but ro-ses, For our reap-ing by and by.



Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

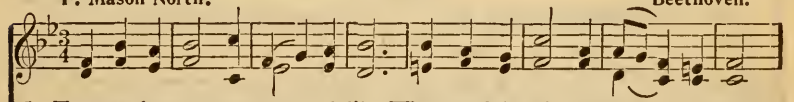
CHORUS.



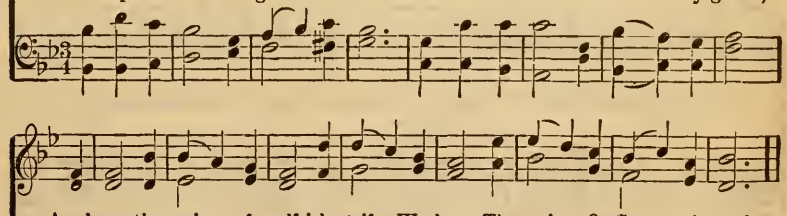


No. 85. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

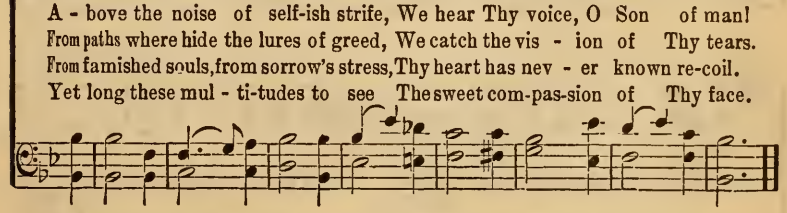
F. Mason North. Beethoven.



1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. From tender childhood' helplessness, From woman' grief, man's burdened toil,
4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;



A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re-coil.
Yet long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.



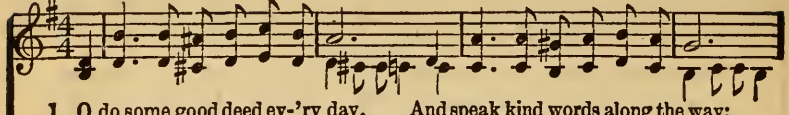
5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

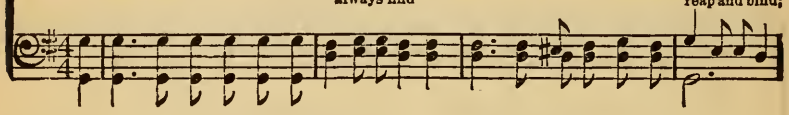
No. 86. O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

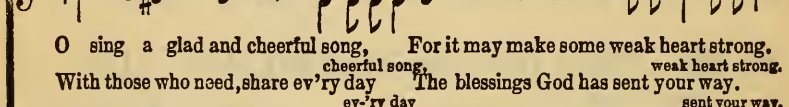
Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.



1. O do some good deed ev-'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
   ev-'ry day, 'long the way;
2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
   bear his load drear-y road;
3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;
   always find reap and bind;



O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
cheerful song, weak heart strong.
With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
ev-'ry day sent your way.
There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.
do or say yes, each day.



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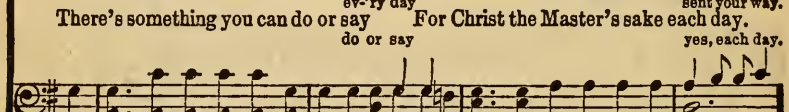
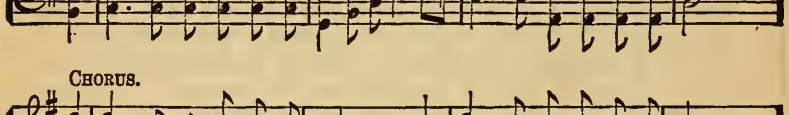
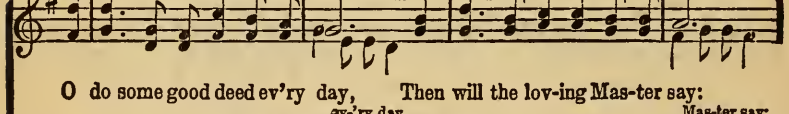


O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the lov-ing Mas-ter say:
ev-'ry day, Mas-ter say:



"Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."
e'er shall be un-to Me."



Missionary Hymns.

No. 87. O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mission high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic-to - rious;

REFRAIN.

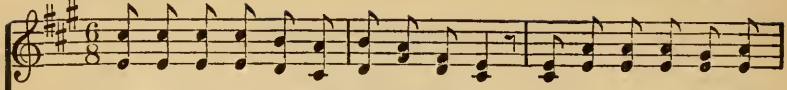
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.

Pub - lish glad ti - dings,

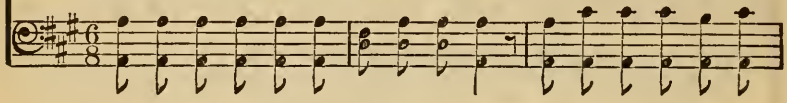
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease.

No. 88. *Tell It Again.

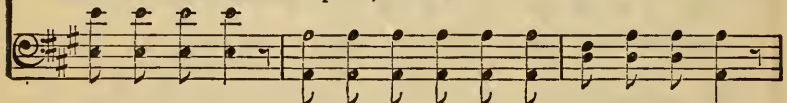
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.



1. In - to a tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a - lone, at the
2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to me the good
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-tered the
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

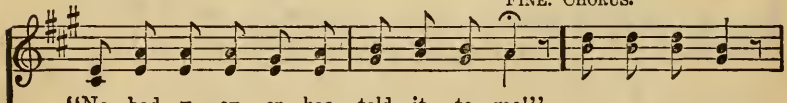


close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried; said he:
ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my hand will He hold?
val - ley of death: "God sent His Son!—who-so - ev - er!" said he;
me He was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west:

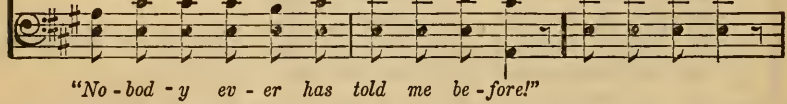


D. S.—*Till none can say of the chil - dren of men,*

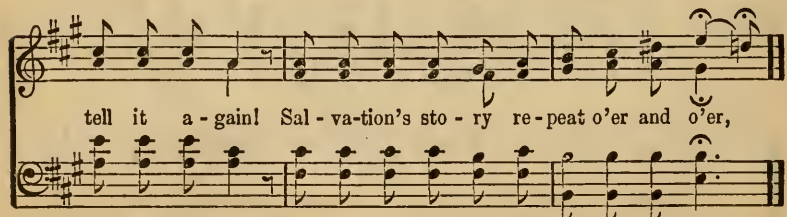
FINE. CHORUS.



"No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
"Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!" Tell it a - gain!
"Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"



"No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"



tell it a - gain! Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er,

*A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

No. 88 a

Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

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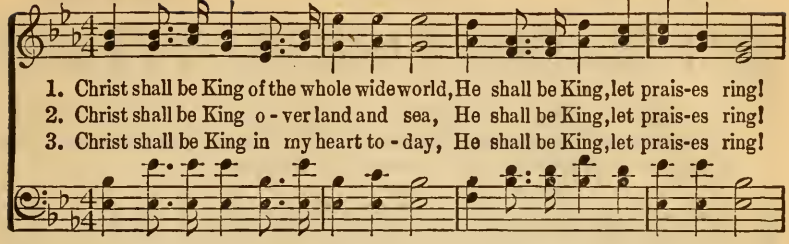
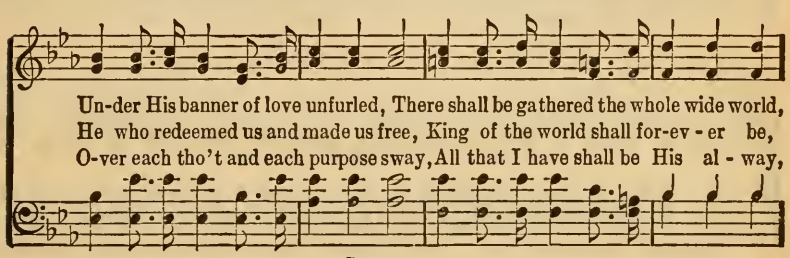
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

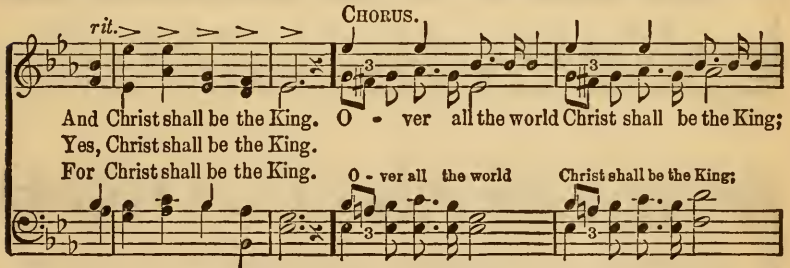
Chas. H. Gabriel.



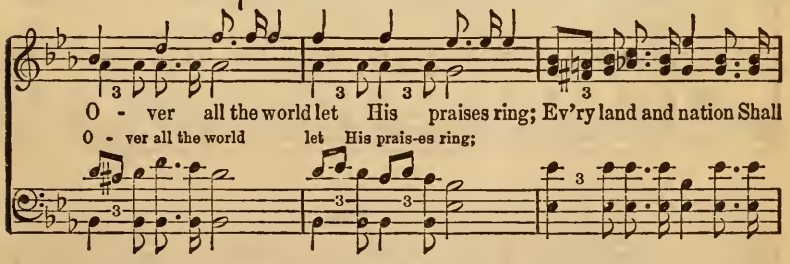
1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!



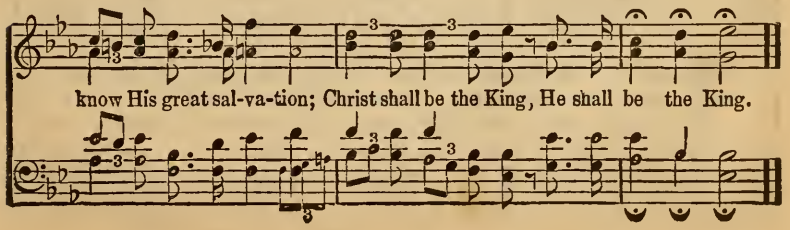
Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,



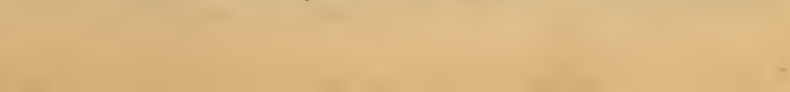
And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King.



O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall



know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.



No. 89. Speed Away!

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. I. B. Woodbury.

1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Take the Gos-pel of Light To the lands that are
2. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Take the message of Love To the souls that know
3. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Take the Word that gives life To the na-tions in

wrapped in the darkness of night; "Go ye into the world," 'tis the Savior's command
not of the Father above, Who so loved this dark world that He gave His own Son,
which Satan's kingdom is rife; For the Word if believed and obeyed will give peace;

That the light of the Gos-pel shine o'er ev-'ry land. Then, go forth in His
Thro' whose blood shed on Calv'ry redemption was won. Let us haste while 'tis
To the cap-tives of Sa-tan it will bring re-lease. To the res-cue make

name, and the Gospel pro-claim, Speed a-way! Speed away! Speed a-way!
day, not a mo-ment de-lay, Speed a-way! Speed away! Speed a-way!
haste, there is no time to waste, Speed a-way! Speed away! Speed a-way!

No. 89 a

A Thought of Him.

C. L.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some-where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with lit - tle things, As the pass - ing moments fly;

I'll go where the darkest pla - ces be, And let the sun-shine in;
The tendril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;

I'll be con-tent with the low-liest place, To earth's re-mot - est rim,
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;

I know I'll see His smil-ing face, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
He'll smile—and that's e-nough for me, If it's done with a tho't of Him;

If it's done with a tho't of Him, If it's done with a tho't of Him.

No. 90. Before Jehovah's Throne.

ISAAC WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voi - ces raise;
3. Wide as the world is Thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
And earth, with her ten thou-sand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to move.

No. 91. Preach My Gospel.

1 "Go, preach My gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole world My grace receive:
He shall be saved who trusts My word,
And they condemned who disbelieve.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove My gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is vested in My hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake, and light shone round His head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 92. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

WESLEY. (WESLEY. 11s, 10s.) L. MASON.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from bond-age re-
copi - ous are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount-ain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-

mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

No. 93. Ye Christian Heralds!

C. Zeunder

1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man - uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem - pest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je - sus—Lord of all.

No. 94. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af-ric's
2. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high, Shall we to
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a

sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their golden sand; From man - y an ancient riv - er, From
men be-night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.
joy - ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest na - tion Has learned Messiah's name.
Lamb for sinners slain, Re-deem-er, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign.

No. 95. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. *Andante.* COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. BY PER. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wan-d'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;

S.

But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,

D.S.-I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

D. S.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.

I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

No. 96. The Sacred Book.

T. KELLY. (HAMBURG L. M.) GREGORIAN.

1. I love the sa - cred Book of God, No oth - er can its place sup - ply;
2. Sweet book! in thee my eyes dis - cern The im-age of my ab - sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here thou shalt sup - ply His place, and tell me of His love;

It points me to the saints' a - bode, And bids me from de - struc - tion fly.
From thy in - struc-tive page I learn The joys His pres-ence will af - ford.
I'll read with faith's dis-cern - ing eye, And thus par-take of joys a - bove.

No. 97. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;

In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;

A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 98. Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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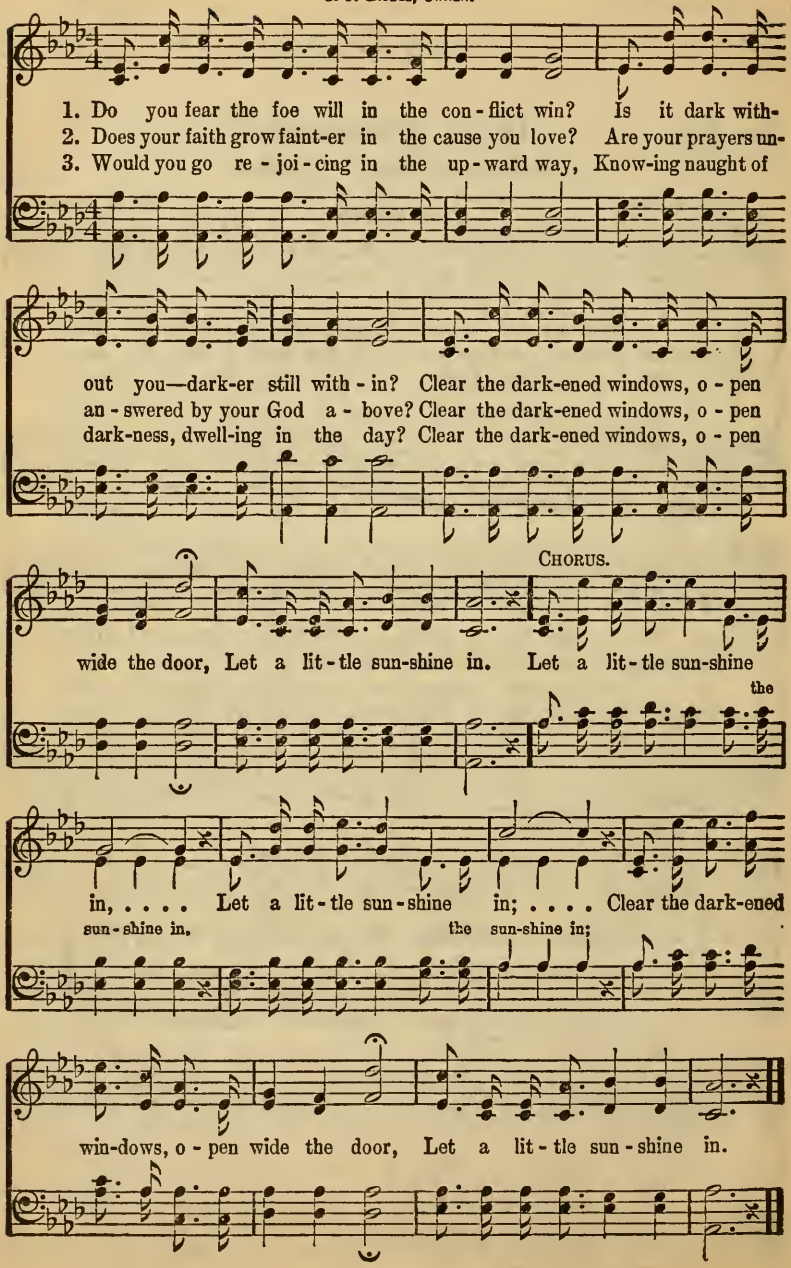
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

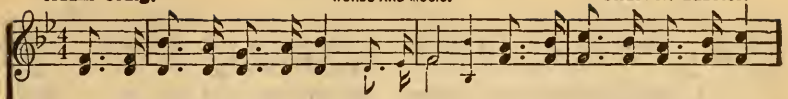


No. 99.

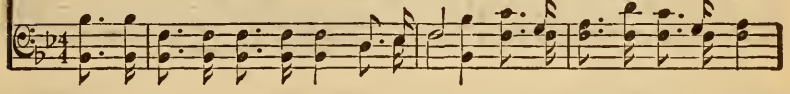
Be A Hero.

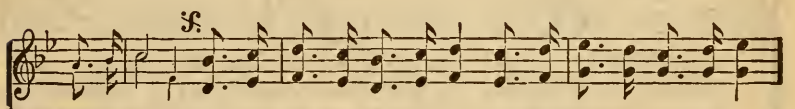
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.

Adam Craig. Chas. H. Gabriel.

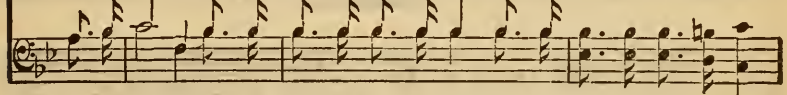


1. On the bat-tle field of life, Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife,
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,

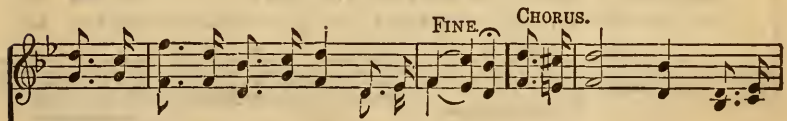




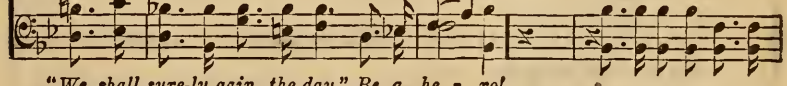
Be a he-ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And with sword and armor bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,



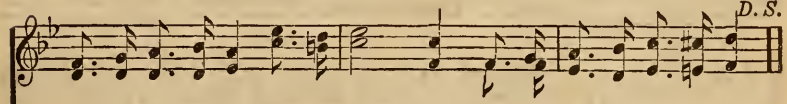
D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*



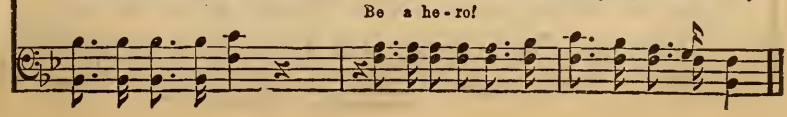
Strike out bravely for the right, Be a he-ro!
Stay the temp-ter in his might, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro!



"We shall sure-ly gain the day," Be a he-ro!



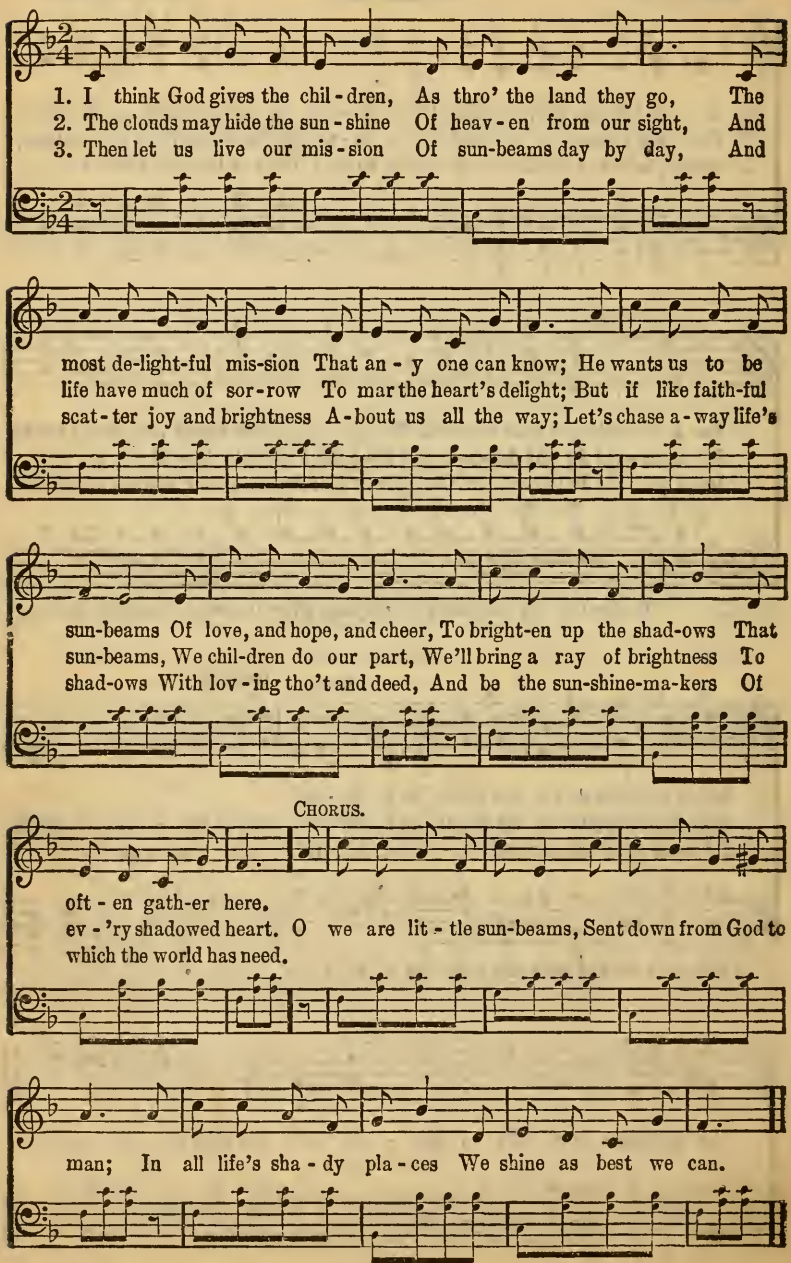
God and nev-er fear! Be a he-ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!



No. 100. Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.



No. 101. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

CHORUS.

And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re-
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?

freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 102. It's Just Like His Great Love.

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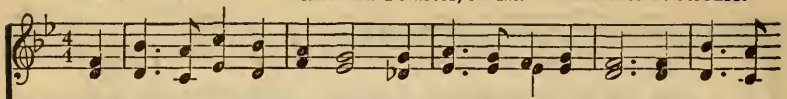
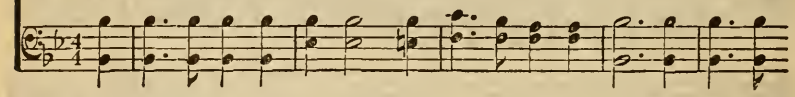
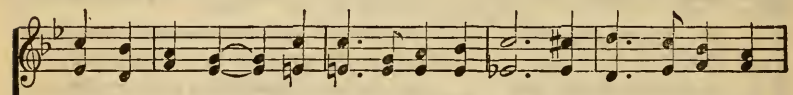
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

Edna R. Worrell. Clarence B. Strouse.

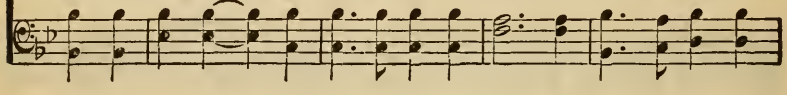


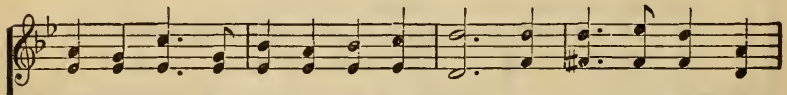
1. A friend I have call'd Je - sus Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up-on my head, When life seems
4. O I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His



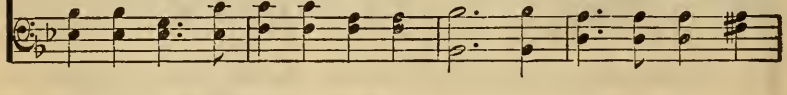


fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinn'd a-gainst this
see my Sav - ior's face, I doubt His wondrous love; But He, from heaven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and

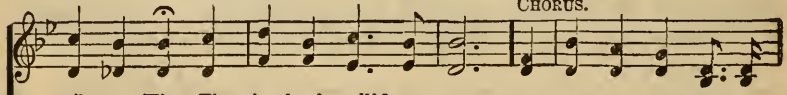




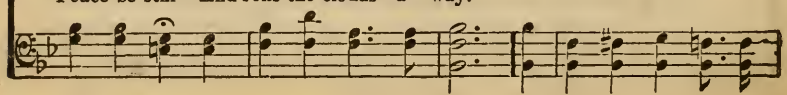
love of His, But when I knelt to pray Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat Be - hold - ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n-ly hope He
o - ver all And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers



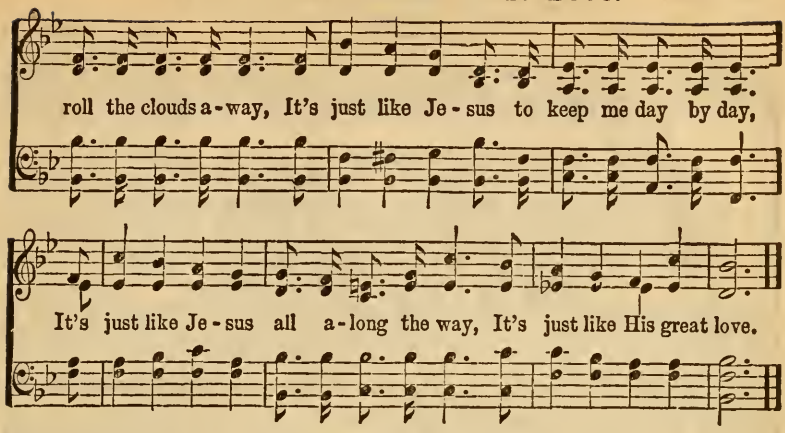
CHORUS.



guilt to Him, The sin-clouds roll'd a - way.
clouds between, And shows me He is there. I'ts just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sunshine af - ter rain.
"Peace be still" And rolls the clouds a - way.

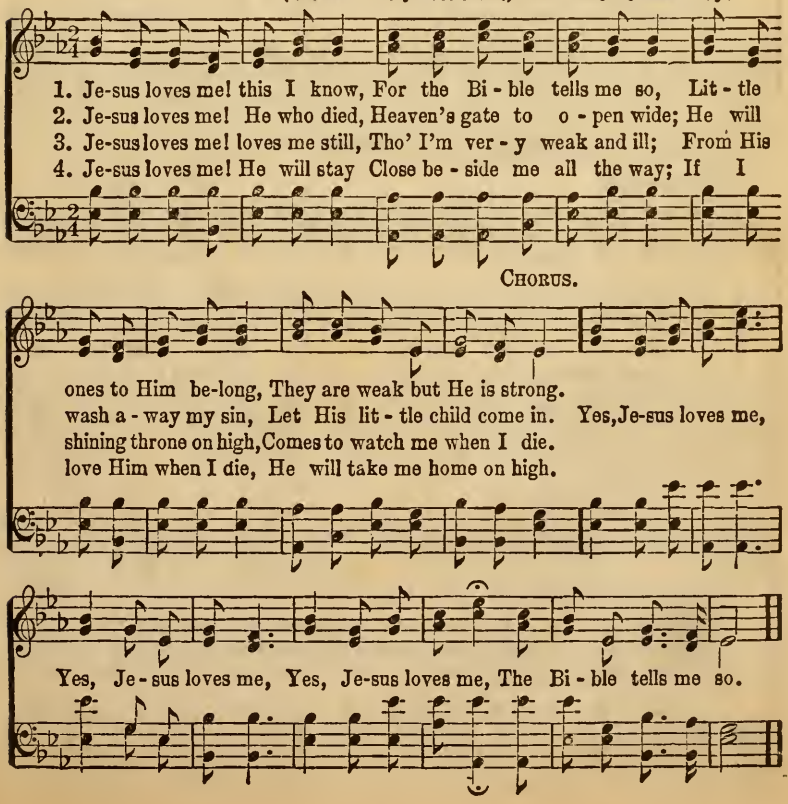


It's Just Like His Great Love.



No. 103. Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China.) Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 104. Jewels.

W. O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. F. Root.

1. { When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
   { All His jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [*Omit* . .] own,—
2. { He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
   { All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His [*Omit* . .] own.
3. { Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re-deem - er,
   { Are the jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His [*Omit* . .] own.

CHORUS.

{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
{ They shall shine in their beauty, [*Omit* . . . . . .] Bright gems for His crown.

No. 105. Around the Throne of God.

Annie Shepherd. Henry E. Mathews.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of chil - dren stand;
2. In flow - ing robes of spot-less white See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin,
4. On earth they sought the Sav-ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band:
Dwell-ing in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade:
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean:
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb:

Around the Throne of God.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high.

No. 106. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of-fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.

Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty:
All so free-ly giv-en, Woo-ing us to heav-en:
Je-sus, on-ly Sav-ior, Sanc-ti-fy for-ev-er:

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 107. Song to the Flag.

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER,
RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO., OWNERS.

B. D. Ackley.

1. Ban - ner bright with thy col - ors shin - ing o'er us,
2. Crim - son bars, you can speak to us of cour - age,
3. Star-gemmed flag, may thy chil - dren long re - mem - ber,

Dear bright flag and the em - blem of the free
Snow - y white, give us peace - ful hearts and pure,
What great price has been paid thy folds to raise;

Hearts beat high when we see thee wave a - bove us
Loy - al blue, may our lives in truth be ground - ed
May we live to be wor - thy of thy keep - ing,

Free - dom's sign art thou o - ver land, o - ver sea:
So we'll wear our col - ors while times shall en - dure:
May we show thee hon - or de - vo - tion and praise.

CHORUS.

Heart and hand we'll pledge to star - ry ban - ner Staunch and

Song to the Flag.

strong we'll stand to col - ors true Day by day we'll serve with

best en - deav - or Life's al-le-giance give to the red white and blue.

After Chorus last time, or may be used after each verse if desired.

Three cheers for the red white and blue Three

cheers for the red white and biue, The ar - my and na - vy for-

ev - er, Three cheers for the red white and blue.

No. 108. The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for - give our debtors;
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er. A - men.

No. 109. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story. 589

Mrs. J. Luke. Old Melody.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been

here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold,
thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

I should like to have been with them then.
"Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

No. 110. What Shall It Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, . . Hous-es and a-cres so broad? No
2. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, . . Friend-ships to share and to make? And
3. Oh, what shall it prof-it thee, broth-er, . . Earth-ly am-bi-tion and fame? If

FINE.

ti - tle to man-sions of glo-ry e-ter-nal, And none to the Cit-y of God? . .
know not the friend-ship of Je-sus the Sav-ior, Of Je-sus who died for thy sake? . .
Christ in the life-book of glo-ry e-ter-nal Had nev-er re-cord-ed thy name? .
D. S.—*When the death-an gel has called for thy spir-it, And mer-cy for-ev-er has flown?* . .

REFRAIN. D. S.

What shall it prof-it thee then? . . Tho' the whole world be thine own. . .

No. 111. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Introduction.

1. When troub-led my soul, and when peace I would find, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de - spair, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .
3. When dark is the night, and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the love of Je - sus! . .

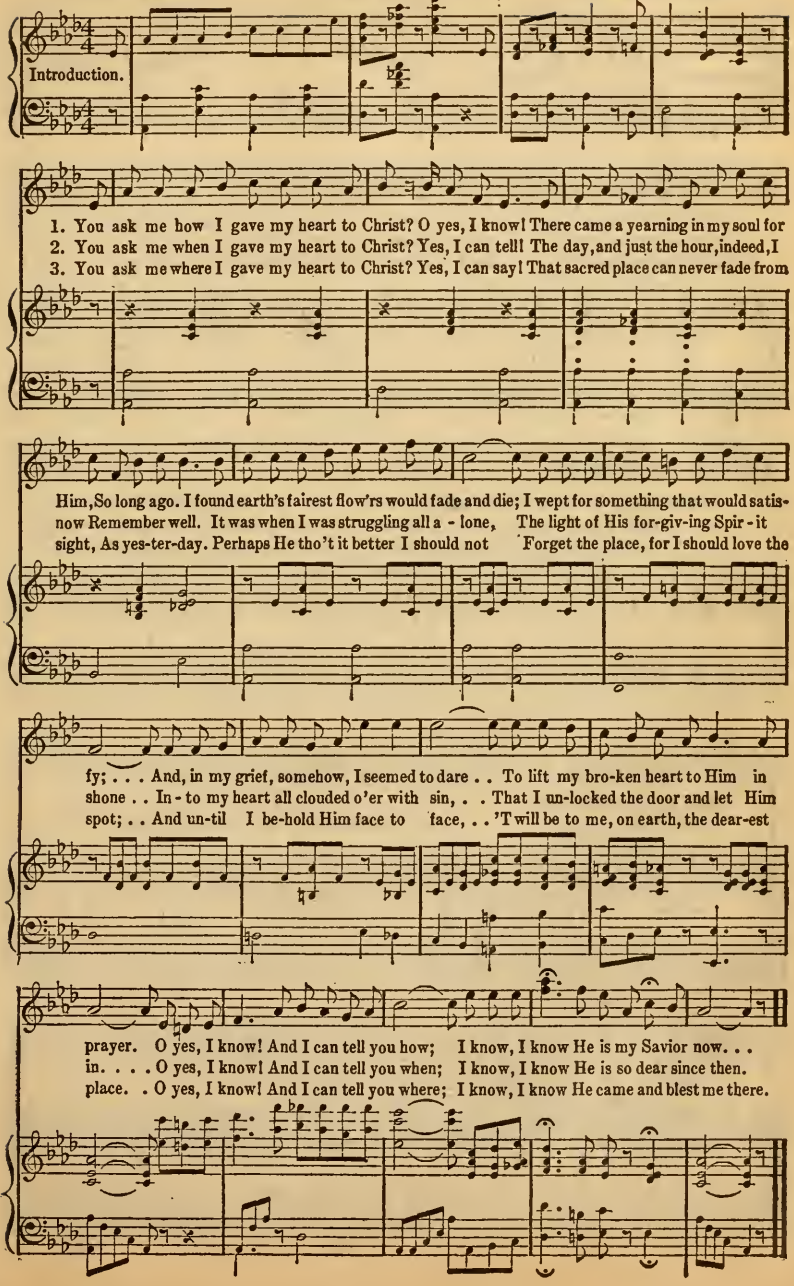
When lone - ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear, How sweet is His love to me! . . .
When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest, How sweet is His love to me! . . .

CHORUS.

O . . . how sweet, O how sweet is His love, . . How sweet is His love to me! . . When friends all have gone, and I suf - fer a - lone, How sweet is His love to me! . .

No. 112. I Know.

W. H. O. and C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 113. Because He Loved His Own.

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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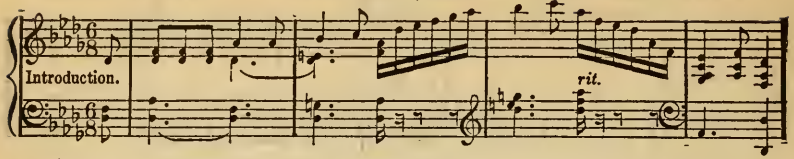
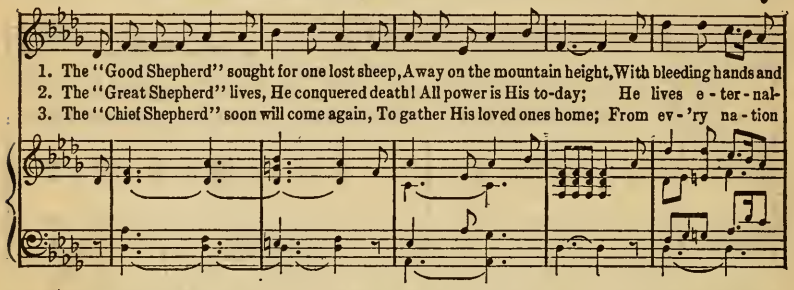
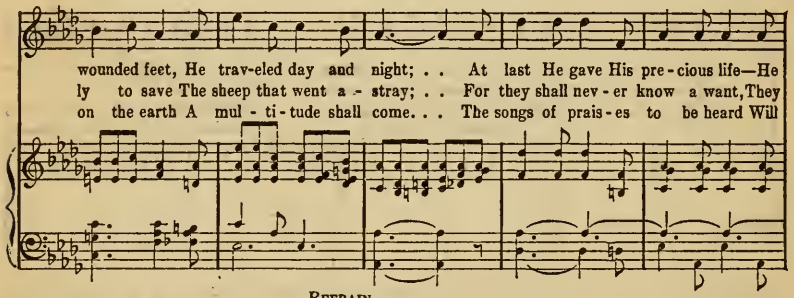
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.







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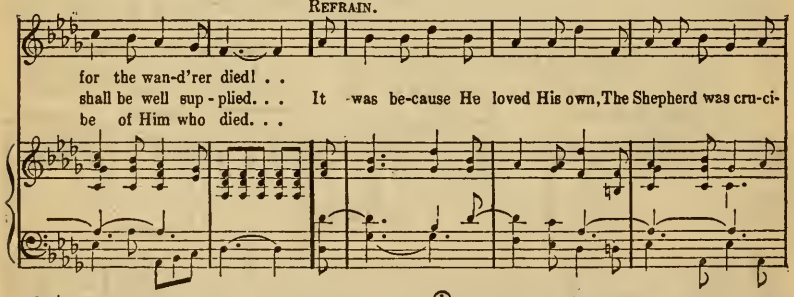
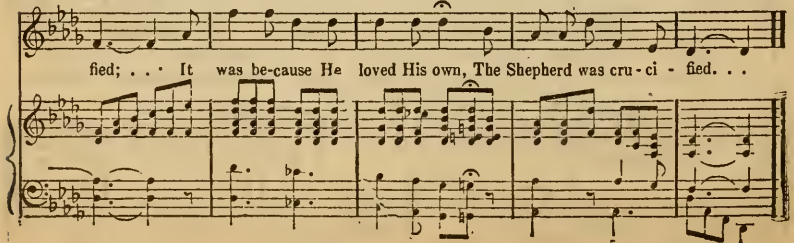




No. 114. No Room in the Inn.

A. L. Skilton.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. Grace Updegraff.

Introduction. *Andante.*

poco rit.

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, No place but a man-ger,
2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, No hu-mil-i-a-tion,
3. No one to re-ceive Him, No wel-come while here, No balm to re-lieve Him,

No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness, No tho't for their sin,
No place in the heart; No tho't of the Sav-ior, No sor-row for sin,
No staff but a spear; No seek-ing His treas-ure, No weep-ing for sin,

rit.

CHORUS.

No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
No pray'r for His fa-vor, No room in the inn. No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh,
No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

rit.

rit.

give Him wel-come free, Lest you should hear at heaven's gate, "There is no room for thee."

rit.

No. 115. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Introduction. *mf*

1. I know my heav'nly Father knows The storms that would my way oppose; But He can drive the
2. I know my heav'nly Father knows The balm I need to soothe my woes, And with His touch of
3. I know my heav'nly Father knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will
4. I know my heav'nly Father knows The hour my journey here will close, And may that hour, O

ad lib.

clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day, And turn my darkness in - to day.
love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
faith-ful Guide, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side, Find me safe sheltered by Thy side.

REFRAIN.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tempers ev-'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 116. It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1909 BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?

2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?

3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?

4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?

CHORUS.

It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.

Introduction. *rit.* *dim.*

No. 117. His Love Can Never Fail.

E. S. Hall. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. I do not ask to see the way My feet will have to tread, But on - ly that my

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. And if my feet would go a-stray, They can-not, for I know That Je - sus guides my
3. I will not fear, tho' dark-ness come A-broad o'er all the land, If I may on - ly

soul may feed Up - on the liv - ing bread; 'T is bet - ter far that I should walk By

fal-t'ring steps, As joy - ful - ly I go; And tho' I may not see His face, My
feel the touch Of His own lov - ing hand; And tho' I trem - ble when I think How

FINE.

faith close to His side; I may not know the way I go, But oh, I know my Guide.

faith is strong and clear That in each hour of sore dis - tress, My Sav - ior will be near.
weak I am, how frail, My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.

D. S.—*My soul is sat - is - fied to know His love can nev-er fail.*

CHORUS or QUARTET.

D. S.

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

His love . . . can nev - er fail, His love . . . can nev - er fail;
His love can nev - er fail. His love can nev - er fail;

No. 118. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)

1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can - not sing, 'T is praise in the

SOLO or QUARTET.

2. I shall stand one day fault - less and pure by His throne, Trans-formed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav - en, so per - fect and sweet, Will blend with my

high - est to Je - sus, my King; Its mu - sic each mo - ment is thrill - ing my soul,

im - age, con-formed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it com-plete; Thro' a - ges un - end - ing the ech - oes will roll,

D. S.—*My heart it is sing - ing, the an-them is ring-ing,*

FINE. CHORUS.

For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin - ner made whole! a

For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin - ner made whole! a

For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole.

rit. D. S.

sin - ner made whole! The Sav - ior hath bought me and ran - somed my soul!

rit.

sin - ner made whole! The Sav - ior hath bought me and ran - somed my soul!

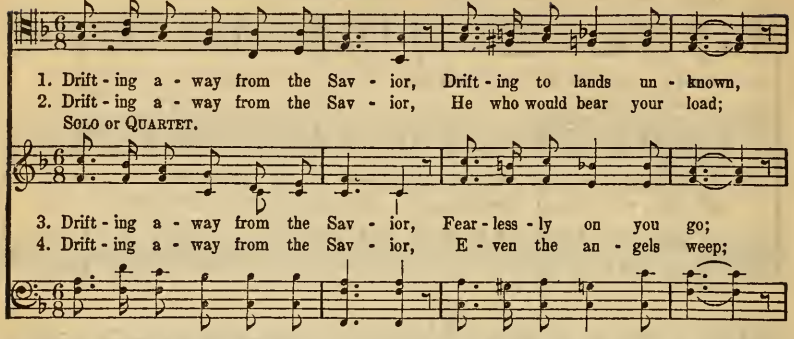
No. 119. Drifting Away From God.

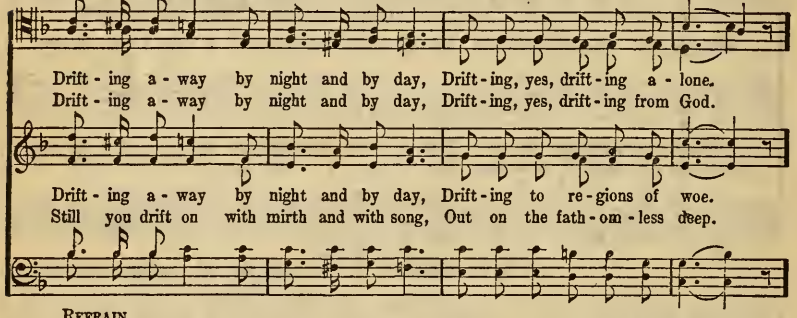
F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

DUET. Tenor and Baritone. (As sung by Gabriel & Excell.)





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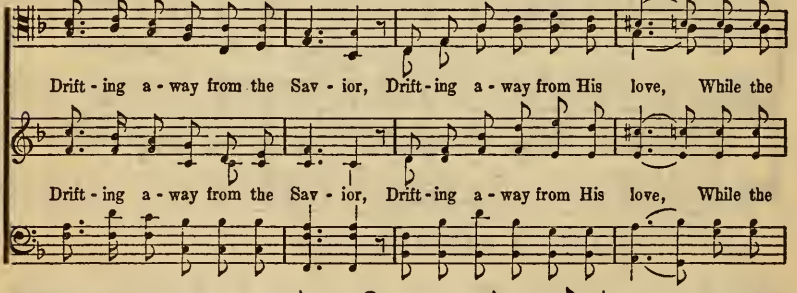
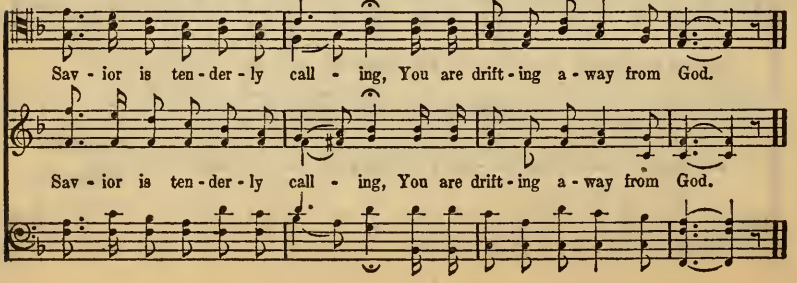
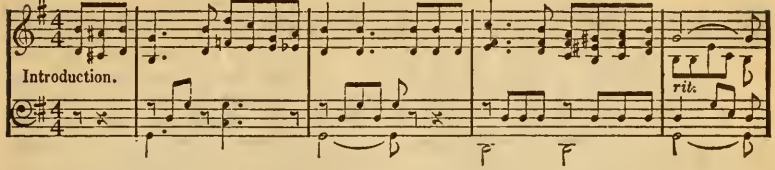


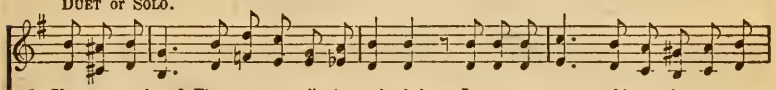


No. 122. Sometime, Somewhere.

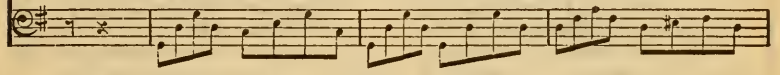
Mrs. Ophelia G. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Charlie D. Tillman.



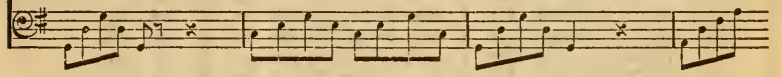
DUET or SOLO.



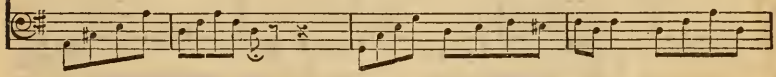
1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whoi - ly
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant-ed on the



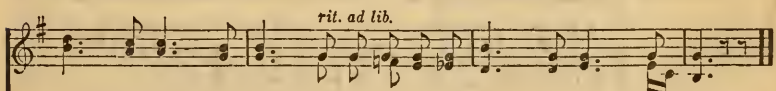
years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
done; The work be-gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
Rock; A - mid the wild-est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the.



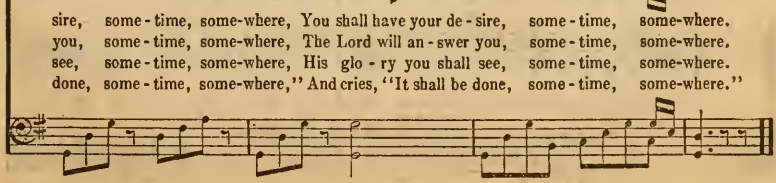
vain those falling tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have your de-
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will an-swer
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in-cense burn-ing there; His glo - ry you shall
loud-est thun-der shock; She knows Om-nip - o-tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be



rit. ad lib.



sire, some - time, some-where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some-where.
you, some - time, some-where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some-where.
see, some - time, some-where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some-where.
done, some - time, some-where," And cries, "It shall be done, some - time, some-where."



No. 123. All the Way.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit-y o-ver in the Prom-ised Land, I have tri-als and temp-ta-tions ev-'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed by a strong and lov-ing hand, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

2. There are man-y snares and pit-falls all a-long the pil-grim road, I can o-ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row, grace suf-fi-cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

3. When the clouds of dark-ness gath-er and the sun-shine all has fled, Then He guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray; And the bless-ed light of Heav-en o-ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

4. When I reach the si-lent riv-er, with its cold and chill-ing tide, Je-sus will be there, my Help-er and my Stay. I will sail a-way triumphant, land my soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way; all the way; All the way, All the way, all the way, all the way, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

No. 124. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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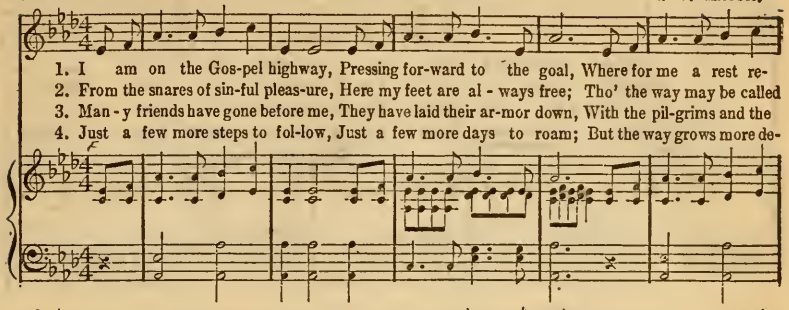
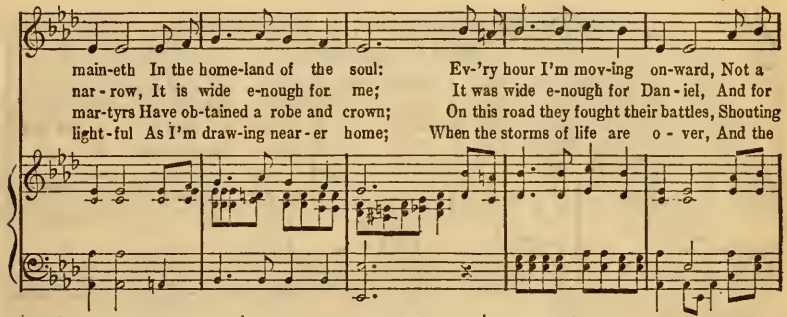
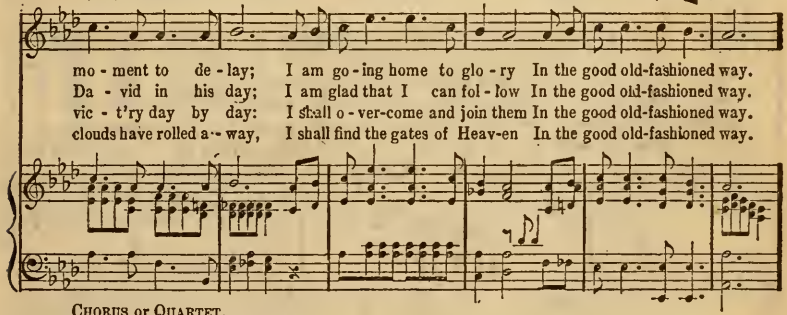
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.



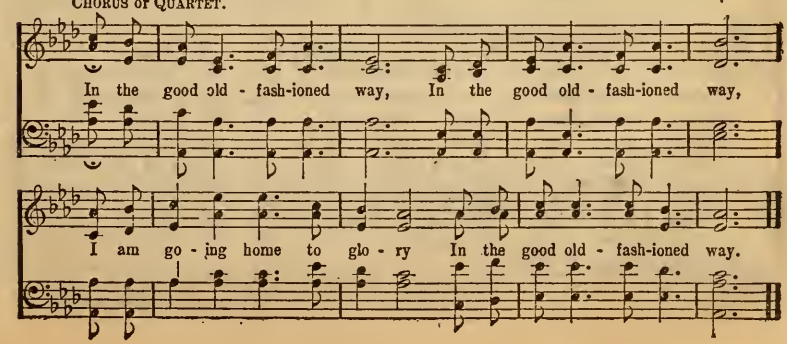
1. I am on the Gos-pel highway, Pressing for-ward to the goal, Where for me a rest re-
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al - ways free; Tho' the way may be called
3. Man - y friends have gone before me, They have laid their ar-mor down, With the pil-grims and the
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam; But the way grows more de-



main-eth In the home-land of the soul: Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a
nar - row, It is wide e-nough for me; It was wide e-nough for Dan - iel, And for
mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown; On this road they fought their battles, Shouting
light - ful As I'm draw-ing near - er home; When the storms of life are o - ver, And the



mo - ment to de - lay; I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
Da - vid in his day; I am glad that I can fol - low In the good old-fashioned way.
vic - t'ry day by day: I shall o - ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
clouds have rolled a - way, I shall find the gates of Heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.



CHORUS or QUARTET.

In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

No. 125. A Little Bit of Love

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

E. O. Excell.

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love? Ev-'ry-
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love, Hands are
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love, Ma-ny
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love, While the

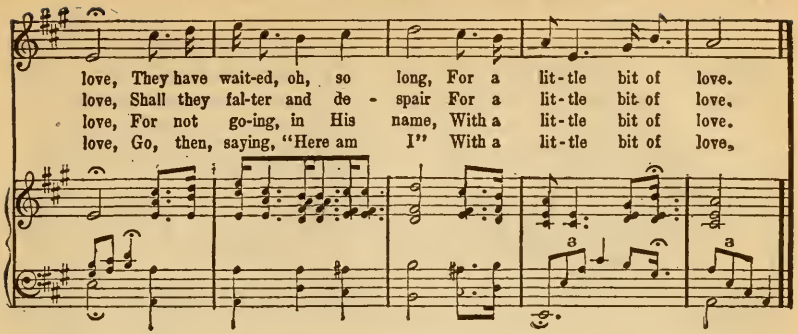
where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; For the love that rights a-
reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love; Some have bur-dens hard to
souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love; If they die in sin and
chil-dren too are crying For a lit-tle bit of love; Stand no long-er i-dly

wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song; They have waited, oh, so long, For a
bear, Some have sor-rows we should share; Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a
shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame For not go-ing in His name, With a
by, You can help them if you try; Go, then, saying, "Here am I," With a

REFRAIN.

lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of
lit-tle bit of love. For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of
lit-tle bit of love. With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of

A Little Bit of Love.

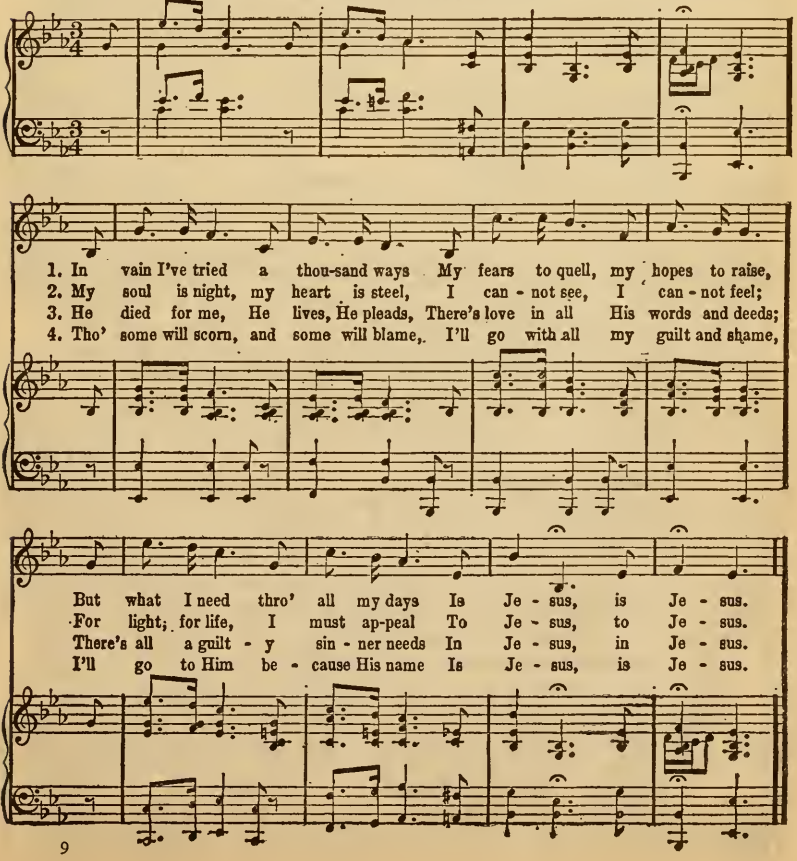


No. 126. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.



No. 127. That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. Watkins. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. There's a won-der-ful sto-ry I've heard long a-go, 'T is called "The sweet sto-ry of old;"
2. They told of a Be-ing so love-ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
3. He a-rose and as-cend-ed to Heav-en, we're told, Tri-um-phant o'er death and hell;
4. Oh, that won-der-ful sto-ry I love to re-peat, Of peace and good-will to men;

I hear it so oft-en, wher-ev-er I go That same old sto-ry is told;
To seek for His lost ones, and make them se-cure From death and the pow-er of hell;
He's pre-par-ing a place in that cit-y of gold, Where loved ones for-ev-er may dwell:
There's no sto-ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a-gain and a-gain.

And I've tho't it was strange that so oft-en they'd tell That sto-ry as if it were new;
That He was despised, and with thorns He was crowned, On the cross was ex-tend-ed to view;
Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll nev-er-more part, And oh, while I tell it to you,
He in-vites you to come—He will free-ly re-ceive, And this mes-sage He send-eth to you,

rit.

But I've found out the rea-son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto-ry is true.
But oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto-ry is true.
It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto-ry is true:
"There's a man-sion in Glo-ry for all who believe!" That old, old sto-ry is true.

That Old, Old Story is True.

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto - ry is true, ... That old, old sto - ry is true; . . . .

But I've found out the rea - son they loved it so well,—That old, old sto - ry is true.

No. 128. Just For To-day.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just for to-day, dear Fa - ther, we pray, Bright let Thy love - light gleam o'er our way;
2. Just for to-day, oh, help us to be Lights trimmed and burn-ing, shin - ing for Thee;
3. Just for to-day, what - ev - er be - tide, Clasp our hands clo - ser, walk by our side;

Wash us and make our hearts pure with-in, Take from us e'en the long - ing to sin.
Where du - ty calls us, point - ing the way, Serv - ing Thee tru - ly each pass - ing day.
Safe in Thy keep - ing, naught can af-fright, Fol - low - ing Je - sus, dark-ness is light.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Just for to - day, Just for to - day, Guide us and keep us Just for to - day.

No. 129. Meet Mother in the Skies.

COPYRIGHT. 1899, BY JOHN F. ELLIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.
USED BY PER.

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.

1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, ma-ny miles a-way, Lies your dear old
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee, He who par-doned

moth-er, 'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing
ab-sent, moth-er, kind and true; Ev-er-more she dwells where
moth-er, mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort,

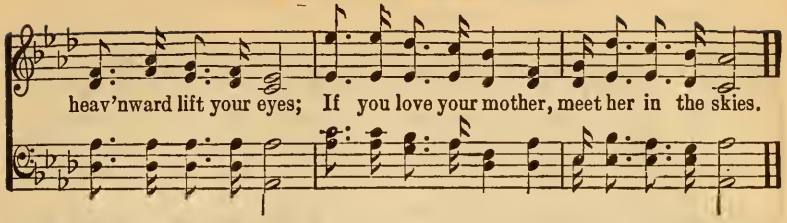
of her tears and sighs, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
pleas-ure nev-er dies, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
He will not de-spise, If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.

CHORUS.

Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-

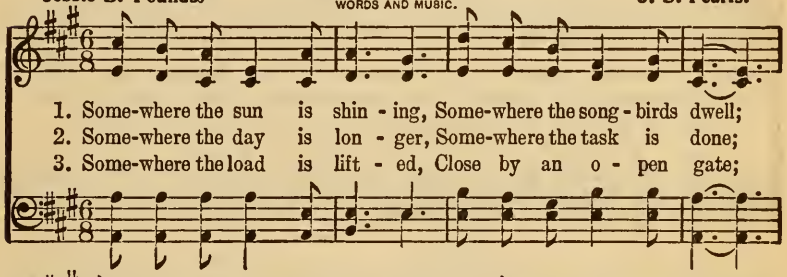
treat-ing, do no long-er roam; Let your man-hood wak-en,

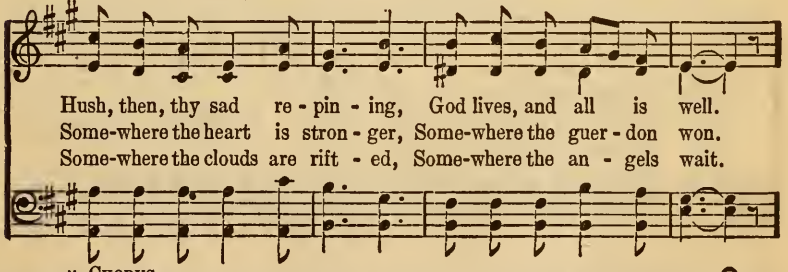
Meet Mother in the Skies.

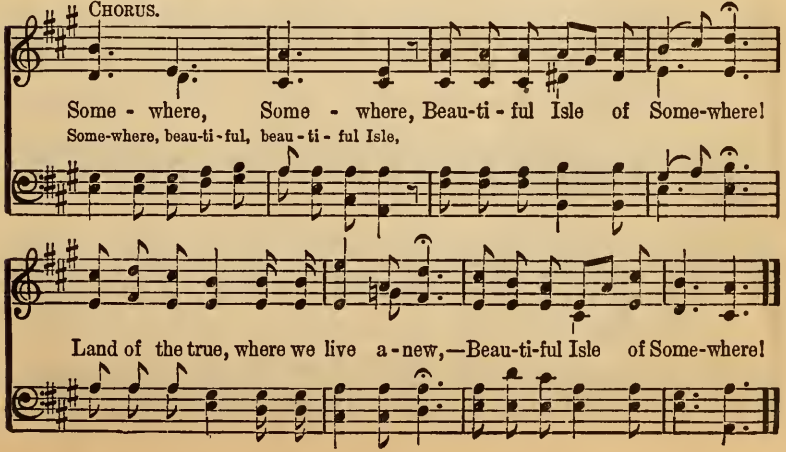


No. 130. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.







No. 131. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

F. C. H. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY FRANK C. HUSTON. Frank C. Huston.

1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide, It pays to be
3. Tho' some-times the shad-ows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may

joy with-out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His
true what-e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-
come to beck-on us home, Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-

CHORUS.

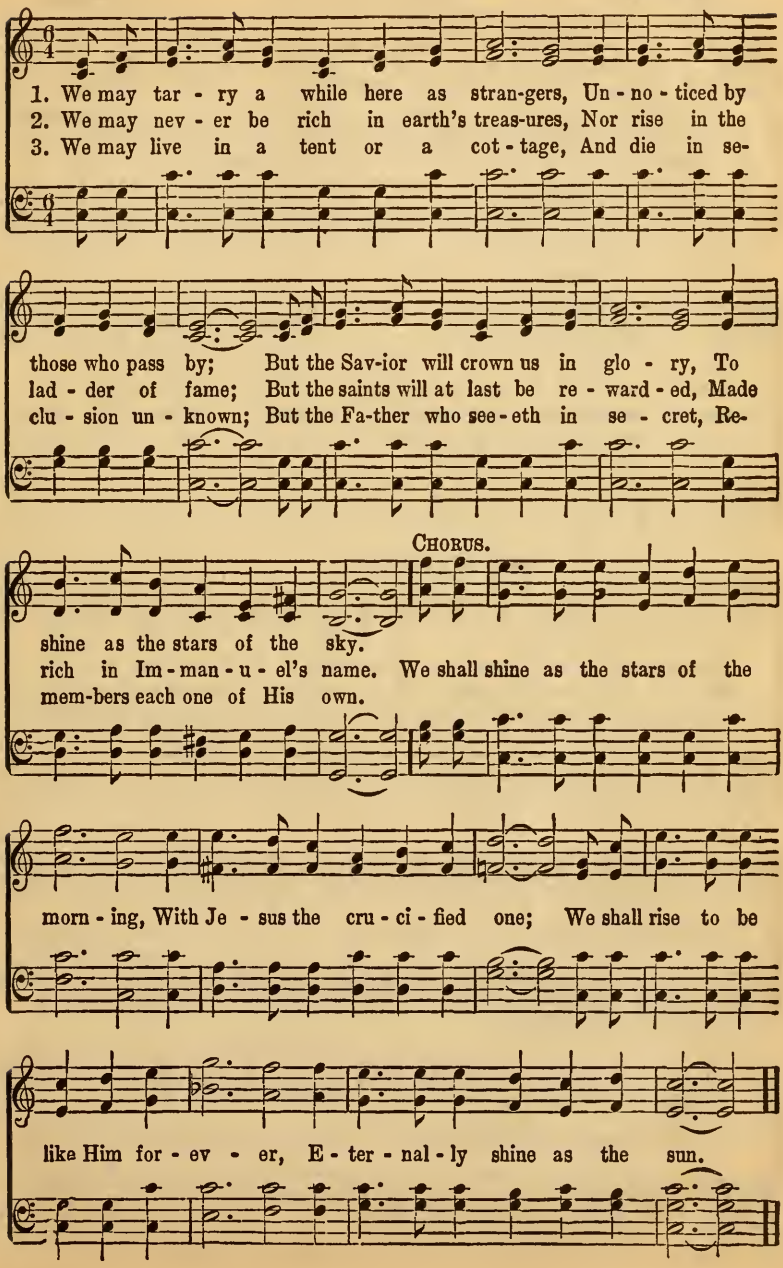
words; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.
bide; It pays to serve Je-sus each day. It pays to serve Jesus, it
pay; It pays to serve Je-sus each day.

pays ev'ry day, It pays ev'ry step of the way;..... Tho' the pathway to
ev-'ry step of the way;

glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.

No. 132. We Shall Shine as the Stars.

J. W. V. COPYRIGHT, BY J. W. VAN DEVENTER. J. W. Van Deventer.



No. 133. The Way-side Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER.
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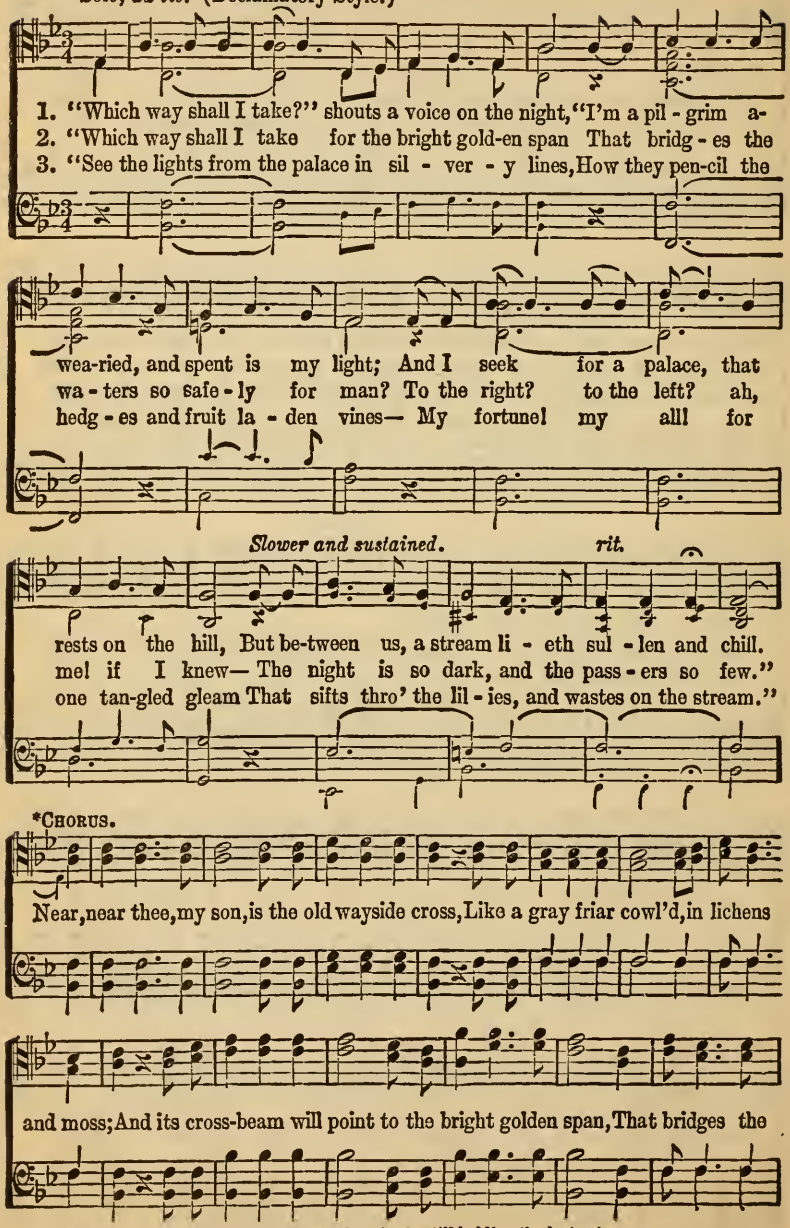
C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)



*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp.* *To be sung after last stanza.*

wa-ters so safe-ly for man; That bridg-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

No. 134. I'm On a Shining Pathway.

John Hogarth Lozier.

SOLO OR CHORUS.

1. I am on a shin - ing path-way, A - down life's short-'ning years,
2. My soul hath had its con - flicts With might-y hosts of sin;
3. I am com - ing near the cit - y My Sav-ior's hands have piled,

And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With dead - ly foes with - out me, And dead - lier foes with - in;
And I know my Fa - ther's wait-ing To wel - come home His child;

cres.

But I saw those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
For un - wor - thy tho' I be, He will find a place for me,

p

While I'm trust-ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
When I trust-ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
For He is the King of Glo - ry— The Man of Gal - i - lee!

No. 135. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

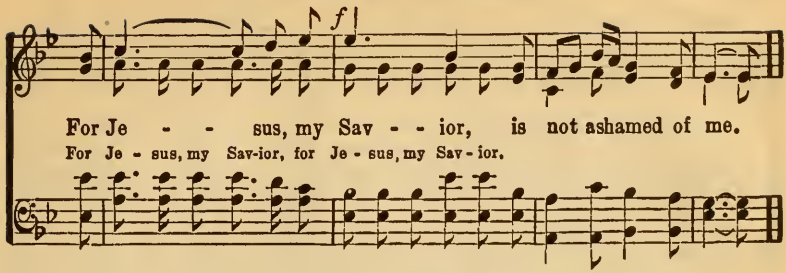
1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let ev - 'ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.

CHORUS.

A-shamed .... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev-er will be;

* Tenor and Bass sing the upper *large* notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

Ashamed of Jesus.



No. 136. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

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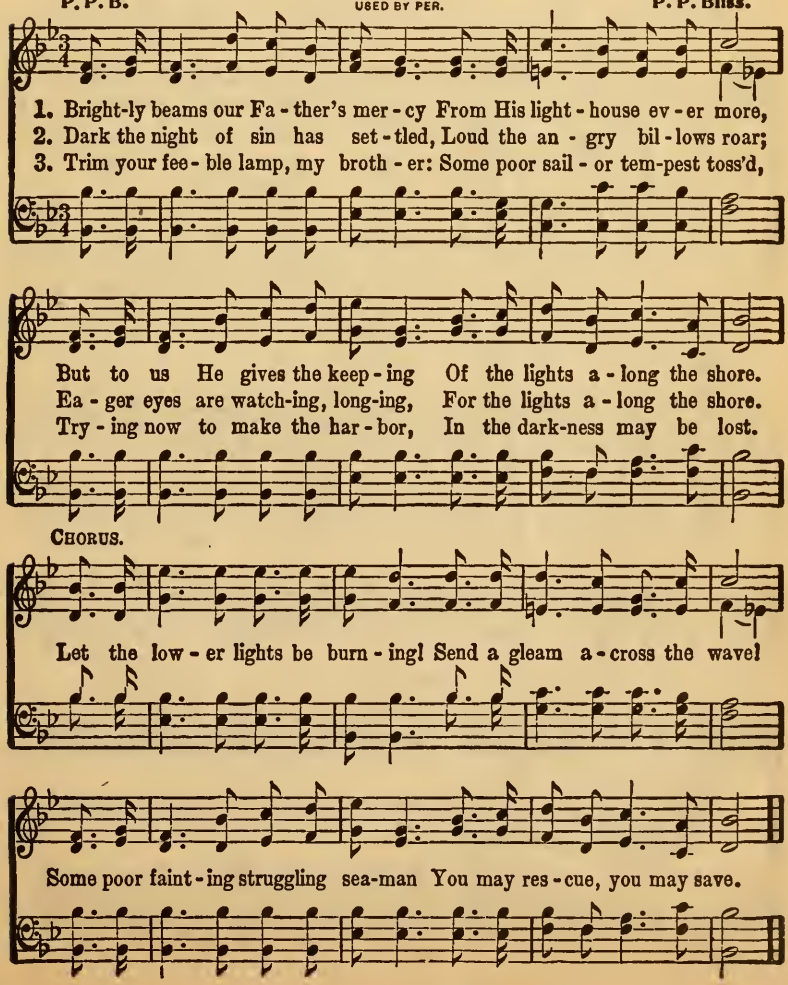
USED BY PER.

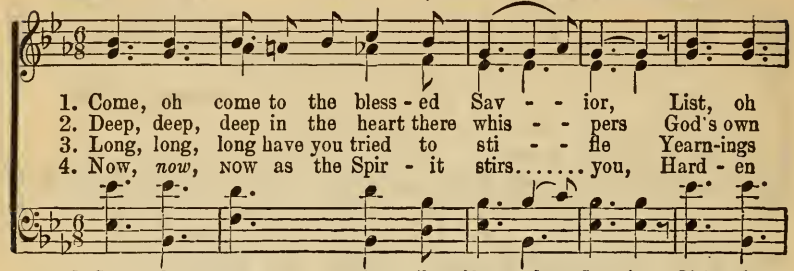
P. P. Bliss.

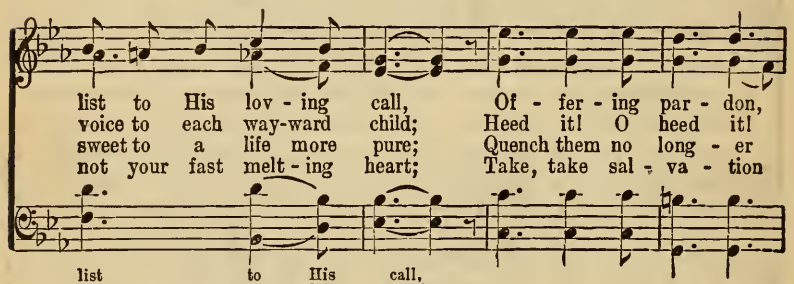


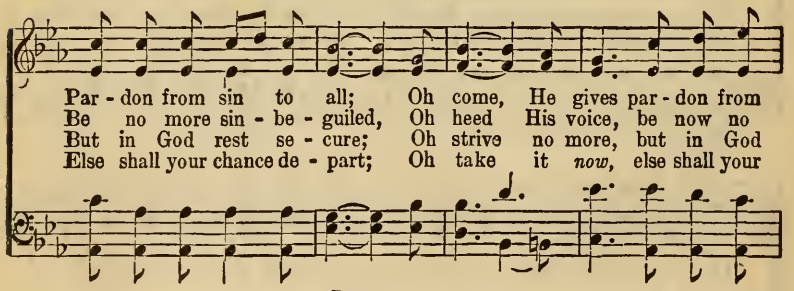
No. 137. Someone's Last Call.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.

Edna. R. Worrwell. LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO. Clarence B. Strouse. Arr.







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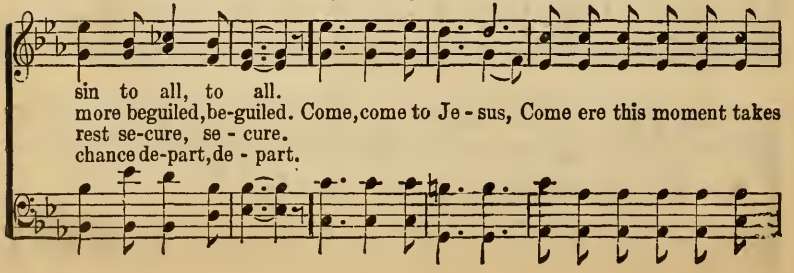
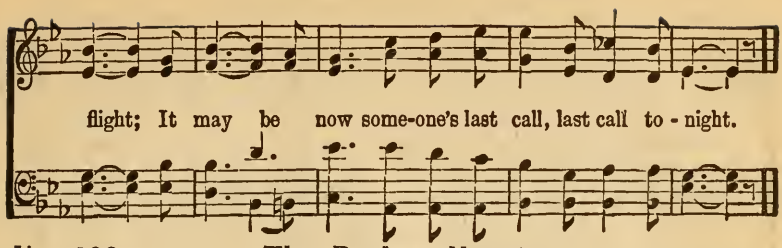




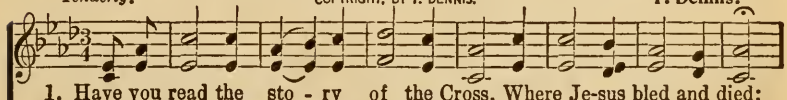
No. 138. The Broken Heart.

As sung by Wm. McEwan

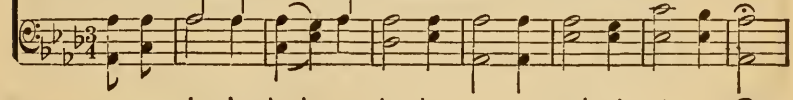
Words and Music T. Dennis.

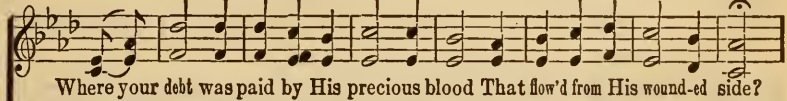
COPYRIGHT, BY T. DENNIS.

Tenderly.

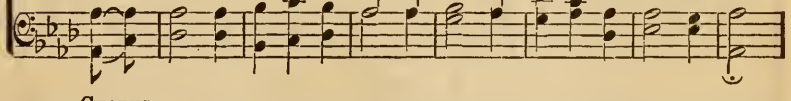


1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je-sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Up-on His love - ly brow?
3. Have you read how He saved the dy-ing thief? When hanging on the tree!
4. Have you read that He looked to heav'n and said, 'Tis finished–'twas for thee?

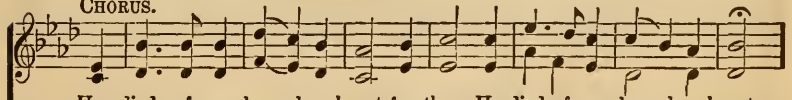




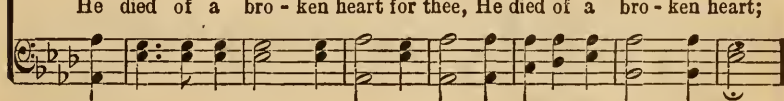
Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flow'd from His wound-ed side?
When He pray'd, for - give them, oh! for-give, They know not what they do.
Who looked with pit - y-ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.
Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giving Thy life for me?

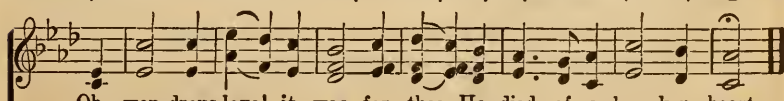


CHORUS.

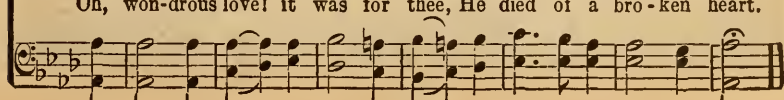


He died of a bro - ken heart for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart;





Oh, won-drous love! it was for thee, He died of a bro - ken heart.



No. 139. Some Day.

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Dr. Victor M. Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some

day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
day re - ceive, un-meas-ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -

end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of

CHORUS.

ceive, at last, my crown. some hap-py day,
heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, ... some happy day, ...
His un - dy - ing love. some hap-py day,

Some Day.

The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, ... And I shall go to dwell with

all tears a - way,

Him, ... To dwell with Him . . . . - some hap - py day. . . .

to dwell with Him, To dwell with Him, hap - py day.

No. 140. Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

C. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
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Chas. J. Butler.

1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go for - gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. My loved ones they have cross'd the tide, But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;
4. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasp'd in my Savior's hand,

But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jor-dan's waves I will **not** fear.
And if I keep the wit - ness clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
They sweet - ly whis-per'd in my ear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.
I, too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jor-dan's waves I will not fear.

No. 141. Memories of Galilee.

Robert Morris, LL. D. USED BY PERMISSION. H. R. Palmer.

1. Each coo-ing dove . . . and sigh-ing bough . . . That makes the eve . . . so blest to me, . . . Has something far . . . di-vin-er now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal-i-lee . . .
2. Each flow-'ry glen . . . and moss-y dell, . . . Where hap-py birds . . in song a-gree . . . Thro' sunny morn . . . the praises tell . . . Of sights and sounds. . . in Gal-i-lee . . .
3. And when I read . . . the thrill-ing lore, . . . Of Him who walked . . up-on the sea, . . . I long, oh, how . . . I long once more . . . To fol-low Him . . . in Gal-i-lee . . .

CHORUS.

O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

No. 142. My Ain Countrie.

Mary Lee Demarest. Scotch Air.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wear-y aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un - til mine een do see The

D. C.— But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

1 2 FINE.

langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles }
gow-den gates o' heav-en [*Omit*.....] } an' my ain countrie.
hear the an-gels sing-in' [*Omit*.....] in my ain countrie.

D. C.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi flow-ers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh an' gay; }
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae: }

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair:
For His bluid has made me white, an' His han' shall dry my e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

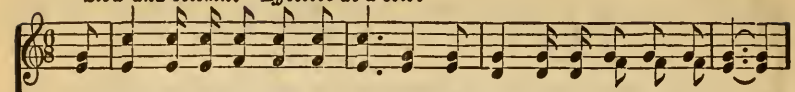
3 He is faithfu', that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
Sae i'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait,
For the soun'in' o' His fitfa' this side the gowden gate:
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

No. 143. The Great Judgment Morning.

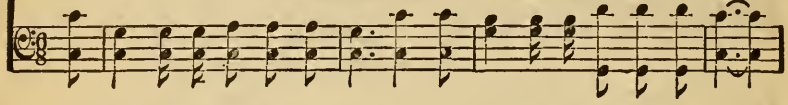
War Cry. *Slow and solemn. Effective as a solo.*

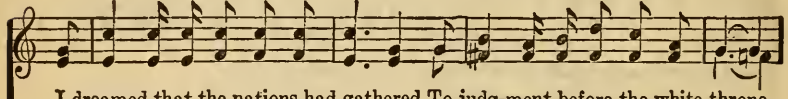
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY L. L. PICKETT.

L. L. Pickett.

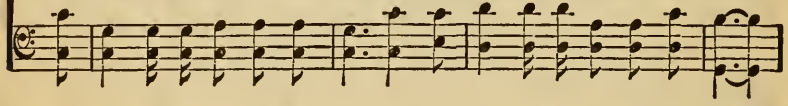


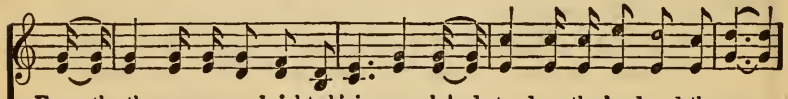
1. I dreamed that the great Judgment Morning Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
2. The rich man was there, but his mon-ey Had melt-ed and vanished a - way;
3. The wid - ow was there and the orphans, God heard and remembered their cries;
4. The mor-al man came to the judgment, But his self-righteous rags would not do;



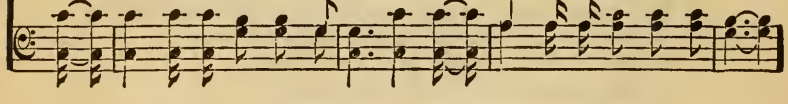


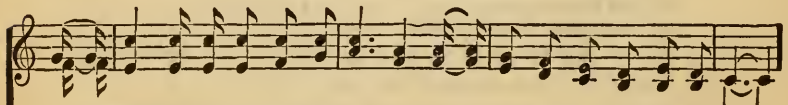
I dreamed that the nations had gathered To judg-ment before the white throne.
A pau - per he stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav-y to pay.
No sor - row in heav-en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The men who had cru-ci-fied Je - sus Had passed off as mor-al men too,



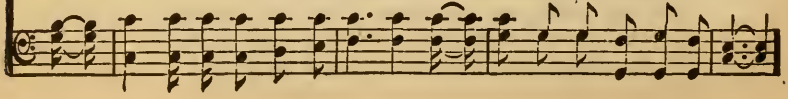


From the throne came a bright shining angel And stood on the land and the sea,
The great man was there, but his greatness When death came was left far behind,
The gambler was there and the drunkard, And the man who had sold them the drink;
The souls that had put off salvation—"Not to-night; I'll get saved by-and-bye;





And swore with his hand raised to heaven, That time was no long-er to be.
The an - gel that opened the re-cords, Not a trace of his greatness could find.
With the people who gave him the license— To - geth - er in hell they did sink.
No time now to think of re - li-gion!" At last they had found time to die.



The Great Judgment Morning.

CHORUS.

And oh, what a weep-ing and wail-ing, As the lost were told of their fate;

rit.

They cried for the rocks and the mountains, They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

No. 144. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 145. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est

end-ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from

rit. *p*

Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,

Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

No. 146. Some Other Day,

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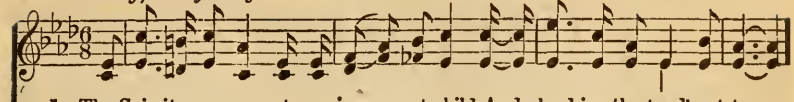
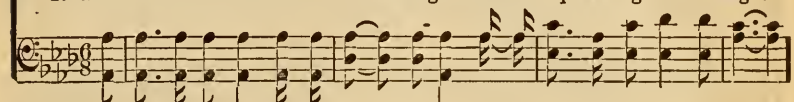
BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE, OWNERS.

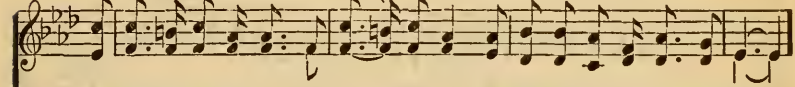
G. M. J. Gertrude Manly Jones.

Slowly, with feeling.

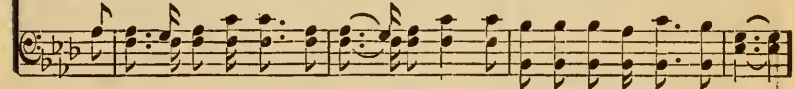


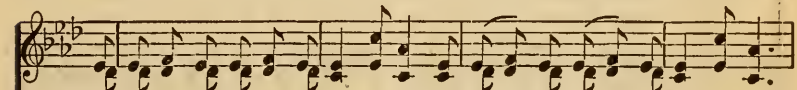
1. The Spir-it once came to an in-no-cent child And plead in the tend'rest tone:
2. The Spir-it came back to the tall, fair youth, With a loving and ten-der plea;
3. The Spir-it plead thus with the toil-worn man: "Make haste while God's grace shall last.
4. The old man now leans on his trembling staff With a quavering bit-ter sigh:



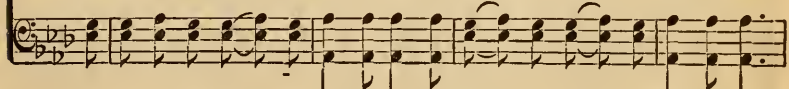


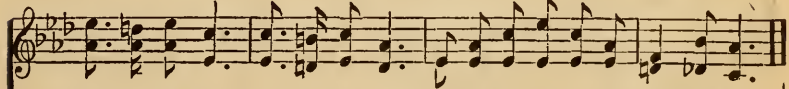
"Dear lit-tle one, let me come in-to thy heart, And make it for-ev-er my own."
"The harvest is ready, there's work to be done, A-rise, God is calling for thee."
The sil-ver is tinging thy locks of brown, Thy years now are slipping by fast."
"I've wasted a life-time in sin," he cried, "And now I am go-ing to die:



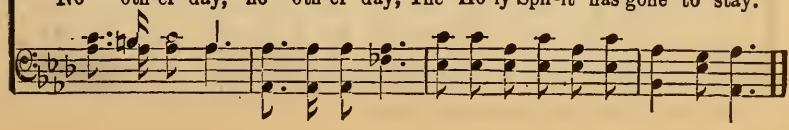


"Sweet Spirit," he cried, "please go away; For childhood is only for fun and play;
"O Spirit," he cried, "leave me, I pray, The pleasures of earth hold me in sway;
"O Spir-it," he cried, "I should obey, But I am too bus-y and tired to pray;
The Spir-it, long slighted, has flown away; No hope, no God, I can-not pray;





Some oth-er day, some oth-er day; When I am old-er, I'll bid Thee stay."
Some oth-er day, some oth-er day: Then, Ho-ly Spir-it, I'll bid Thee stay."
Some oth-er day, some oth-er day; When I have time I will bid Thee stay."
No oth-er day, no oth-er day; The Ho-ly Spir-it has gone to stay."



No. 147. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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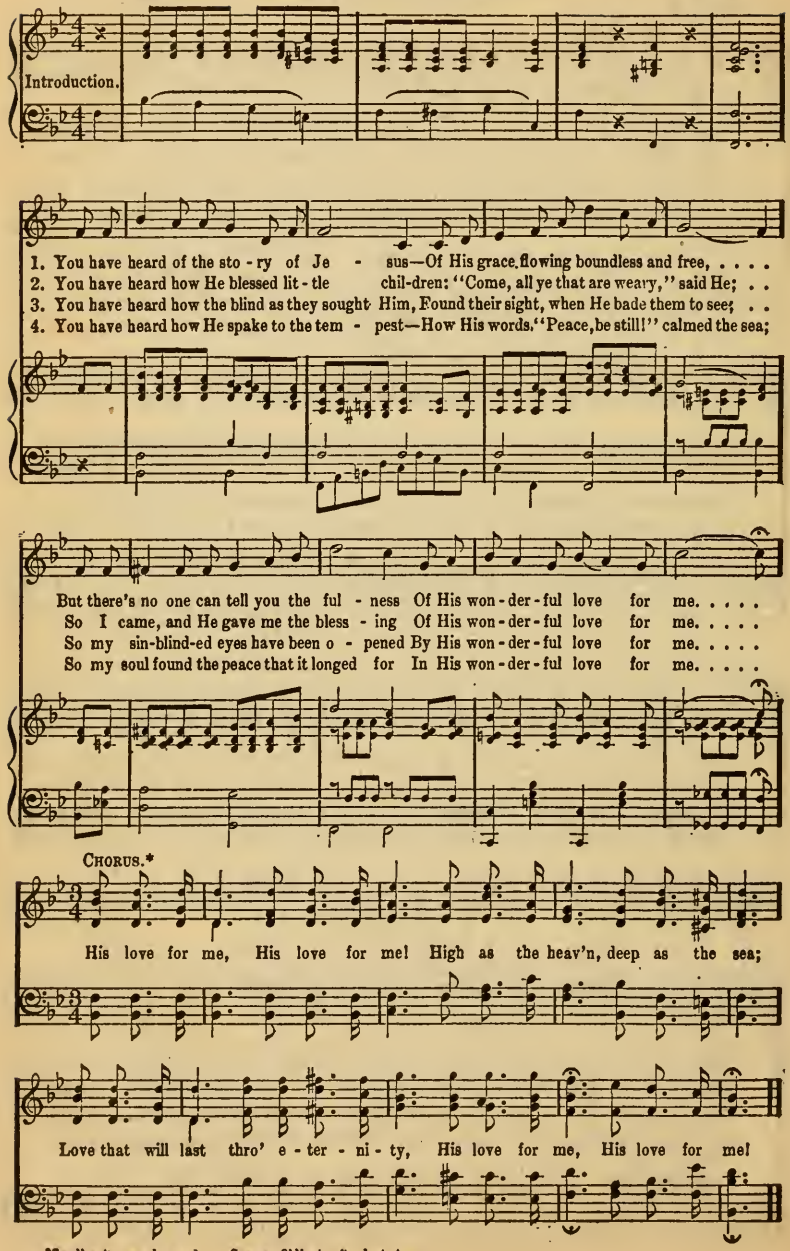
Fred H. Byshe.



*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

Chorus Choir Selections.

No. 148. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. D. EXCELL, OWNER.

Introduction.

Legato.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;

Wait - ing for some one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'tis Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'tis Je - sus.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows—'tis Je - sus.

No. 149. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, . . What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, . . What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, . . And will

glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! . . Bless - ed fel-low-ship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? . For His love lights the way
rest in the love that is full and free; . . Cling - ing ev - er to Him,

all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi - ces it - self in song. . .
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star bright-ens the path a - head. . .
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, ev - er to be my King. . .

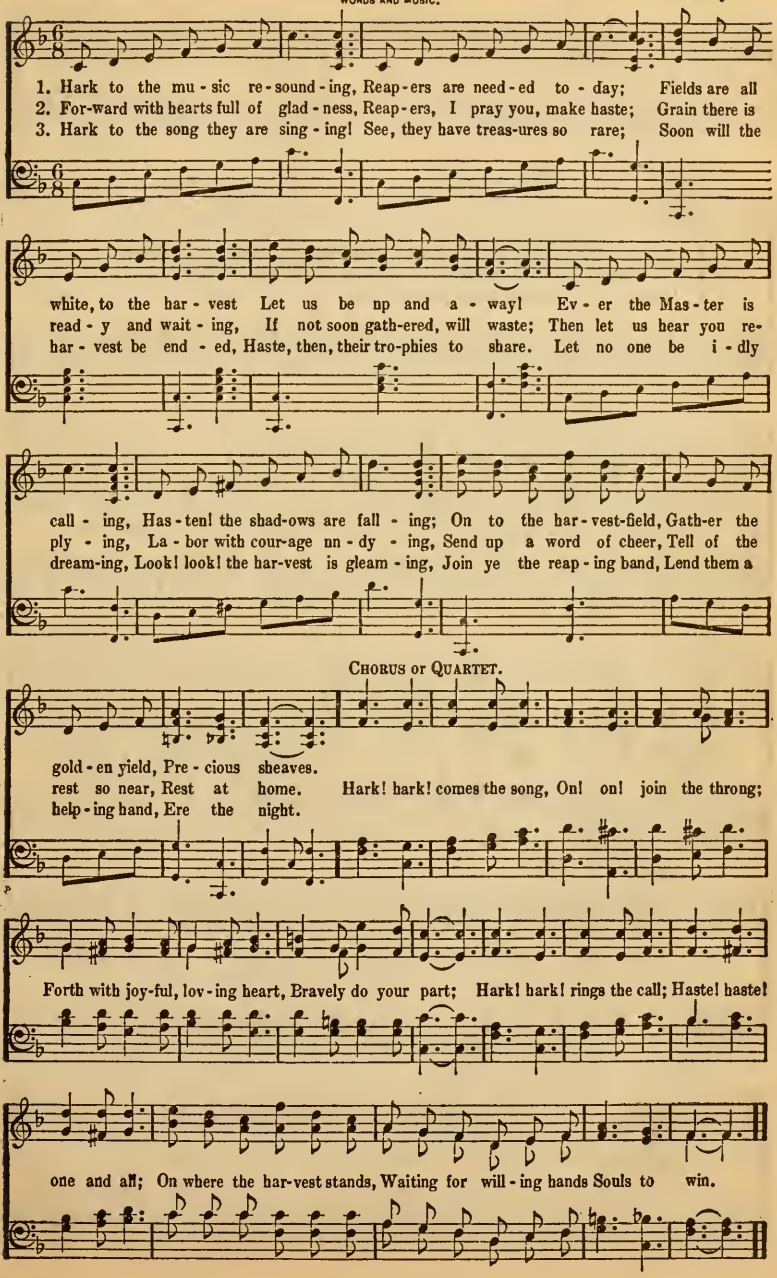
CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging by faith to my Savior's hand; Clinging, clinging to Him who my way hath planned;

Cling-ing, cling-ing to Je-sus, my Hope, my All; Cling-ing, clinging, clinging, I can-not fall.

No. 150. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 151. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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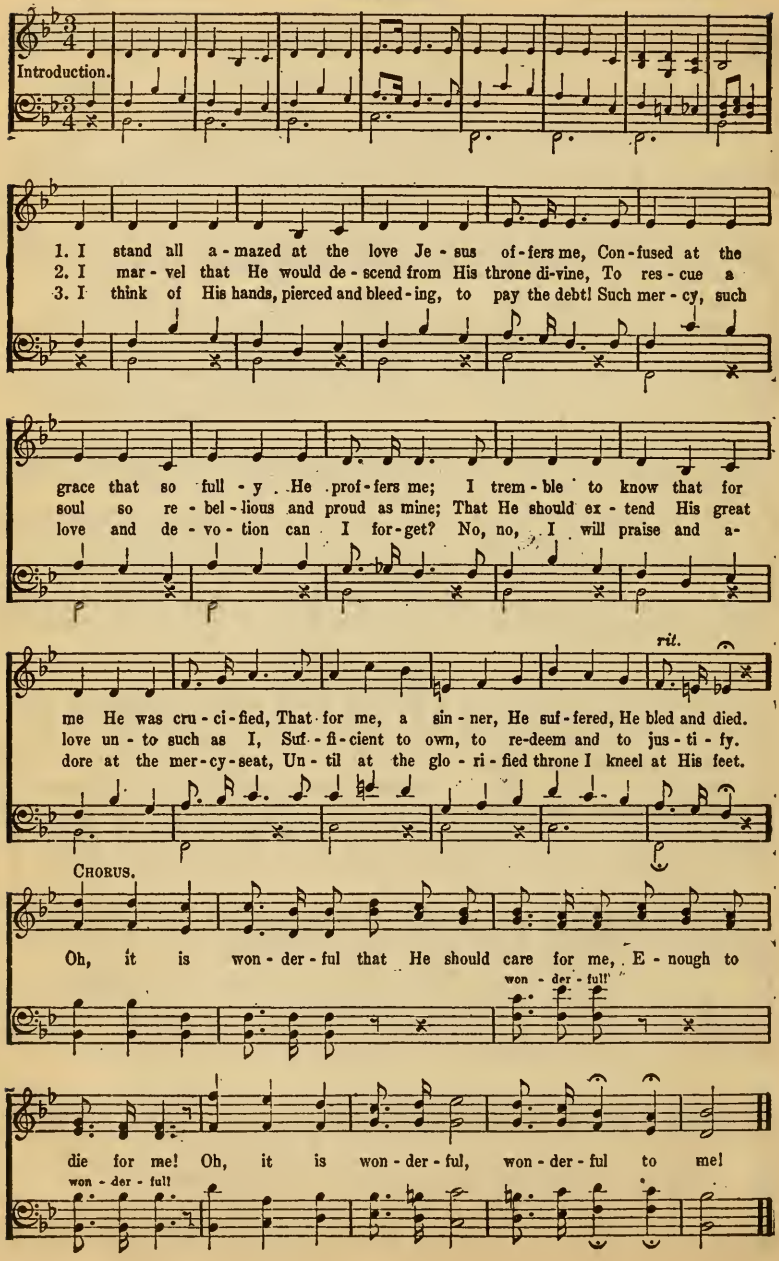
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 152. Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

Geo. Birdseye. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.

1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world . . . of sin and woes; . .
2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart . . . is slave to fear, . .
3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer; .

Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose. . .
That will van - ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near. . .
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair. . .

SOLO.

I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest; . . Knee-ling at Thy feet, I
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess; . . By the promise Thou hast
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest; . . Now I feel Thy glo - ry

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .
giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . . Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, From this
near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast. . .

world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose.

No. 153. Beyond the Smiling.

Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. Zundel.

Introduction. *Andante.*

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
2. Be - yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet-ing, Be - yond the fare-well and the

sleeping, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shading, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greeting, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.

dim.

Solo.

Love, rest, and Home, sweet.....

CHORUS. *Accomp.*

I shall..... be soon;

Solo.

Home. CHORUS. Lord, tar - ry

Accomp.

Love, rest and Home,..... sweet..... Home.

Beyond the Smiling.

Solo.

not, Lord, tar - ry not,..... but come, but come.

CHORUS.

f Lord, tar - ry not, *f* Lord, tar - ry not, but *ff* come, but come.

p D.S

No. 154. He Knows It All.

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Fa-ther knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Fa-ther knows The strength or weak - ness of my foes,

And that I soon shall clear-ly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai - ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be - side.
And that I need but stand and see Each con-flict end in vic - to - ry.

REFRAIN.

He knows it all,..... He knows it all,..... My Father knows,..... He knows it all; .....
He knows it all, He knows it all, My Father knows He knows it all;

Thy bit-ter tears..... how fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
Thy bitter tears how fast they fall!—

No. 155. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj - es - ty.

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

Hail! . . . . . .

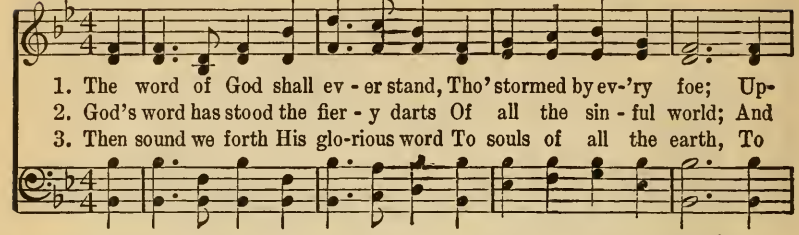
No. 156 a. The Word of God Shall Stand.

F. C. H.

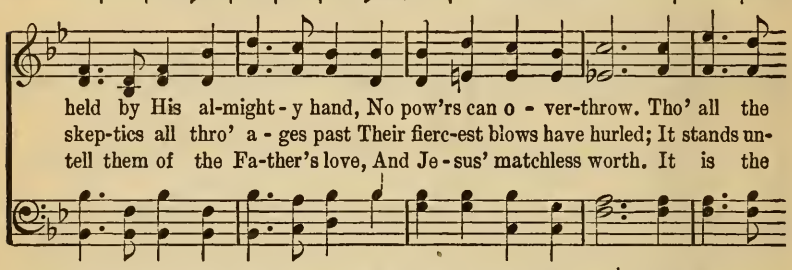
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY FRANK C. HUSTON.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank C. Huston.

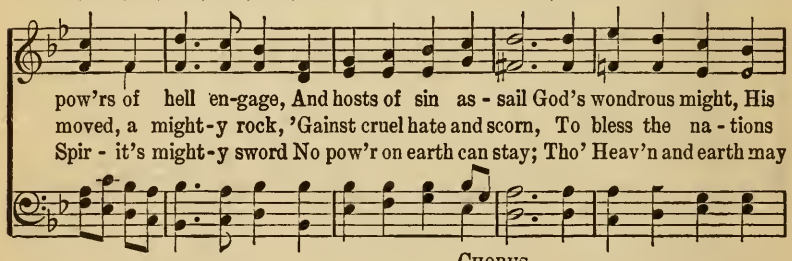
(*To the Montrose Bible Conference, Dr. R. A. Torrey, Pres.*)



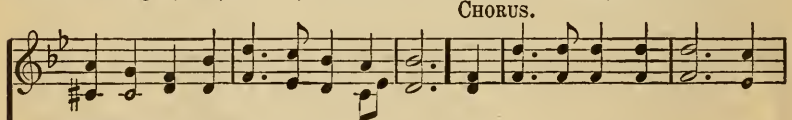
1. The word of God shall ev - er stand, Tho' stormed by ev-'ry foe; Up-
2. God's word has stood the fier - y darts Of all the sin - ful world; And
3. Then sound we forth His glo-rious word To souls of all the earth, To



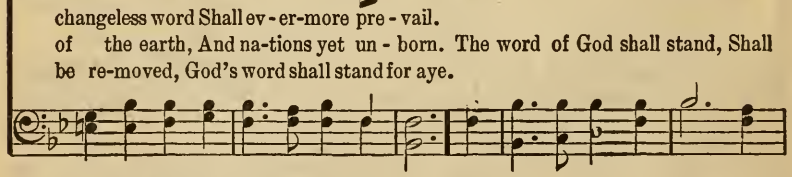
held by His al-might - y hand, No pow'rs can o - ver-throw. Tho' all the
skep-tics all thro' a - ges past Their fierc-est blows have hurled; It stands un-
tell them of the Fa-ther's love, And Je - sus' matchless worth. It is the



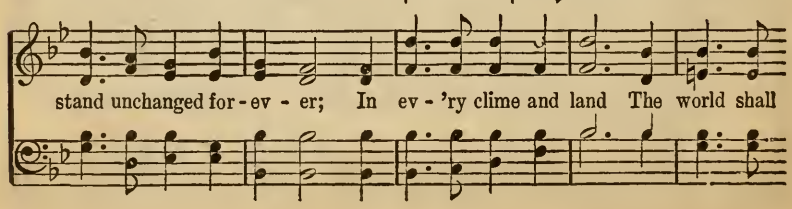
pow'rs of hell en-gage, And hosts of sin as - sail God's wondrous might, His
moved, a might-y rock, 'Gainst cruel hate and scorn, To bless the na - tions
Spir - it's might-y sword No pow'r on earth can stay; Tho' Heav'n and earth may



CHORUS.



changeless word Shall ev - er-more pre - vail.
of the earth, And na-tions yet un - born. The word of God shall stand, Shall
be re-moved, God's word shall stand for aye.



stand unchanged for - ev - er; In ev - 'ry clime and land The world shall

The Word of God Shall Stand.

own its sway. The word of God shall stand, Its foes can change it nev - er;

Grand.

Tho' Heav'n and earth may pass a - way, God's word shall stand for-ev - er.

No. 156 b. Close to Thee.

BY PERMISSION.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

D. S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

No. 157. A Song of Victory.

Charlotte G. Homer

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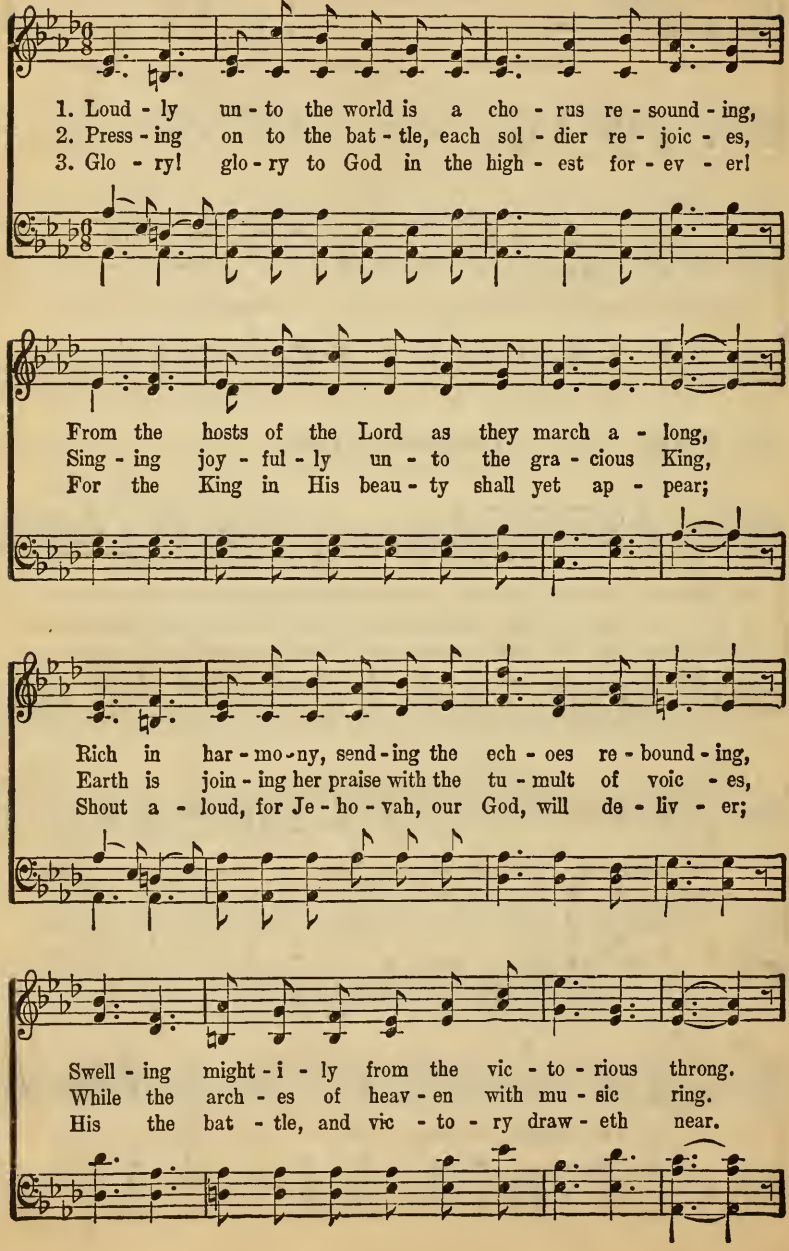
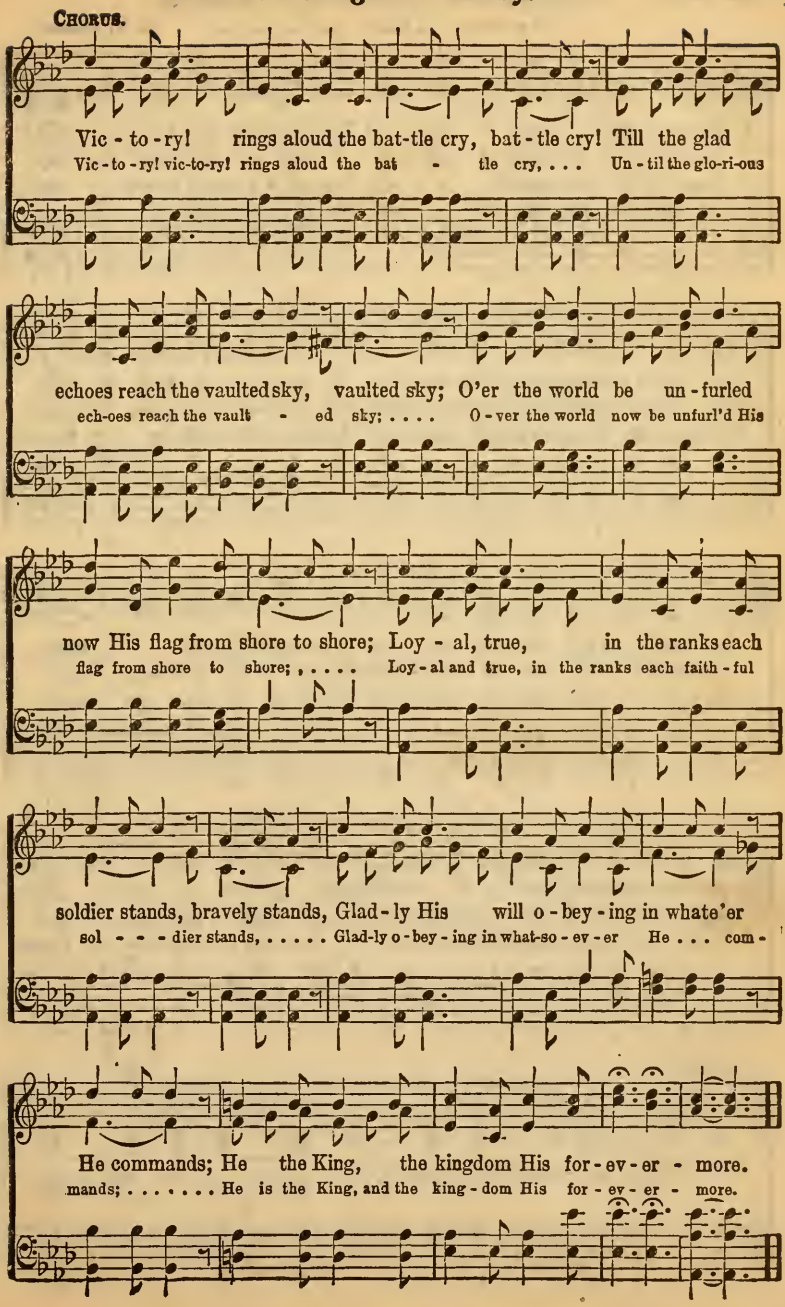
Chas. H. Gabriel.



A Song of Victory.



No. 158. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with - in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

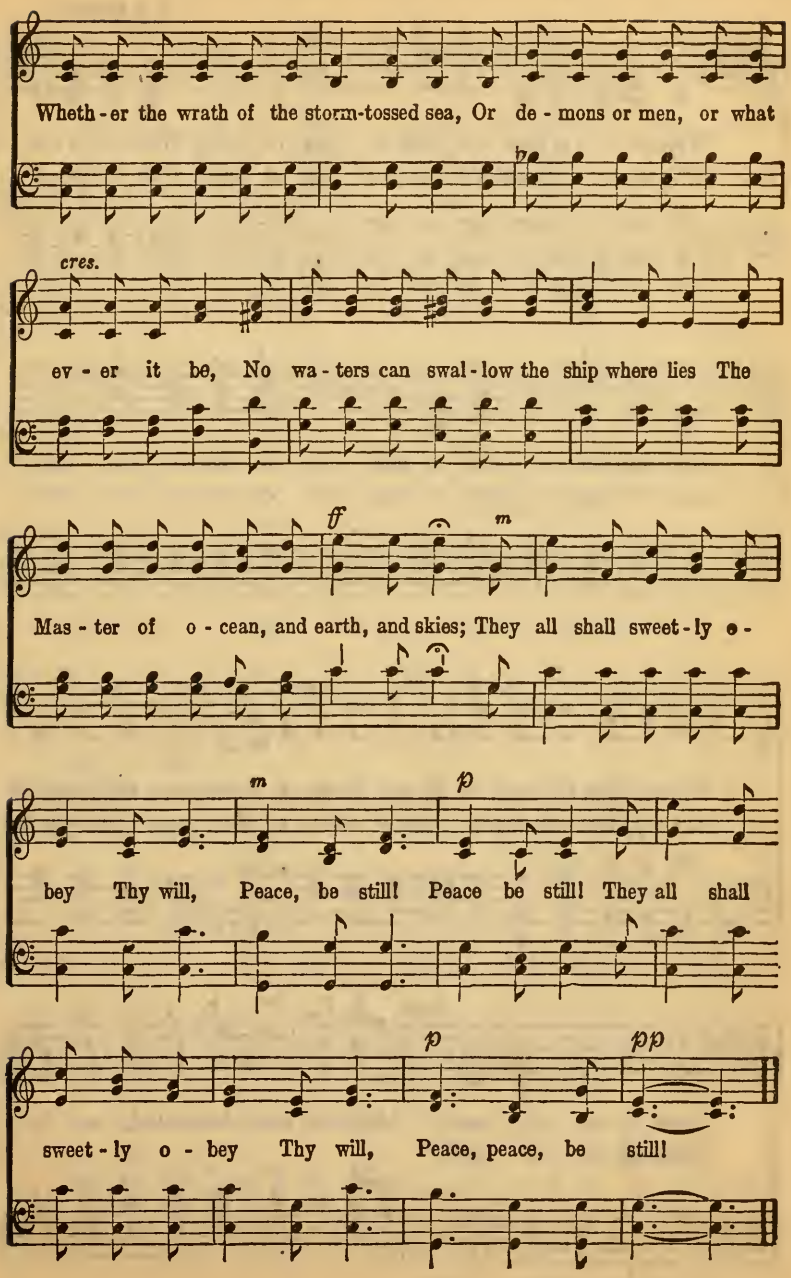
When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

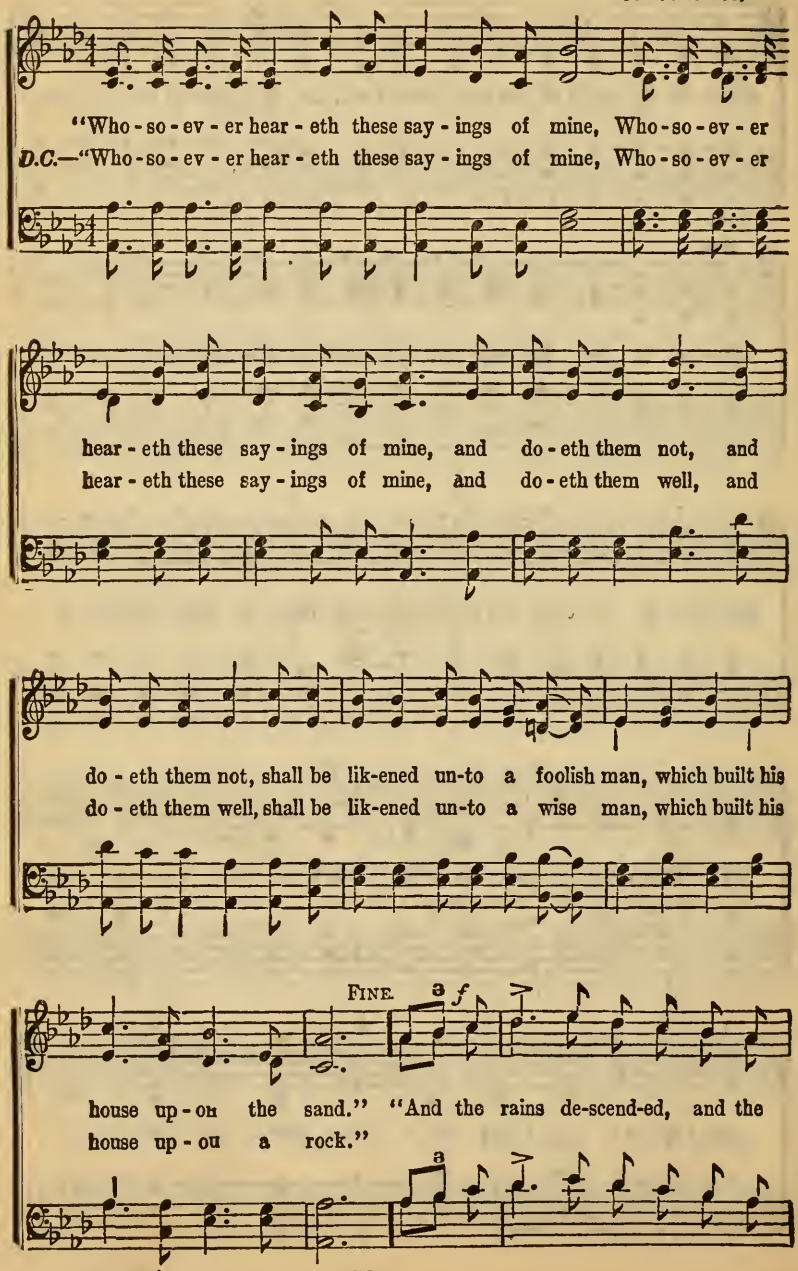
The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.



No. 159. The House That Stood the Storm.

J. B. Herbert.



COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY RODEHEAVER AND HERBERT.

The House That Stood the Storm.

floods came, and the winds.... blew,.. the winds.... blew and

beat, and beat up-on that house, and beat up-on that house, And it

1 *slower.* a *very deliberately.* D. C.

fell!.. it fell!.. and.. great was the fall there-of."

2

fell not! And it fell not! for it was found-ed up-on a

ff *slower.* *ff*

rock!.... For it was founded up-on a rock,

up-on a rock!

rock!.....

No. 160. Steadily Marching On.

Ada Blenkhorn.
Pannie J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joy - ful - ly shout ho - san - na! Praise the Lord with
2. Praise ye the Lord! He is the King e - ter - nal! Glo - ry be to

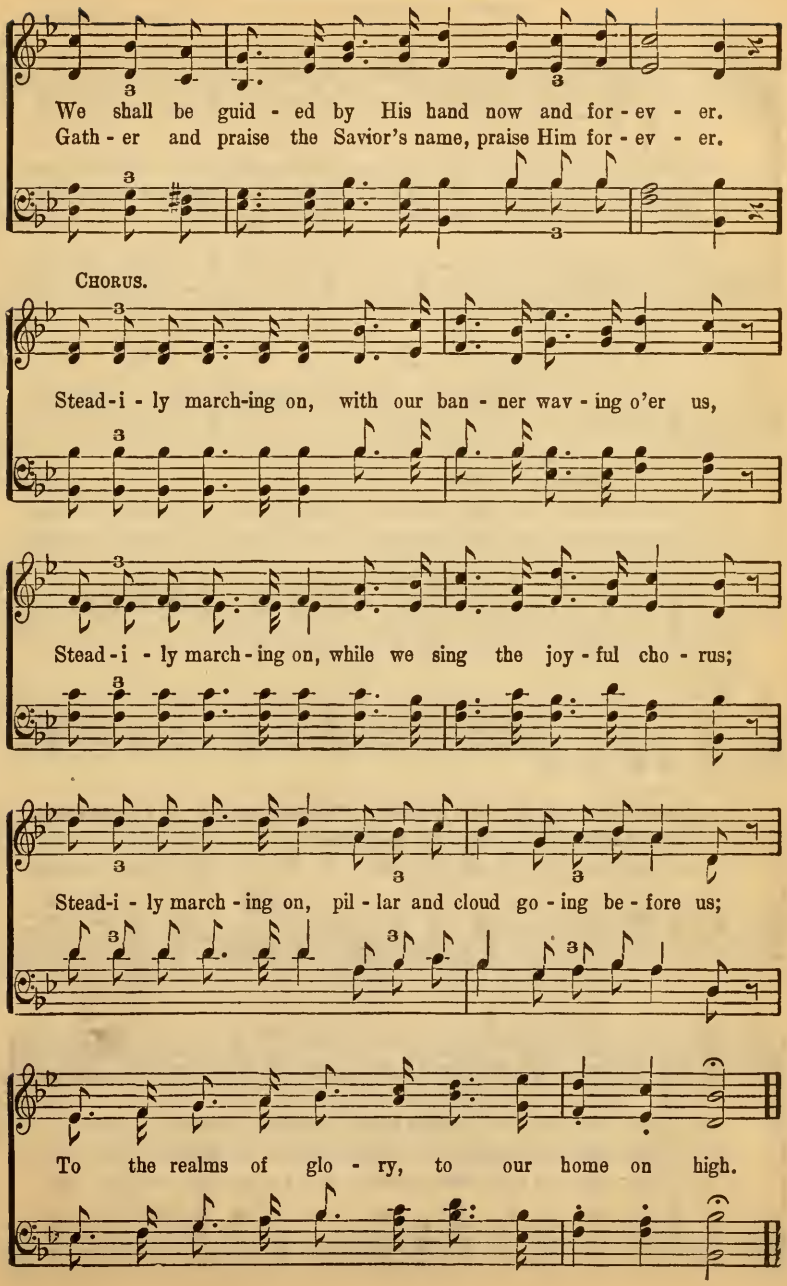
glad ac - claim; Lift up your hearts un - to His throne with glad-ness,
God on high! Praise ye the Lord, tell of His lov - ing kind-ness,

Mag - ni - fy His ho - ly name. March - ing a - long un - der His
Join the cho - rus of the sky. Still march - ing on, cheer - i - ly

ban - ner bright, Trust-ing in His mer - cy as we go, ... trust - ing we go,
march-ing on, In the ranks of Je - sus we will go, ... ev - er we'll go,

His light di - vine ten - der - ly o'er us will shine;
Home to our rest, joy - ful - ly home, where the blest

Steadily Marching On.



No. 161. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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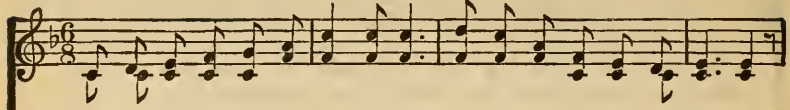
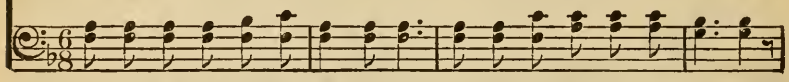
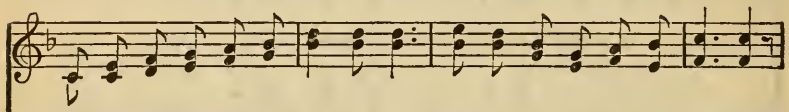
Chas. H. Gabriel.

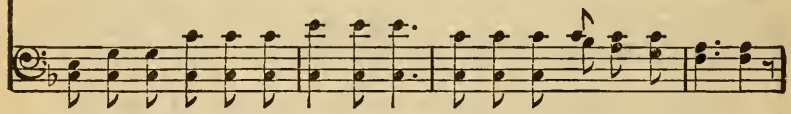


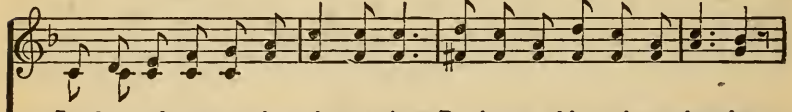
1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!



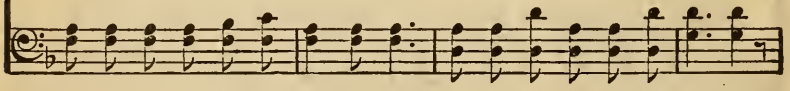


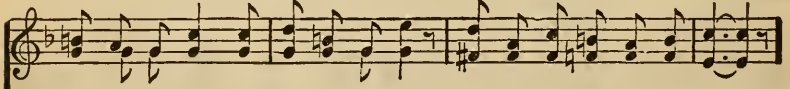
Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;



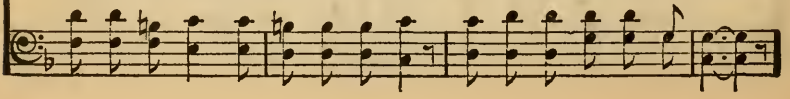


Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dreaming!





As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!



Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

Far and wide, ... in its wav - ing pride, ... Does the
Far and wide, yea, far and wide, in its wav - ing pride, its wav - ing pride, ...

Does the

field all gold - en, rich and ripe ap - pear; And lo! the
. . . . . .
field all gold - en, field all gold - en,

sun is high . . . . . in the cloud - less sky; . . . . Then a-
sun is high, the sun is high in the cloud-less sky, the cloud-less sky; Then a-

wake, . . . and a - rouse, . . . For the har-vest-time is here; A-wake, . . . a-
wake, a-rouse, a - wake, a-rouse, A - wake, a - wake, a-

1st & 2d verses. *After last verse only.*

wake, ... For the har - vest-time is here. har - vest-time is here.
wake, a - wake,

No. 162. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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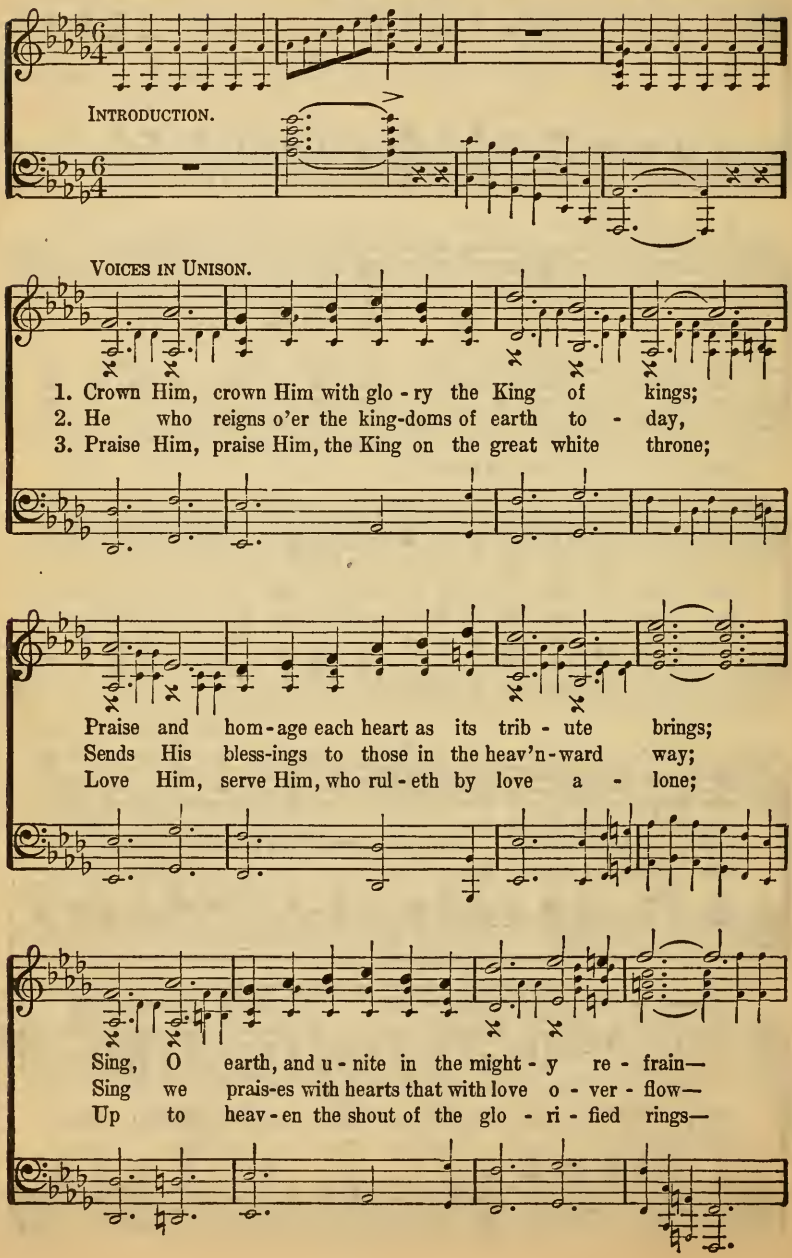
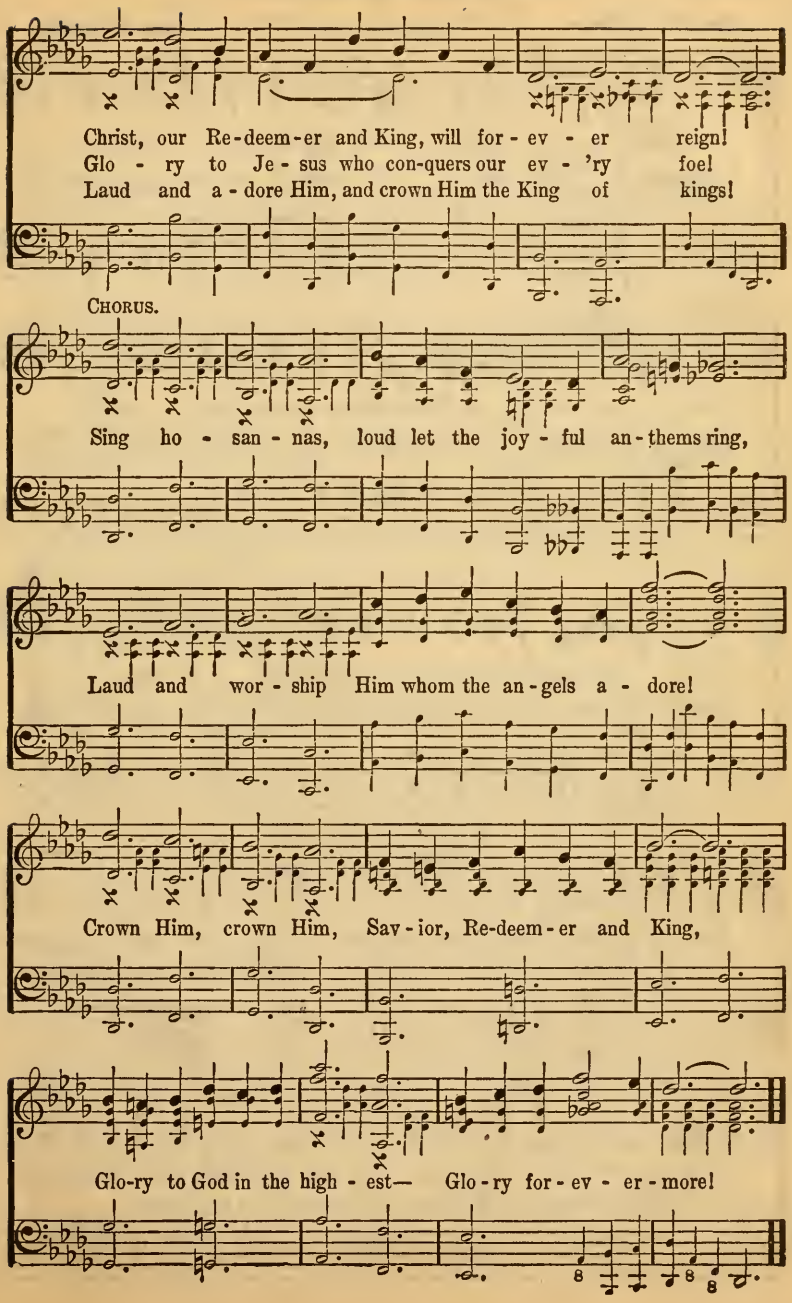
WORDS AND MUSIC.

DeLoss Smith.



Crown Him King of Kings.



No. 163. Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HENRY DATE. OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-

A - wake! a - wake!
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a-
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the

A - wake! a - wake! A - wake!
Re - peat, re - peat, Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the

a - wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth. And shout a - new

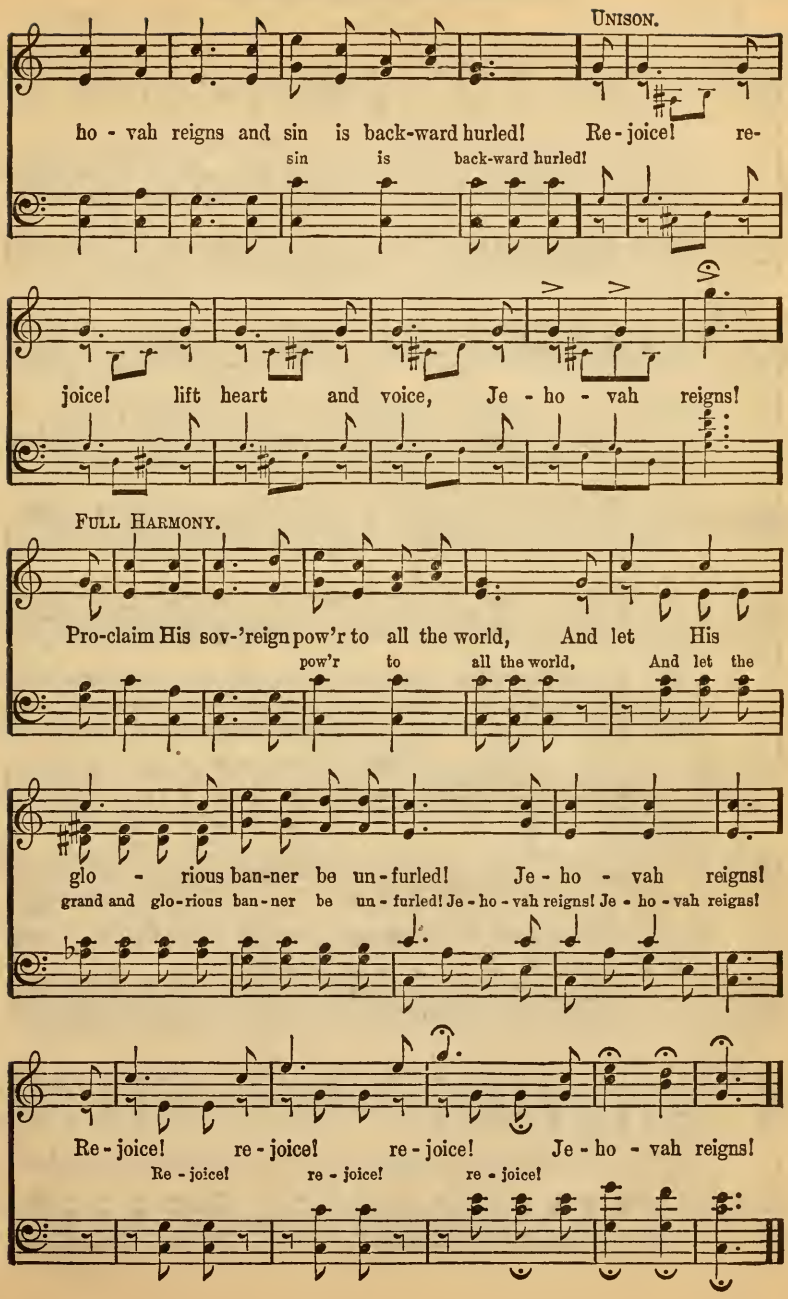
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

FULL HARMONY.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.



No. 164. The Banner of the Cross.

E. M. Bangs.

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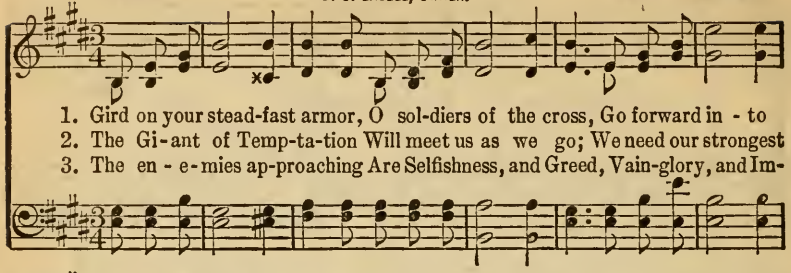
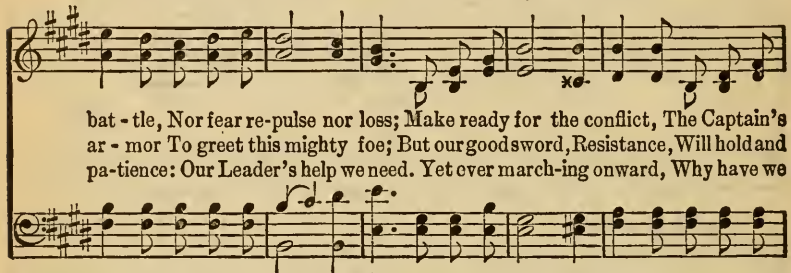
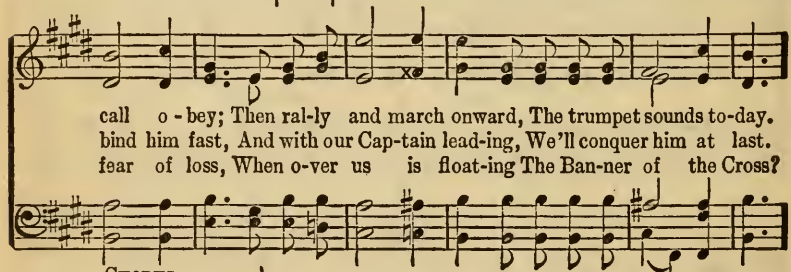
Chas. H. Gabriel.



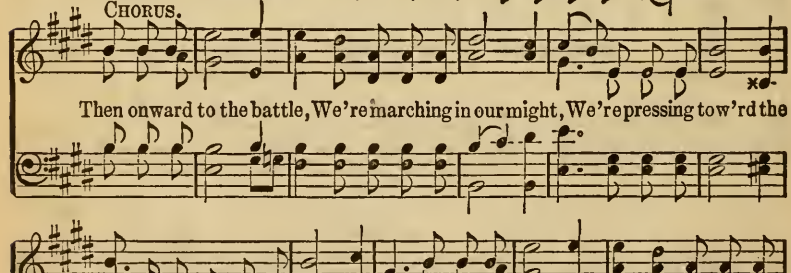
1. Gird on your stead-fast armor, O sol-diers of the cross, Go forward in - to
2. The Gi-ant of Temp-ta-tion Will meet us as we go; We need our strongest
3. The en - e-mies ap-proaching Are Selfishness, and Greed, Vain-glory, and Im-



bat - tle, Nor fear re-pulse nor loss; Make ready for the conflict, The Captain's
ar - mor To greet this mighty foe; But our good sword, Resistance, Will hold and
pa-tience: Our Leader's help we need. Yet ever march-ing onward, Why have we

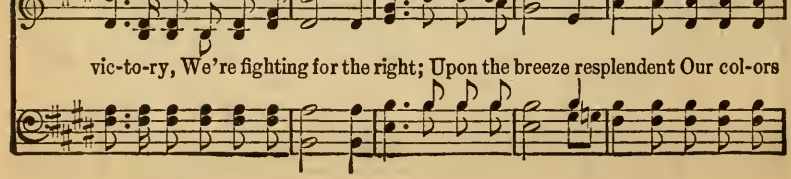


call o - bey; Then ral-ly and march onward, The trumpet sounds to-day.
bind him fast, And with our Cap-tain lead-ing, We'll conquer him at last.
fear of loss, When o-ver us is float-ing The Ban-ner of the Cross?

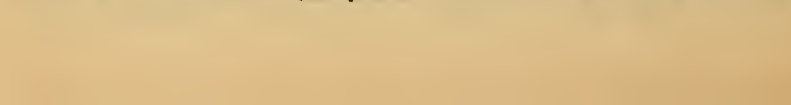


CHORUS.

Then onward to the battle, We're marching in our might, We're pressing tow'rd the



vic-to-ry, We're fighting for the right; Upon the breeze resplendent Our col-ors



The Banner of the Cross.

now we toss, And o'er our heads shall ever float The Banner of the Cross.

No. 164 a The Beacon of the Cross.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Sometimes the mists of doubt and sin Will gath - er round the way we tread,
2. When groping blind-ly thro' the dark, "Lord, we have lost the way," we cry;
3. O bea-con, burn for - ev - er-more Above sin's dang'rous reef and shoal,—

Un - til such darkness shuts us in; We can - not see the path a - head.
Then lo! the heav'nward path to mark, His cross stands out a-gainst the sky.
Flash earth-ward from the heav'nly shore—The land-mark of the Christian soul.

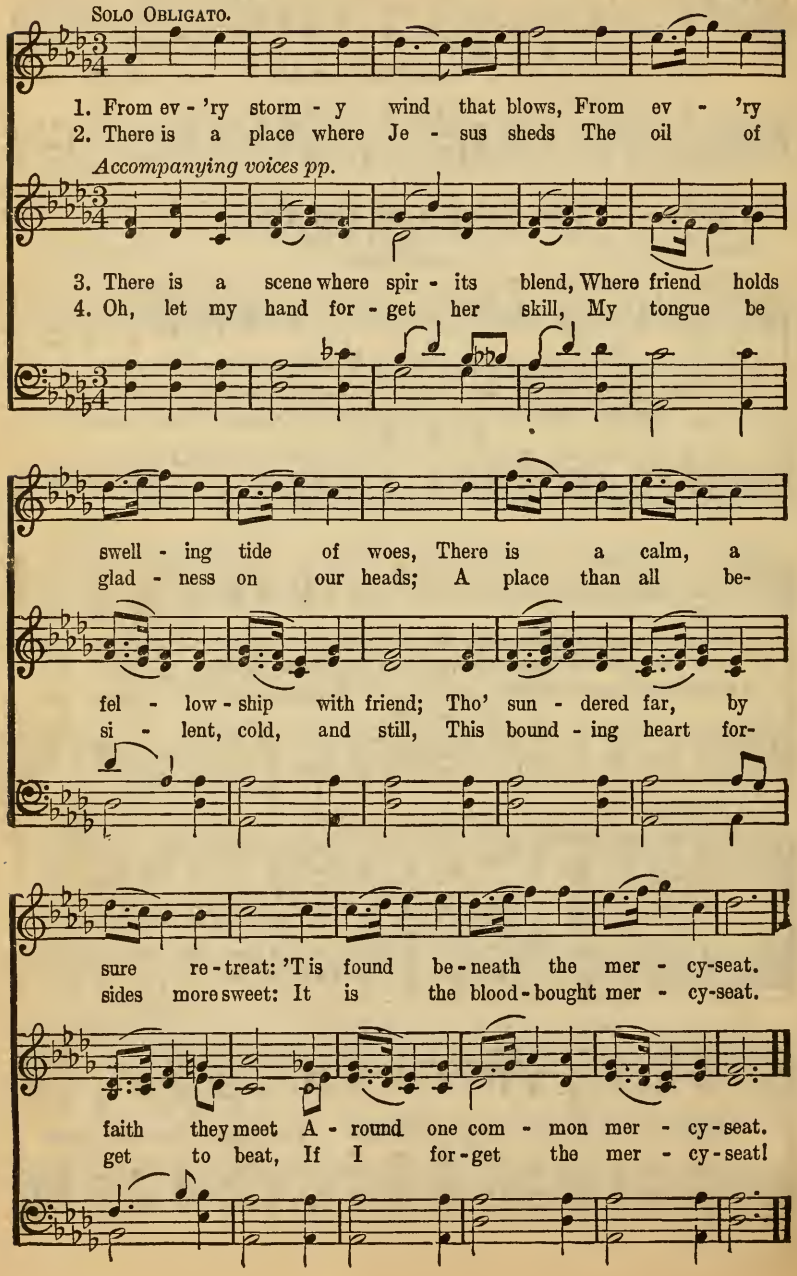
CHORUS.

O sin-ner, look to Calv'ry's hill, The cross of Christ is stand-ing still—

Will stand for - ev - er - more, to show Earth's wand'ring children where to go.

No. 165. From Every Stormy Wind.

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.



No. 166. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. George C. Stebbins.

1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice–Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

No. 167. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON,
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Louis D. Elchhorn.

DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-ior to-night? He's ten-der-ly
2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav-ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let

plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin-bur-dened heart
ject Him to-night! To-mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, His Spir-it shall guide,

CHORUS.

For par-don so full and so free. . . .
Un-bro-ken by heav-en-ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
And safe-ly keep you in His way. . . . Why not say Yes to the

so free.
heav'n-ly light.
His way.

night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen-tly, so
Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!

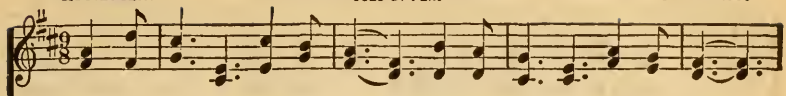
Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?

ten-der-ly pleads, O ac-cept Him to-night! . . . .
ac-cept Him to-night!

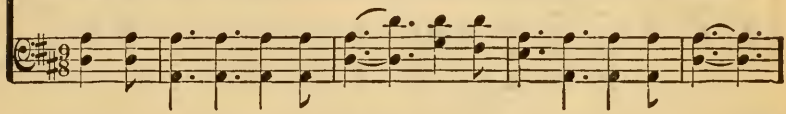
No. 168. Why Not Now?

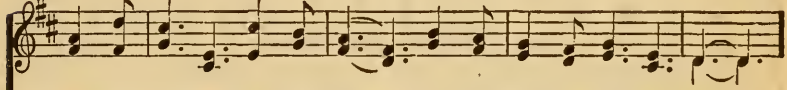
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. C. C. Case.

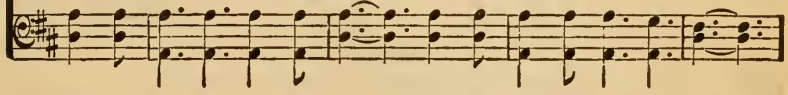


1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;

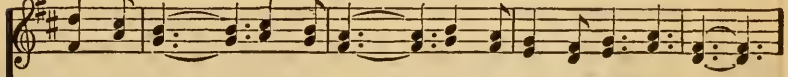




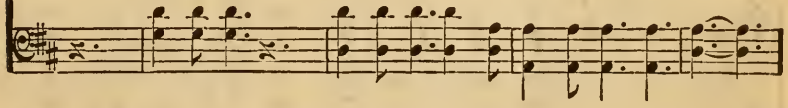
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

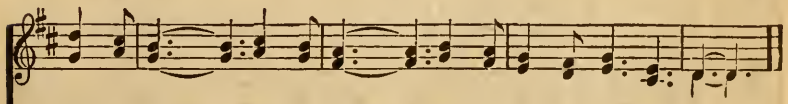


CHORUS

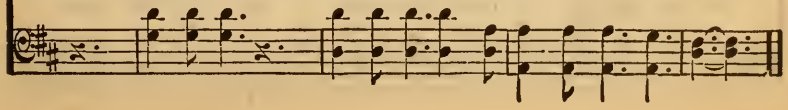


Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



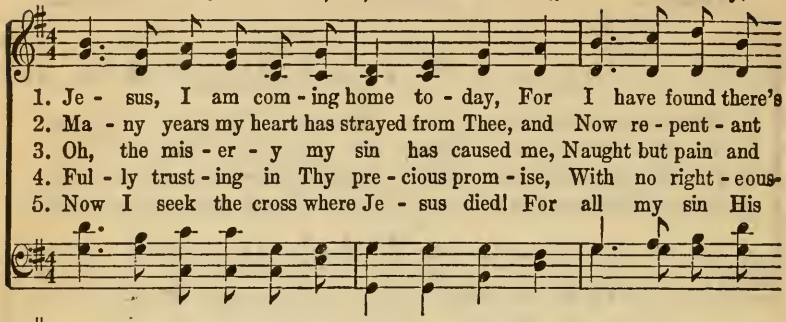


Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

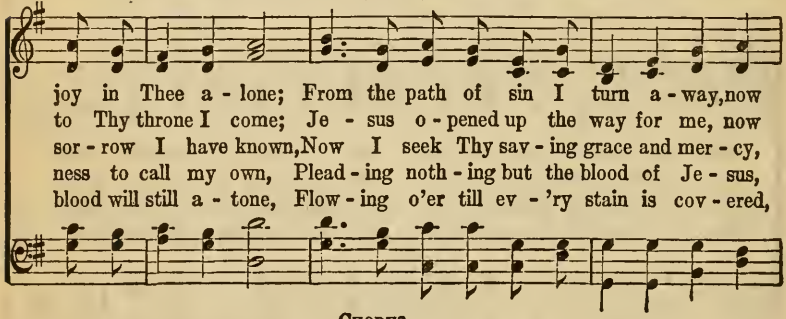


No. 169. I Am Coming Home.

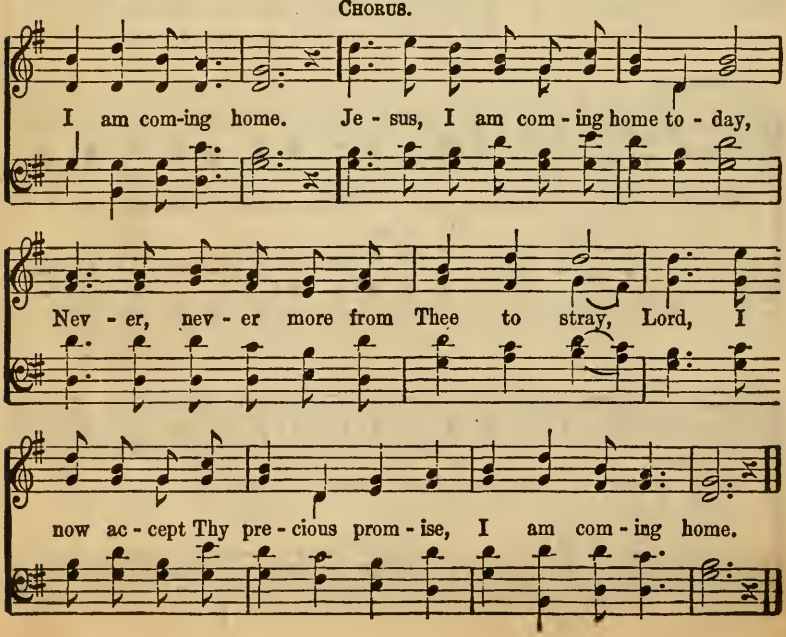
Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. B. D. Ackley.



1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous- ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,



CHORUS.



I am com-ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

No. 170. Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears! Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par - don I im - plore? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!
Make me pure with-out, with - in? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will; sure - ly will;

He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

No. 171. Almost Decided.

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C. B. STROUSE, OWNER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Some one for years at your heart has been knock-ing, Knock-ing and plead-ing a-gain and a-gain; Out-side the door He's been
2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path has been shin-ing, To-kens of treas-ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free-ly
3. Haste, oh make haste, for the night is ap-proach-ing, Soon will thy day of pro-ba-tion be o'er; Haste for thy Lord will not
4. Al-most de-cid-ed, why not al-to-geth-er? Al-most de-cid-ed is but to be lost; Choose ye to-day and be pa-tient-ly stand-ing, Will you per-mit Him to plead thus in vain?

thine, for the ask-ing, If un-to Him thou wilt o-pen the door.
al-ways stand pleading, Haste, lest He leave to re-turn nev-er-more.
wise in thy choos-ing, Christ or the world, oh con-sid-er the cost.

CHORUS.

f *p*

Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Life is un-cer-tain, why will ye de-lay?

f *p*

Al-most de-cid-ed, al-most de-cid-ed, Oh why not fully de-cid-ed to-day?

No. 172. Will You be Saved To-Night?

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

Fanny J. Crosby. Changed by H. T. C. Mrs. I. E. Willson.

1. Je - sus is plead-ing with thy poor soul, Will you be saved to-night?
2. Je - sus has died on the cross for thee, Will you be saved to-night?
3. Je - sus is knock-ing at thy closed heart, Will you be saved to-night?
4. What if that voice you should hear no more, Will you be saved to-night?

If you be-lieve, He will make thee whole, Will you be saved to-night?
How can thy heart so un - grate - ful be, Will you be saved to-night?
What if His Spir - it should now de - part, Will you be saved to-night?
Say now I'll o - pen the bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night.

Ten-der-ly, lov-ing-ly hear Him say, How can you grieve Me from day to day,
Now He will save thee by grace di-vine, Now, if you will, you may call Him thine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice you hear, Soft - ly it falls on thy lis-t'ning ear,
Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my fol - ly, for-give my sin,

Will you go on in the same old way, Or will you be saved to-night?
Will you the fol-lies of sin re - sign, Oh, will you be saved to-night?
Will you re - ject Him, this Friend so dear, Or will you be saved to-night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.

No. 173. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 174. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

Hap-py day, hap-py day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

Fine — D. S.

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 175. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

Refrain.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 176. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 177. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 178. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 179. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. List, the Spir-it calls to thee, Will you be saved by the blood?
Je-sus died to make you free, Will you be saved by the blood?
Par-don free-ly giv-en, Cleans-ing

CHORUS.

you for heav-en. Will you be saved, Saved by the blood of the Lamb; Saved by the blood of the Lamb.
Will you be saved by the blood of the Lamb?

2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 180. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 181. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1897 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden. FINE

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The mes-sage un-to you I'll give;
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live,"
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
'Tis a mes-sage from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.

D. C.—'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."

D. C.

"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 182. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. { God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
{ Tho' you're wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [*Omit.* for thee;] calling still. (calling still.)

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear- - - y prod - i - gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;

Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - y prod - i - gal, come.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear - y prod-i-gal, come, wear - y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 183. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

FINE.

1. { There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
{ He has been there oft be - fore, [*Omit* . . . . .] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

D. S.—*Let Him in.*

D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 184. Wash Me in the Blood.

W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

CHORUS.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Savior wash..... me in the blood, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.

Sav-ior wash me in the blood. in the blood, the blood of the Lamb. Oh.

No. 185. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE. D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious [blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the [stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering [tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 186. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

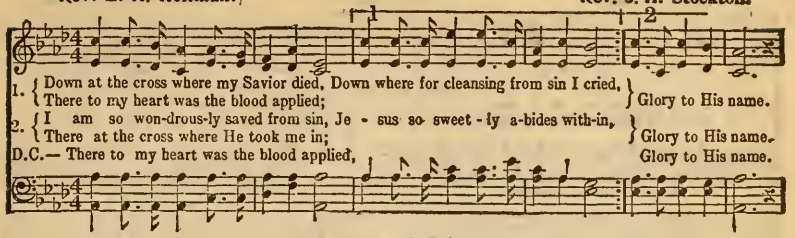
CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins; all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

No. 187. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

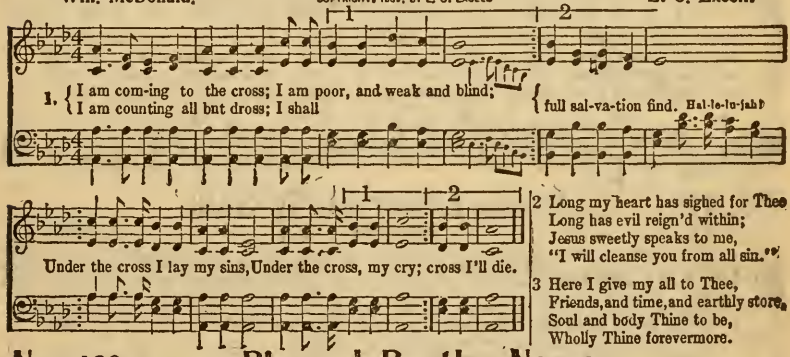


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 188. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

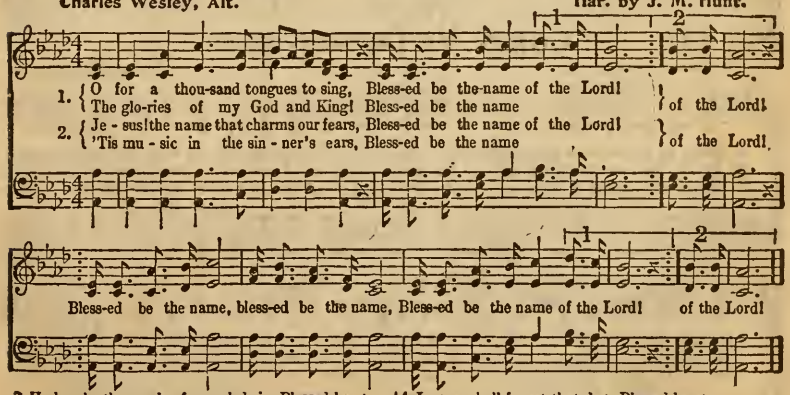


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 189. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 190. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 191. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, Till the storm of life is past; }

D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 192. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 193. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; } Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 194. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. { Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; } O make. Make....me white as snow.
D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me, Make....me white as snow.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Whit - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, yes. whit - er than the snow,

2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

No. 195. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 196. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.) A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 197. Almost Persuaded.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near; Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost."

No. 198. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp — *m*

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath'ring, and death's night is coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

p — *rit.* — *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 199. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. { What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last- } ing arms.

2. { Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows fron day to day, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

3. { What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms;
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the everlast- } ing arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing. Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning the everlasting arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

No. 200. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,

2. It 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by,

3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can-not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,

4. If you would join the glad song of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je-sus come in - to your heart. Just now your doubtings give o'er, Just now, re-
[*Last.*] Just now my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-

ject Him no more, Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
ject - ing no more; Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.

No. 201. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv - ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;

Your Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way,
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-iour is long - ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 202. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
USED BY PER. OF J. M. BLACK, OWNER.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
When His chos-en ones shall gath-er to their home beyond the skies, And the
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set of sun, Let us
Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the

morn-ing breaks, e-ter-nal bright and fair; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
glo-ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; roll is called up yondor, I'll be there.
talk of all His wondrous love and care; roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

D.S.—roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll ..... is called up yon - der, When the roll ..... is called np
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon-der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, When the

D. S.

No. 203. While Jesus Whispers.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 204. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

1. A - las! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree? A-maz-ing pit - y!

sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 205. At The Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.
USED BY PER.

Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.

1. { Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die,
Would He devote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree,
A - maz-ing pit-y, grace unknown! And love beyond degree

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-
way, It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.
roll'd a-way.

No. 206. Shall We Gather at the River?

COPYRIGHT, PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

R. L. Robert Lowry.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod; With its
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray; We shall
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down, Grace our
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease; Soon our

CHORUS.

crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?
walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py gold-en day.
spir - its will de - liv - er And pro-vide a robe and crown.
hap - py hearts will quiv-er, With the mel-o-dy of peace.

{ Yes, we'll gath-er
{ Gather with the saints

1 2

at the riv - er, The beautiful, the beauti-ful riv - er,
at the riv - er, That flows from the throne of God.

No. 207. Come to Jesus.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will

Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

No. 208. O Why Not To-night?

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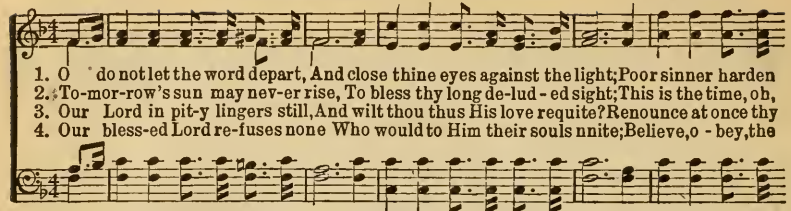
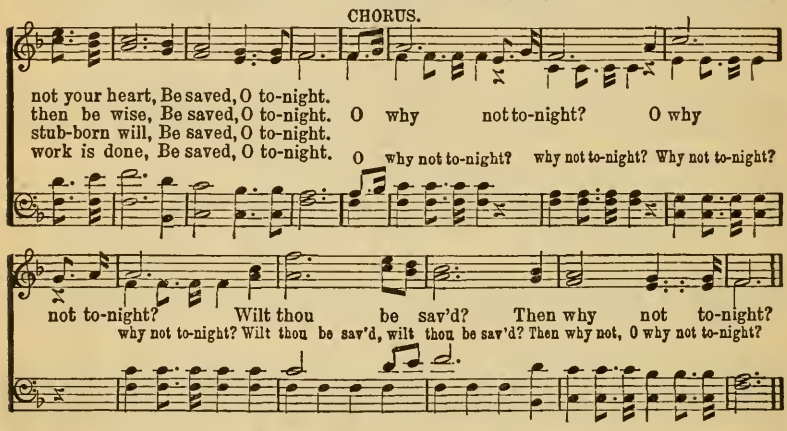
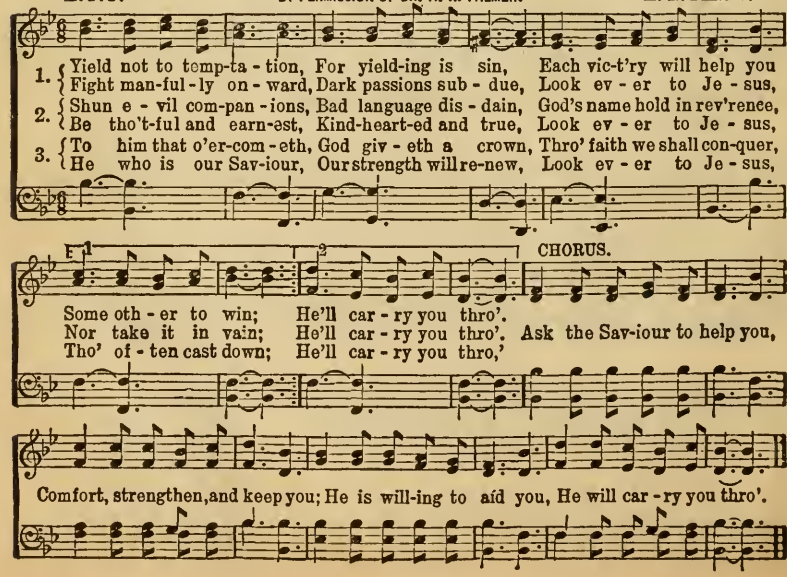




No. 209. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. P. P. BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER. H. R. PALMER.



Devotional Hymns.

No. 210. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 211. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Thomas J. Potter. *Second Tune.* Haydn.

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious O - ver ev - 'ry foe;

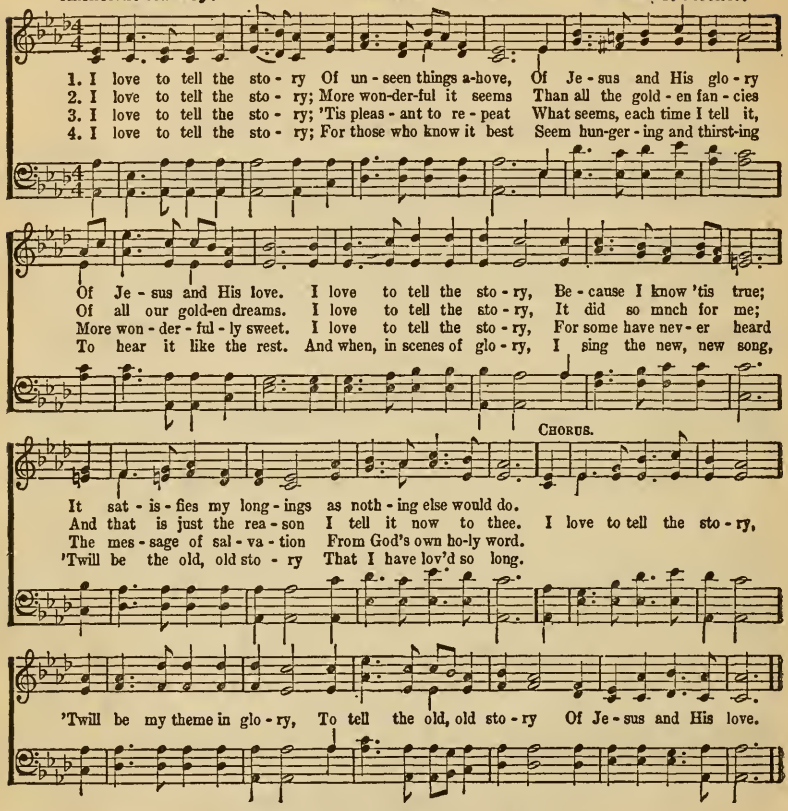
D.C.-*Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'rers on-ward To their home on high.*

D. C.

Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - ni - ted, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray; Keep us, might-y Sav - ior, In the nar - row way.
Bid thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

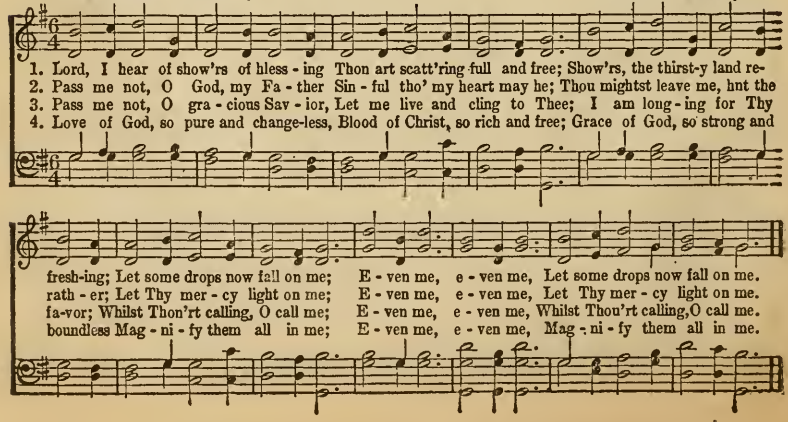
No. 212. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.



No. 213. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 214. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
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1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed,

1 2

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 215. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

1 2

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 216. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up

CHORUS.

Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold. I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.

1 2

I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;..... I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 217. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

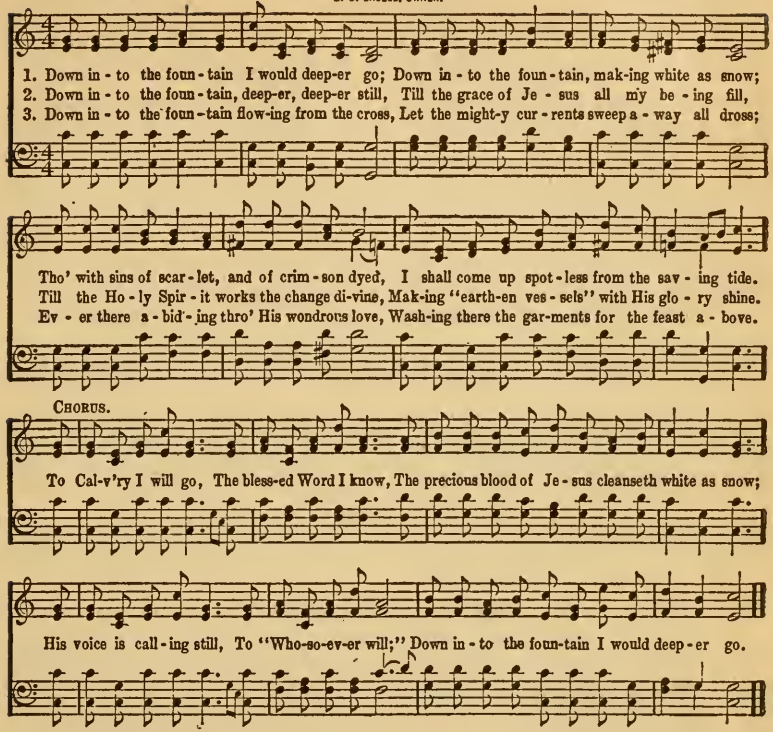
CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

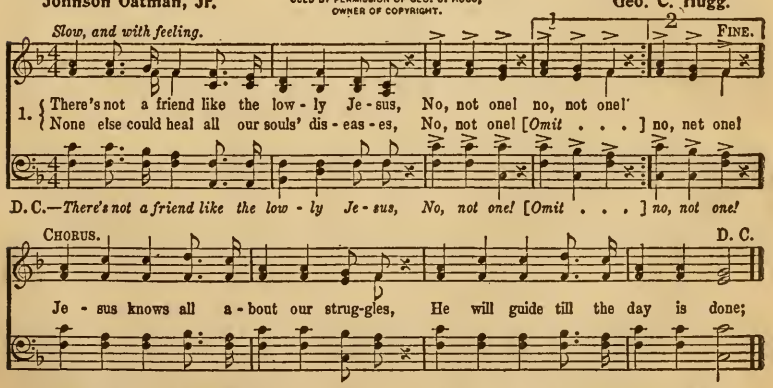
No. 218. To Galvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 219. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Geo. C. Hugg.



2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 220. What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH. W. Owen.

1. { O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   { Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2. { No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
   { The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. { Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   { You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

No. 221. "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. { "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   { Tell the joyful news wher-ever man is found:
2. { Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   { Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. { "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev-er must endure;
   { "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ever-more:

S. FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the

D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

No. 222. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. — COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. — W. A. Ogden.

1. 'T is the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'T is the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

'T is the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee."

FINE.

D. S.—"*Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.*"

CHORUS.

He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee, He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee;
a-ble, He is a-ble — a-ble, He is a-ble

D. S.

Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest,

2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 223. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. — COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. { For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I [*Omit* . . . . .] nev-er will cease to love Him.

2. { He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
He leads and guides me all the way, I [*Omit* . . . . .] nev-er will cease to love Him.

CHORUS.

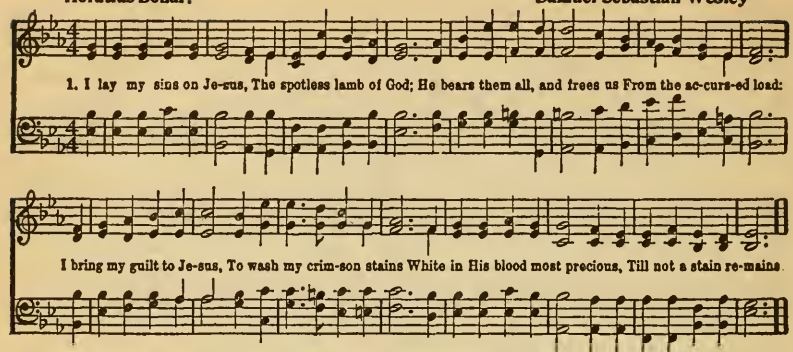
{ I nev-er will cease to love Him, (He's) my Sav-ior, (He's) my Sav-ior;
I nev-er will cease to love Him, (for) He's done [*Omit* . . . . .] so much for me.

3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 224. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. **Samuel Sebastian Wesley**



2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

No. 225. Praise Waits for Thee.

Psalm 65. *Tune above.*

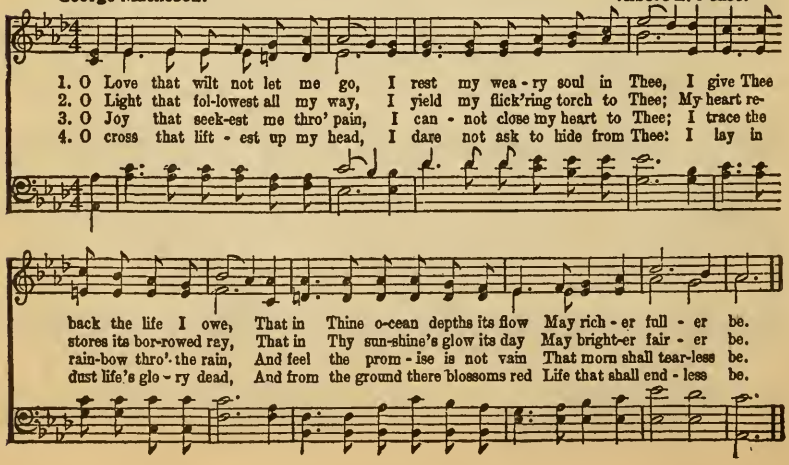
1 Praise waits for Thee in Zion,
To Thee vows paid shall be;
O Thou of prayer the hearer,
All flesh shall come to Thee;
Iniquities against me
Prevail from day to day,
But as for our transgressions,
Them shalt Thou purge away.

2 Blest he whom Thou hast chosen,
And unto Thee brought nigh;
Who hath for habitation
The courts of God Most High;
We shall in rich abundance
Be satisfied with grace,
And filled with all the goodness
Of Thy most holy place.

3 O God of our salvation,
We plead with Thee in prayer;
Thy righteousness makes answer
By things which fearful are;
Of earth the ends remotest,
And those afar at sea,
These all, O Lord, are placing
Their confidence in Thee.

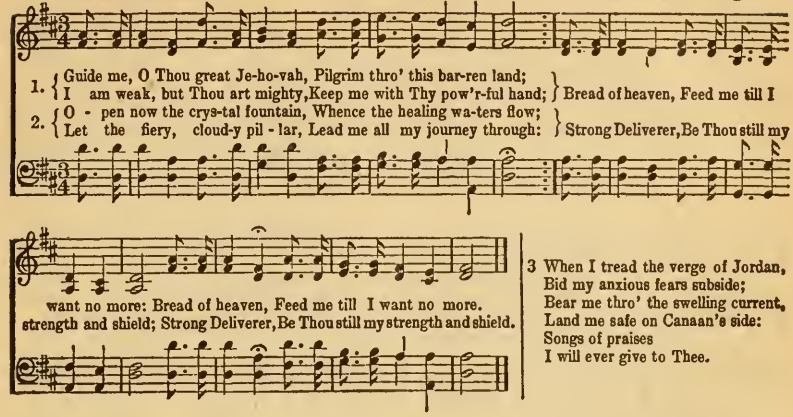
No. 226. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. **Albert L. Peace.**



No. 227. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 228. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance.
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 229. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

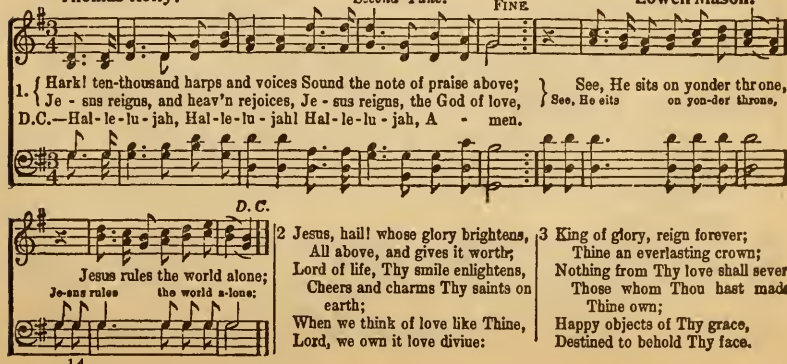
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 230. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made
Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 231. Standing On the Promises.

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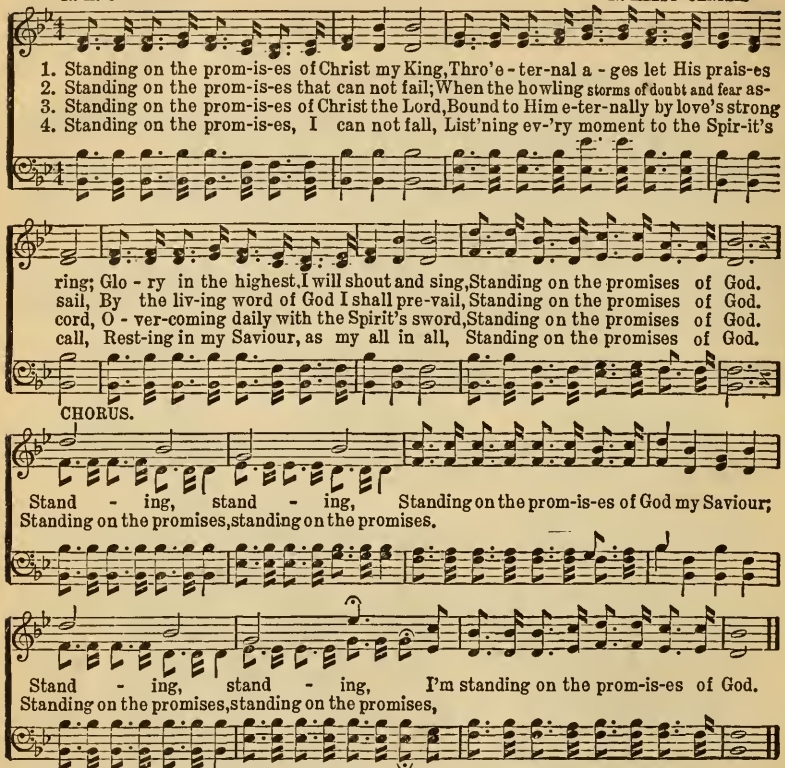
R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.



No. 232. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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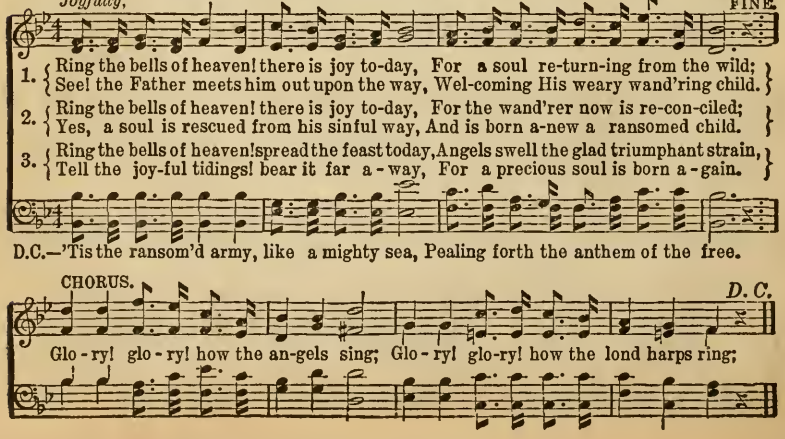
Rev. WM. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.



No. 233. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. — Fine. — M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 234. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. — Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 235. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. — John B. Dykes.

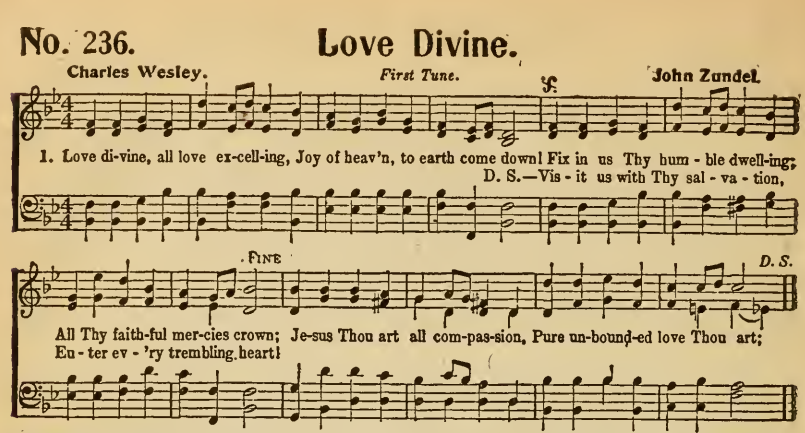
1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

D.C.

No. 236. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.



2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 237. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

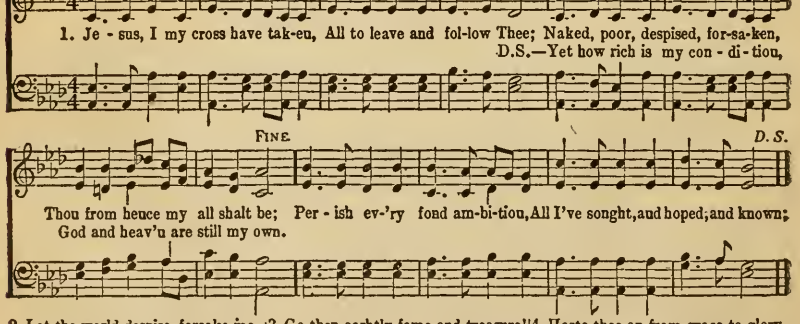
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Lond and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 238. Jesus, I My Gross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.



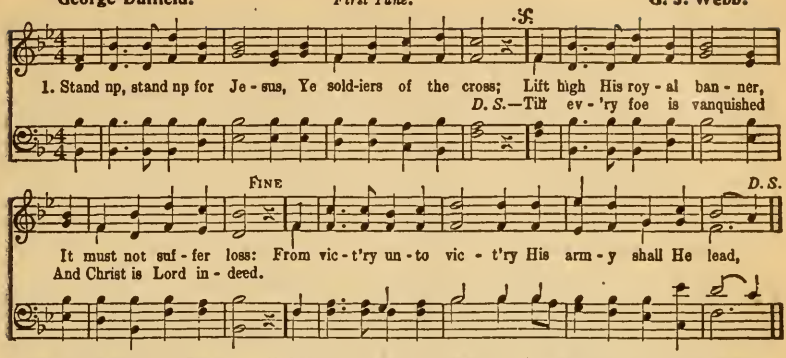
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 239. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.



2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 240. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

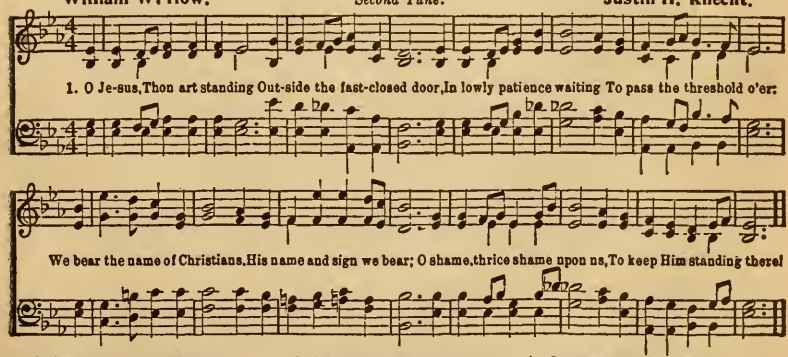
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 241. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.



1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

No. 242. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }

2. { Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face. }

CHORUS. *rit.*

Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

No. 243. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 244. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

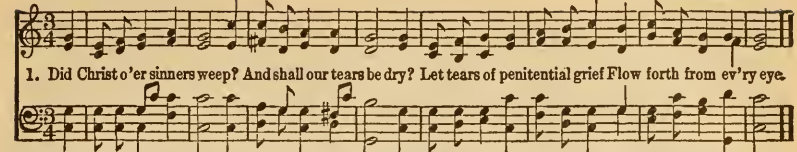
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 245. Remember Me.

1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 246. Did Ghrist O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.



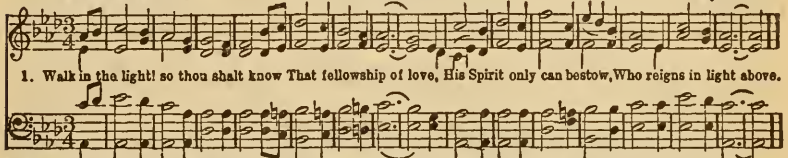
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thon astonished, O my soul;
He shed thòse tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 247. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



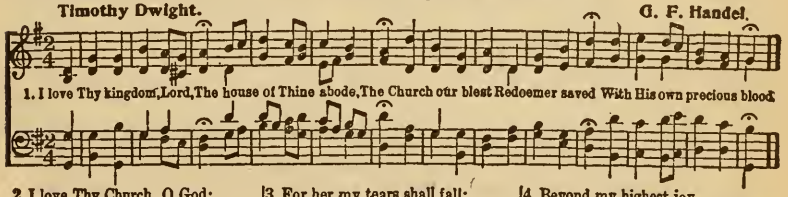
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 248. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



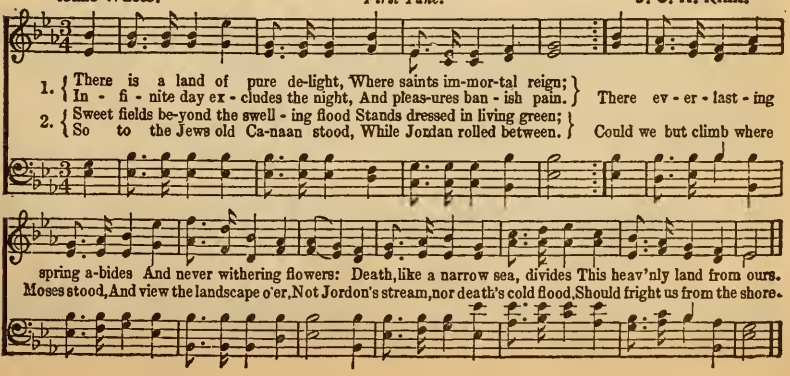
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

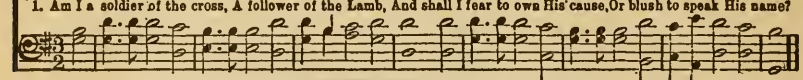
No. 249. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

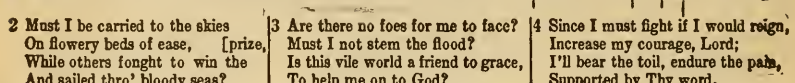
Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.



No. 250. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.





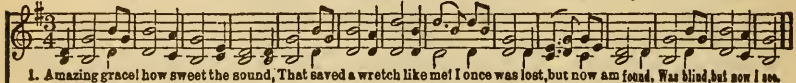
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

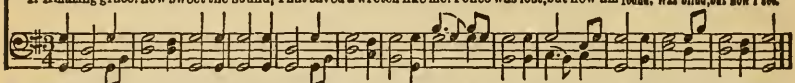
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 251. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.





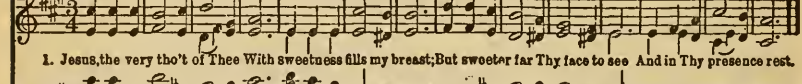
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten hon-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 252 The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



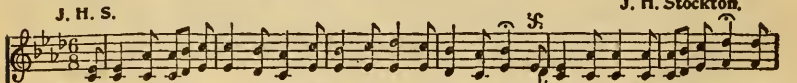
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

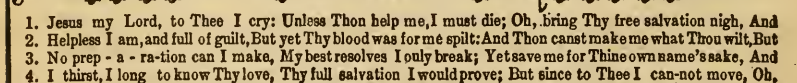
3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

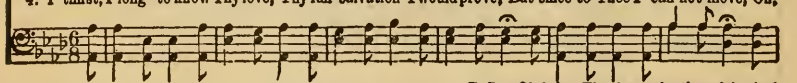
No. 253. Take Me As I Am.

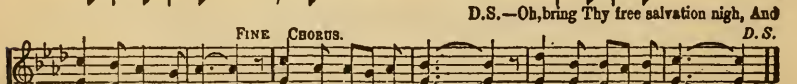
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.





D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And





No. 254. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.

1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,

His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 255. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died. My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 256. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires

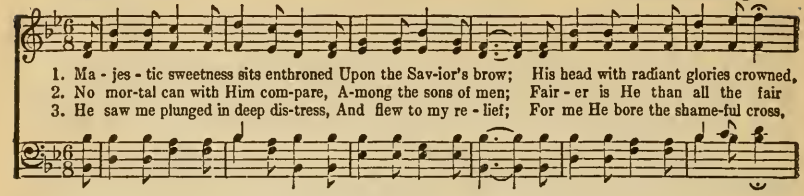
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

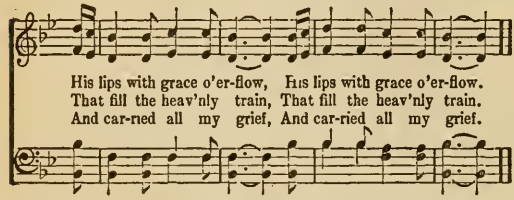
4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 257. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,



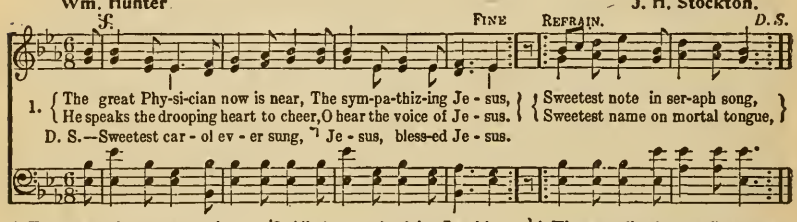
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 258. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.



1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

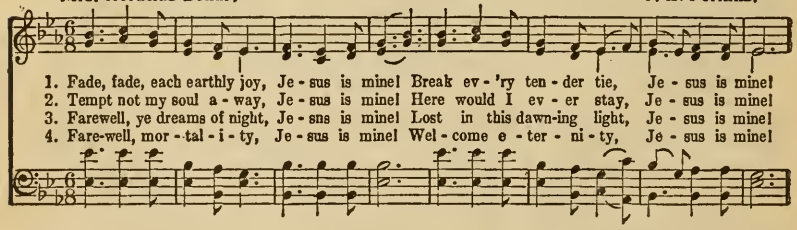
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

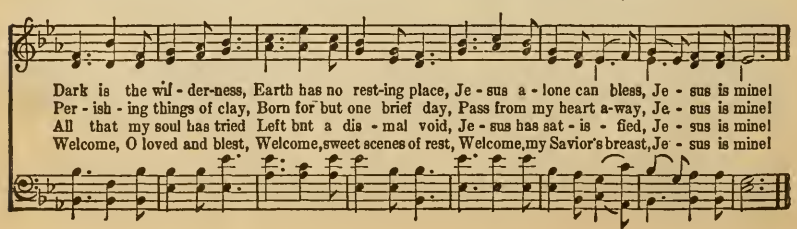
4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 259. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.



1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!



Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 260. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my

over there.

mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o'- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there. I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 261. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.

1. { On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, } { my pos - ses - sions lie.
{ To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where }

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore, ...
by and by, ev - er - green shore.

Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 262. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of, the glo - ries
(A. & B.) The glo-ries of my God and
of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace!
(T.) The glo - ries of my God and King,
King, The glo-ries of my God and King.

No. 263. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled
He sets the prisoner free; [sin,
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 264. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 265. O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,

{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, / And vie with Gabriel while he sings, } In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see His face; [home,
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 266. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy

in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 267. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 268. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* FINE. John Wyeth.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
{ Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } { Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thon Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 269. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* FINE. CHORUS. J. J. Rousseau.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } { I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }
{ Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } { I love Je-sus, yes I do! }

D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 270. The Fountain Stands Open.

CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.

O, the fountain stands o-pen, The fountain stands o - pen, Sin-ner, come and bathe your wea-ry soul.

No. 271. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. { Oh, now I see the crim-son wave The fountain deep and wide; }
{ Je- sus, my Lord, might-y to save, } Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I seel I seel I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me; }
{ Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, } yes, cleans-eth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! poluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 272. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 273. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

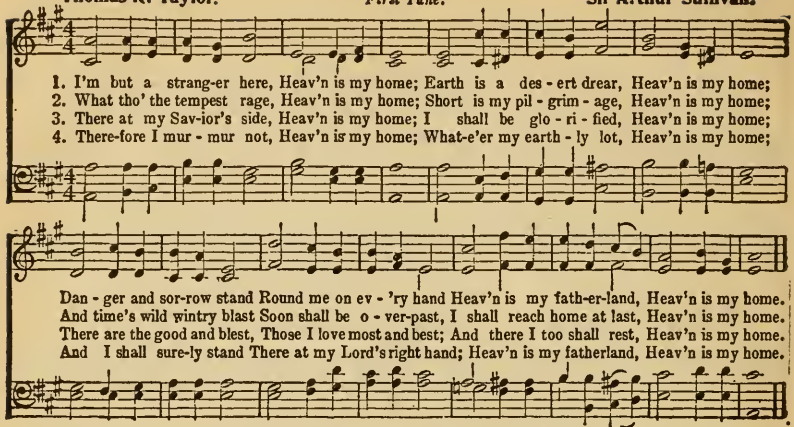
CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 274. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.

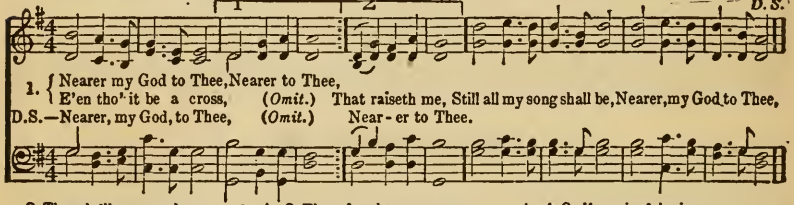


1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 275. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

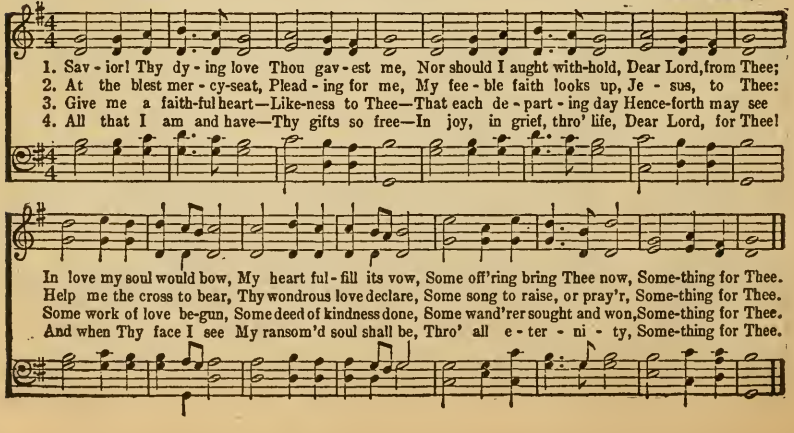
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 276. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.

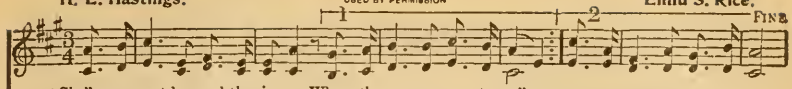


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

No. 277. Shall We Meet?

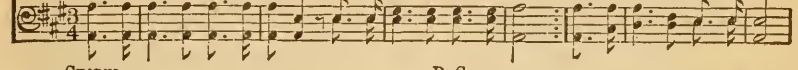
H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.



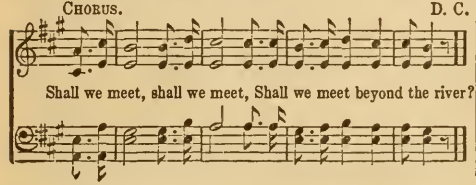
1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
Where in all the bright for-ev-er, } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?

2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?

D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?



CHORUS. D. C.



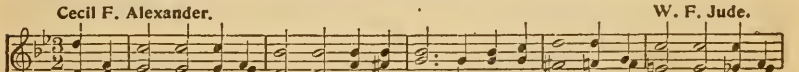
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

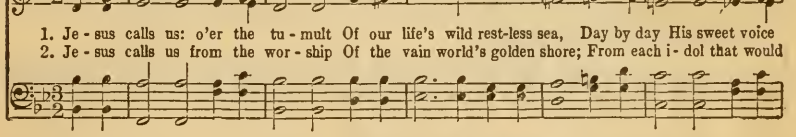
4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

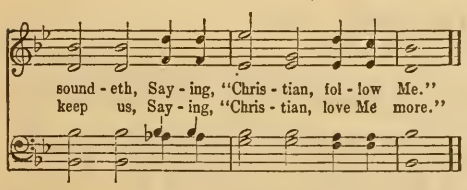
No. 278. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would





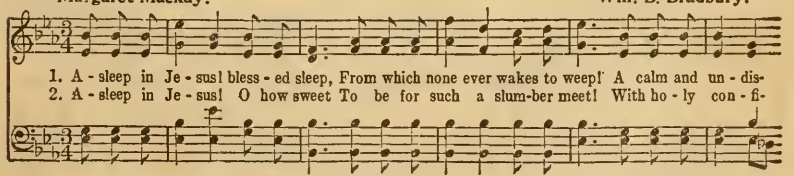
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

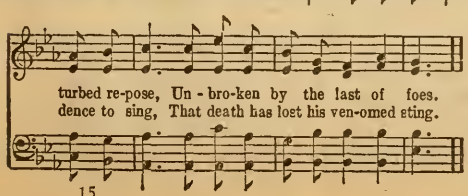
4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 279. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-



turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 280. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His

vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

FINE. CHORUS.

ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 281. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

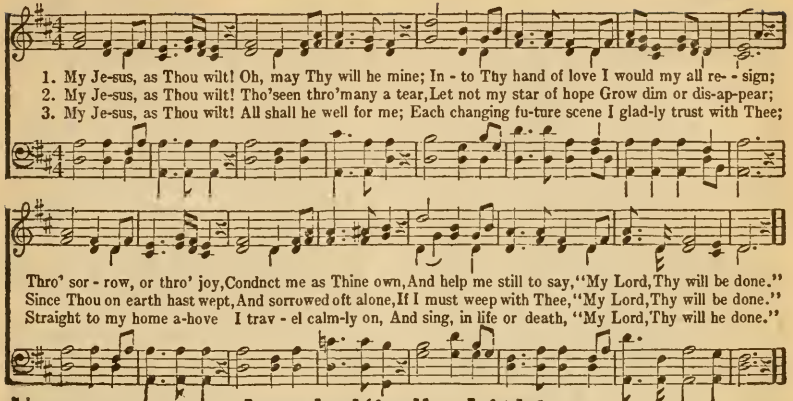
feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 282. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

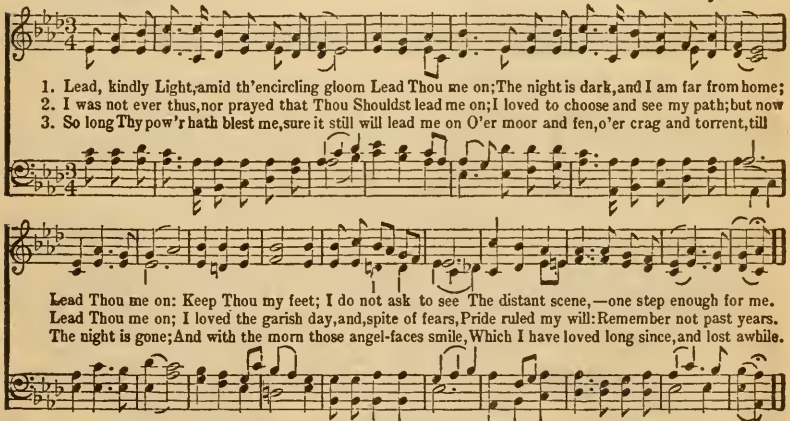


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will he mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear,Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall he well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy,Condnct me as Thine own,And help me still to say,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept,And sorrowed oft alone,If I must weep with Thee,"My Lord,Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-hove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord,Thy will he done."

No. 283. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

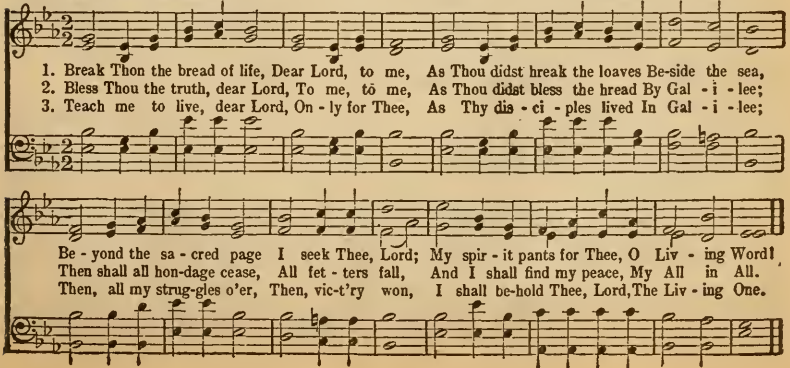


1. Lead, kindly Light,amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on;The night is dark,and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus,nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;I loved to choose and see my path;but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me,sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen,o'er crag and torrent,till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day,and,spite of fears,Pride ruled my will:Remember not past years.
The night is gone;And with the morn those angel-faces smile,Which I have loved long since,and lost awhile.

No. 284. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

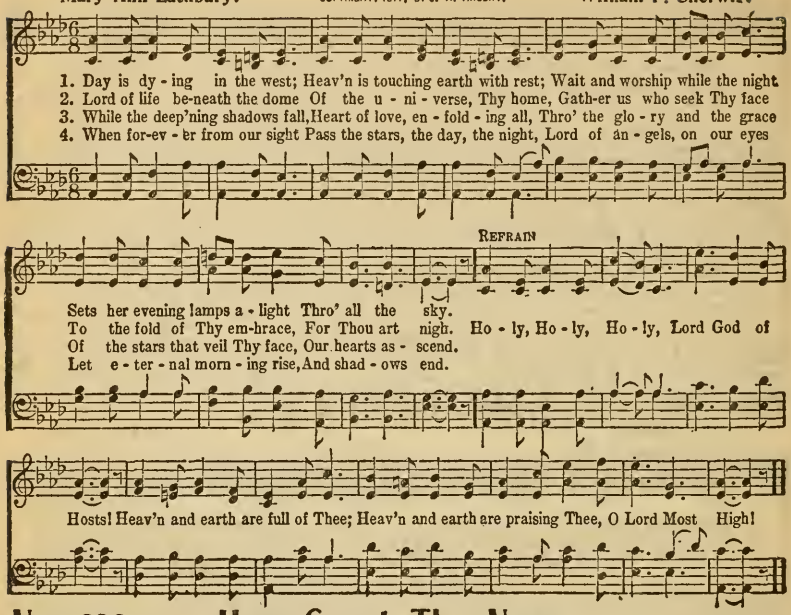


1. Break Thon the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst hreak the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the hread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all hon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord,The Liv - ing One.

No. 285. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin



No. 286. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast [frame,
How exalted is Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

REFRAIN
Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

2 From the month of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained.
How great Thy name!

3 When Thy heavens I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree.
How great thy name!

4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name!

5 Thou his station didst ordain.
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name!

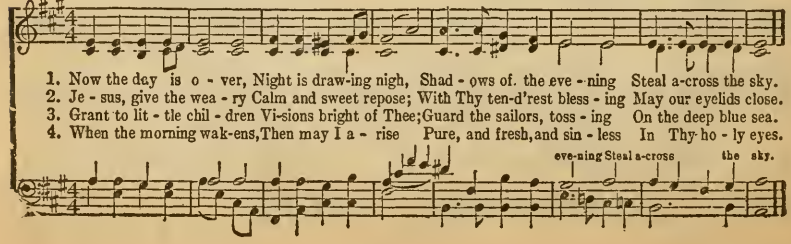
6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast [made;
How great Thy name!

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro'the heaven's roam
Fish that make the sea their home
How great Thy name!

8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast [frame
How exalted is Thy name:
How great Thy name!

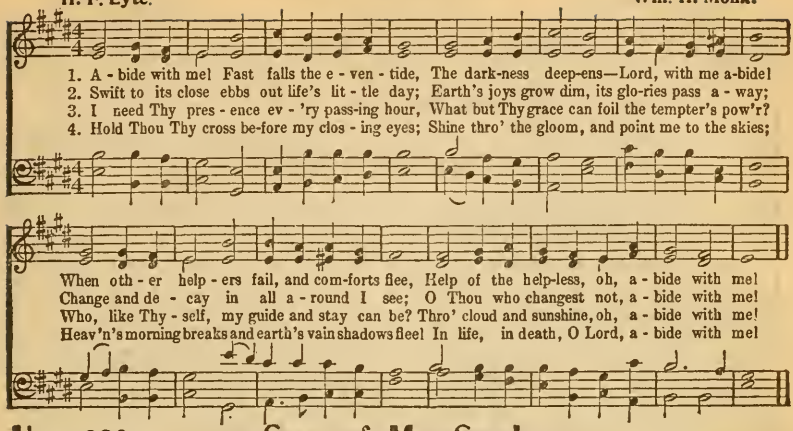
No. 287. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.



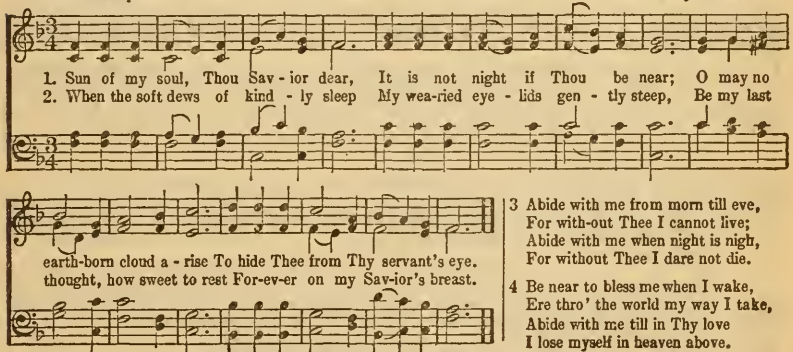
No. 288. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



No. 289. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

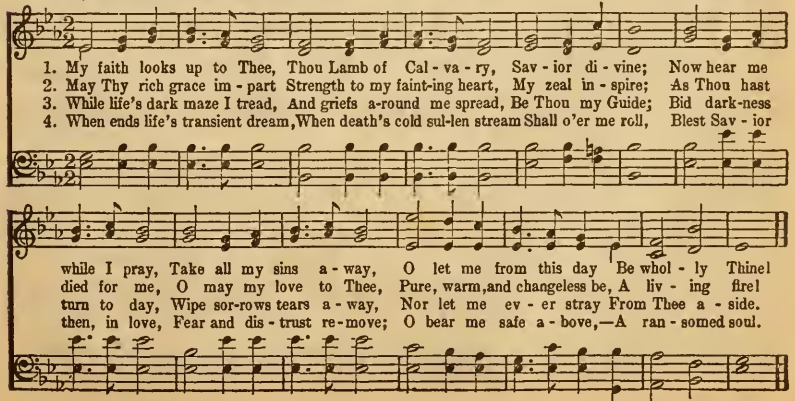


3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

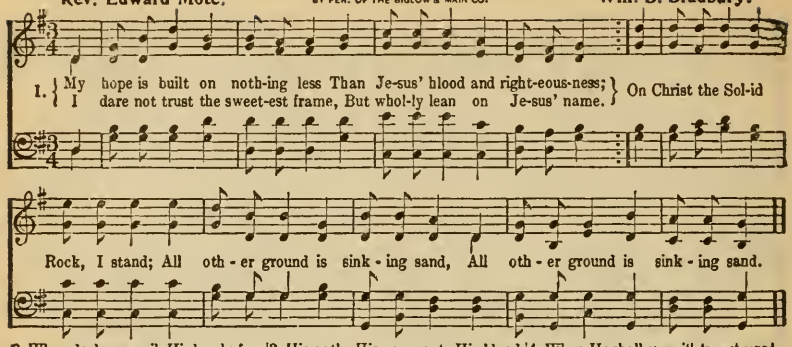
No. 290. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 291. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



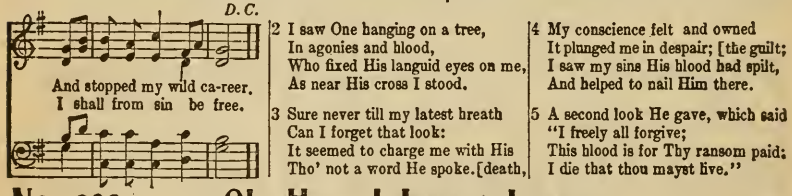
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 292. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.



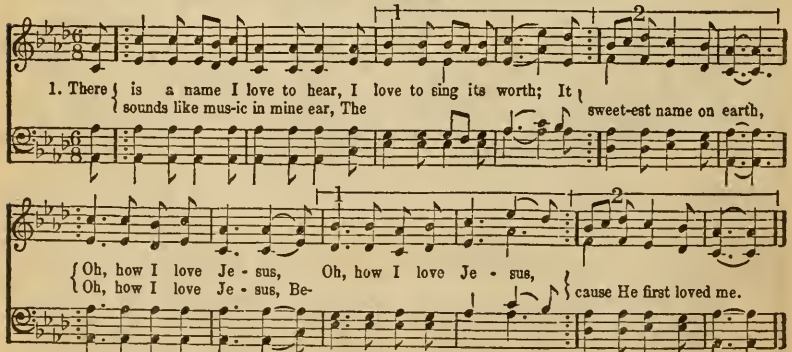
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid:
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 293. Oh, How I Love Jesus.



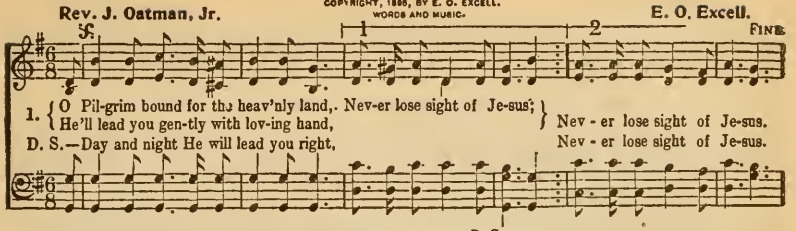
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

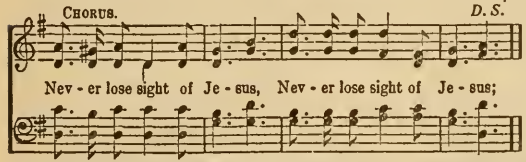
3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 294. Never Lose Sight of Jesus.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. — COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. — E. O. Excell.





1 O Pilgrim bound for the heavenly land,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
He'll lead you gently with loving hand,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

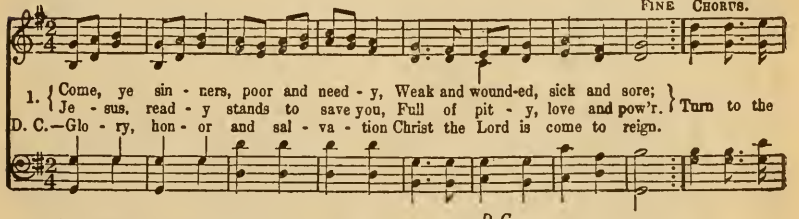
2 When-e'er you're tempted to go astray,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Press onward, upward, the narrow way,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

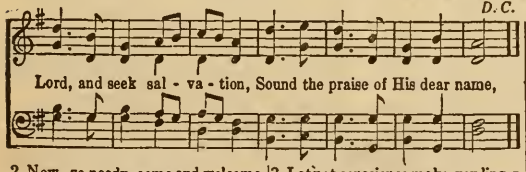
3 Tho' dark the pathway may seem ahead,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
"I will be with you," His word hath said,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

4 When death is knocking outside the door,
Never lose sight of Jesus;
Till safely landed on Canaan's shore,
Never lose sight of Jesus.

No. 295. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. — J. Ingalls.





2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

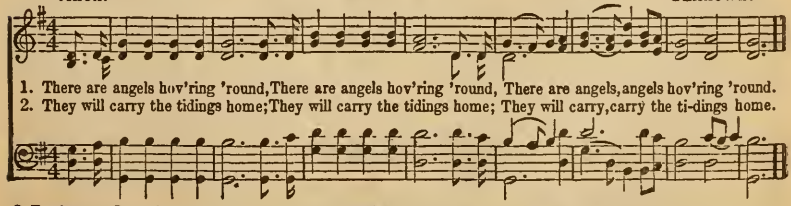
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold Him!
Hear Him cry, before He dies.

No. 296. Angels Hovering 'Round.

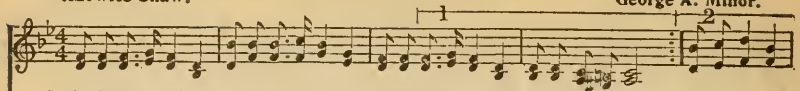
Anon. — Unknown.



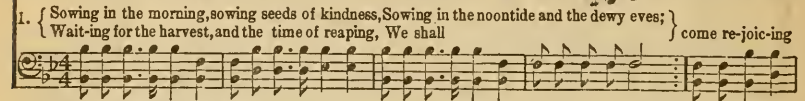
3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 297. Bringing in the Sheaves.

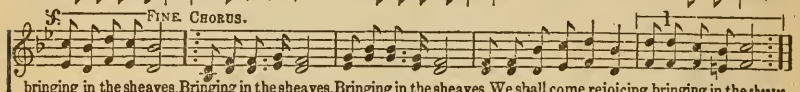
Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.



1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

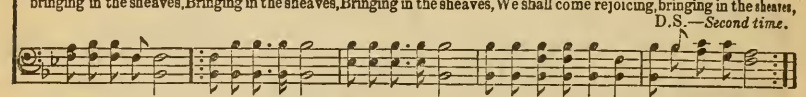


FINE. CHORUS.



bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

D.S.—*Second time.*

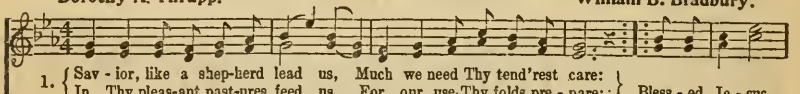


2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

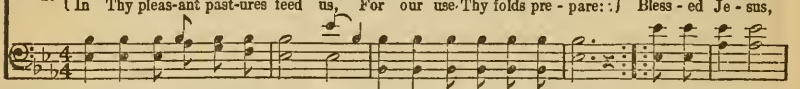
3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 298. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

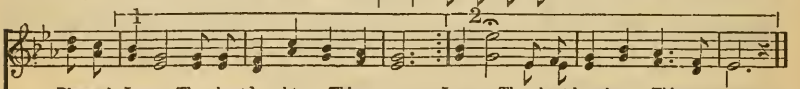
Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: : } Bless - ed Je - sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.



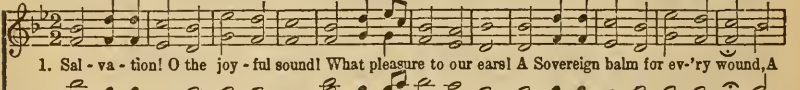
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

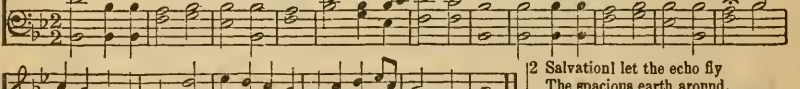
4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

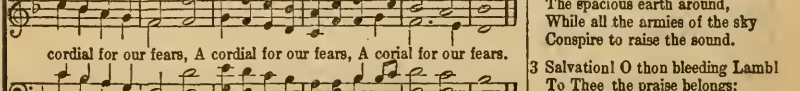
No. 299. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* John Randall.

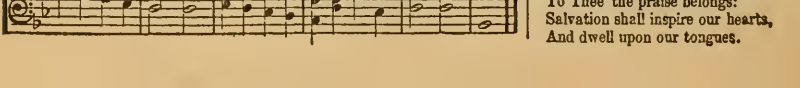


1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A Sovereign balm for ev-'ry wound, A





cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.



2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 300. The Sailor's Home Song.

Allegretto. BY PERMISSION. J. M. Pelton.

1. Tho' far from na-tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll-ing sea, Yet still I love my na-tive
D. S.—Yet, still by day and thro' the

FINE D. S.

home, The brave land of the free; Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the restless sea,
night, I think of home and thee.

1 Tho' far from native land I roam,
Rocked by the rolling sea,
Yet still I love my native home,
The brave land of the free;
Tho' winds are fair and skies are
And calm the restless sea, [bright,
Yet, still by day and thro' the night,
I think of home and thee.

2 When stars pale out the eastern sky,
And dew-drops melt away,
When o'er the hills the sun mounts
Bright ruler of the day; [high,
When shadows long shine in the west,
And stretch across the lea,
When beast and bird have sunk to
Then think, oh, think of me. [rest,

3 When moonlight silvers o'er the plain
And all is hush'd in peace,
When silence reigns in all the main,
And still is every breeze,
When clouds rise dark and lightnings
And show the threatening lea, [flash
And o'er the surges thunders crash,
Then think, oh, think of me.

No. 301. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 302. Heaven.

Tune below.

1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 303. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

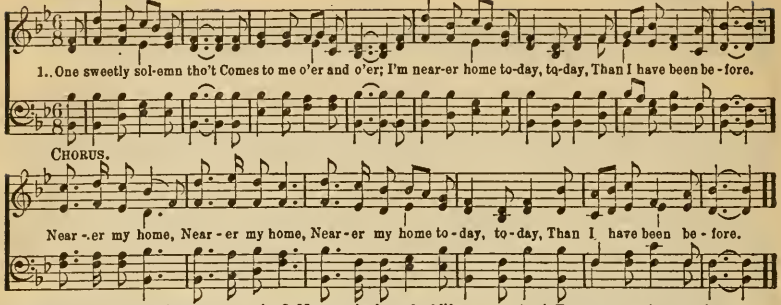
1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, } A charm from the skies seems to
Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; } Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er

1 2 CHORUS.

hal - low us there, } Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
met with else- - where.

No. 304. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Miss Phœbe Carey. Philip Phillips.



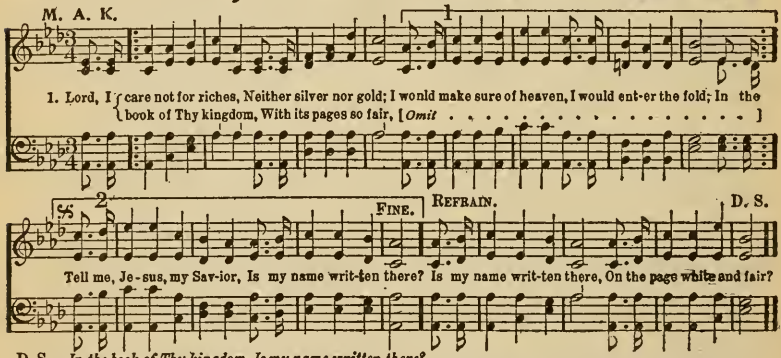
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown.

4 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think.

No. 305. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.



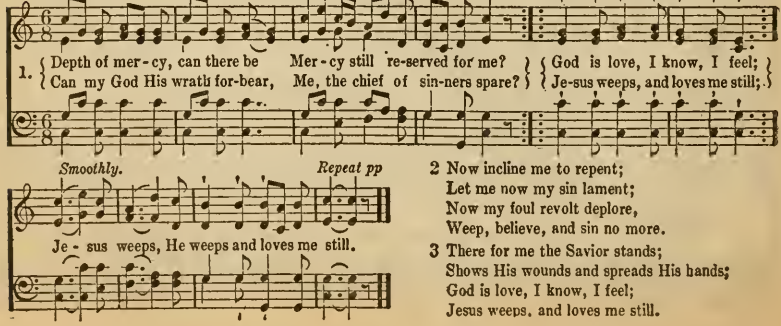
D. S.—*In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?*

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 306. God is Love.

Charles Wesley. J. Stevenson.



2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 307. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. Arr. by Gabriel.

1. A - rise, my soul, a-rise. Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half appears;
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing love His pre-cious blood to plead;

D. S. for Chorus.

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

CHO.—*His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.*

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die,"
"Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 308. All For Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All, yes, all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to [*Omit* . . . .] Him;
D. C.—Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be-longs to [*Omit* . . . .] Him.

D. C.

Ev - er - more to be His dwell - ing, Ev - er - more His prais - es swell - ing,

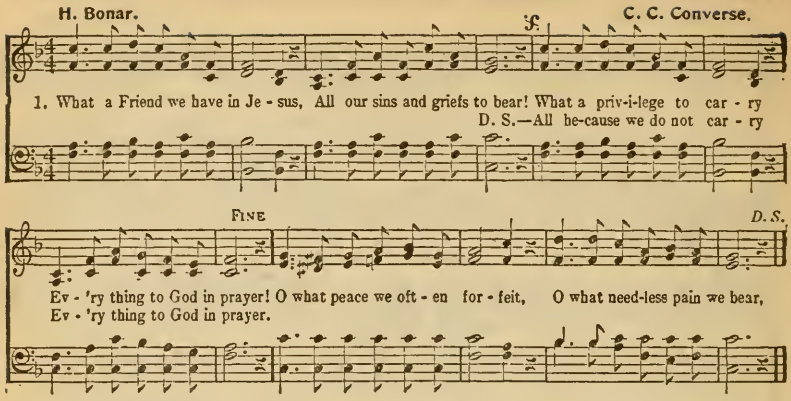
2 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my voice I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Pleading for the young and hoary,
Telling of His power and glory,
Singing o'er and o'er the story,
It belongs to Him.

3 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my love I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Loving Him for love unceasing,
For His mercy e'er increasing,
For His watch-care never ceasing,
It belongs to Him.

4 All, yes, all I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
All my life I give to Jesus,
It belongs to Him;
Hour by hour I'll live for Jesus,
Day by day I'll work for Jesus,
Evermore I'll honor Jesus,
It belongs to Him.

No. 309. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.



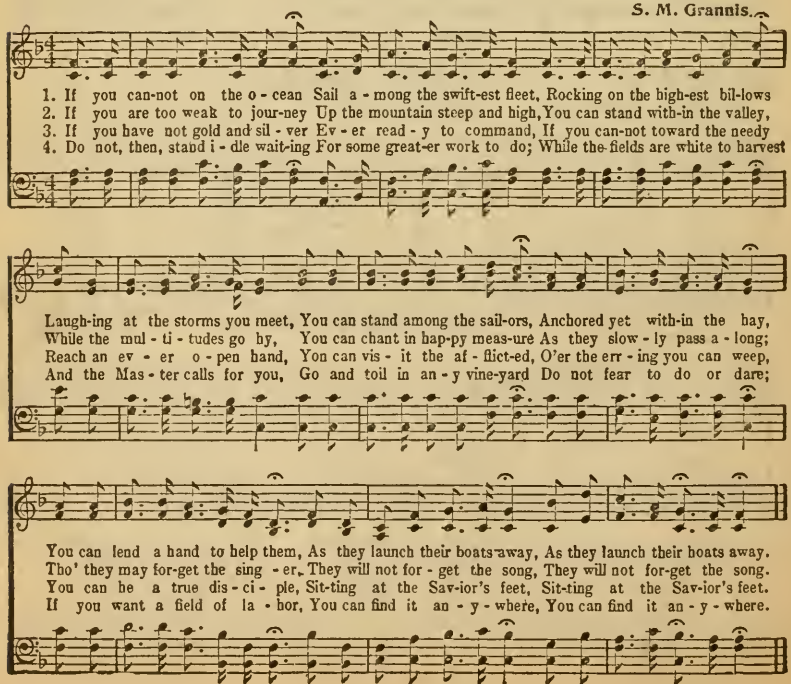
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

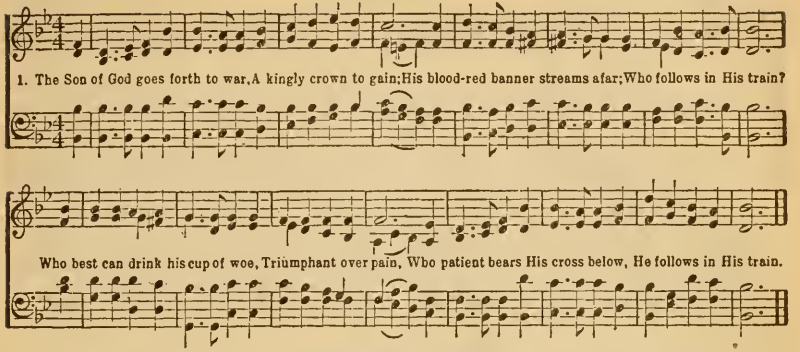
No. 310. Your Mission.

S. M. Grannis.



No. 311. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.



2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 312. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

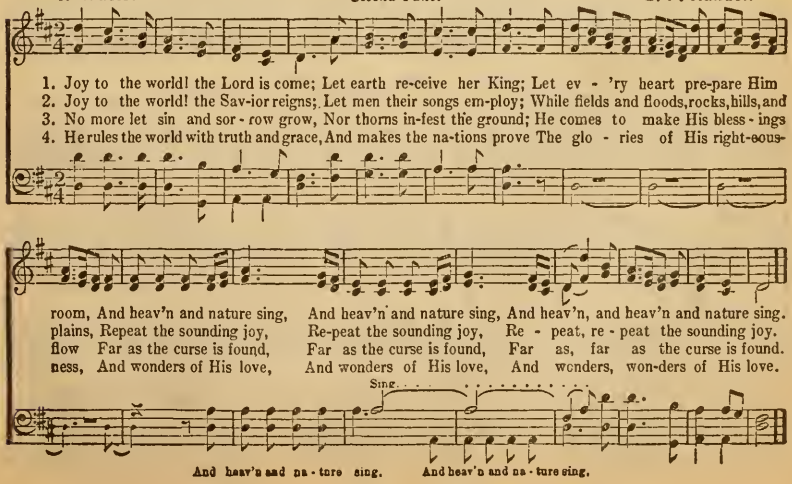
1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am ovewhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The tree-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

No 313. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 314. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.

FINE 1 2 D. C.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll, Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 315. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

FINE D. C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 316. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1 2

1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, } Wait-ing in His courts to - day;

1 2

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

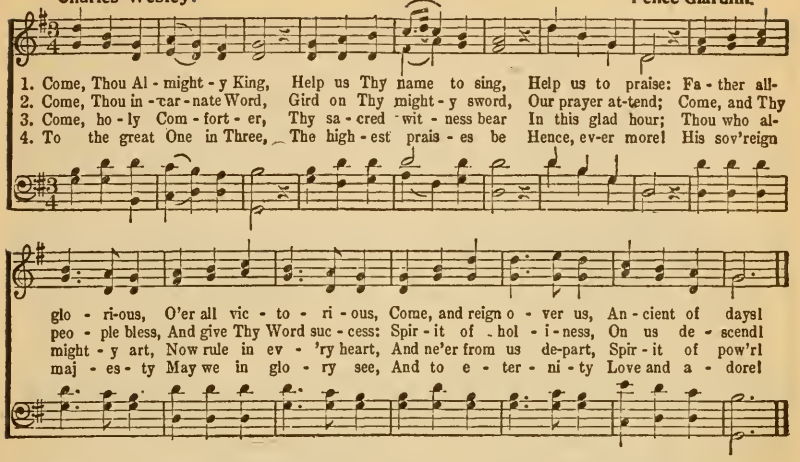
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 317. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 318. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 319. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

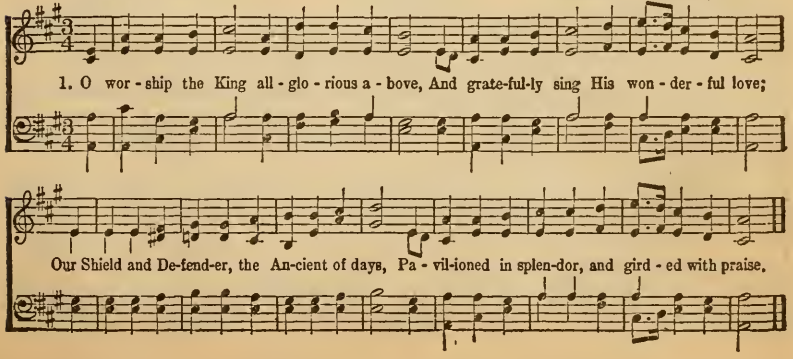
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

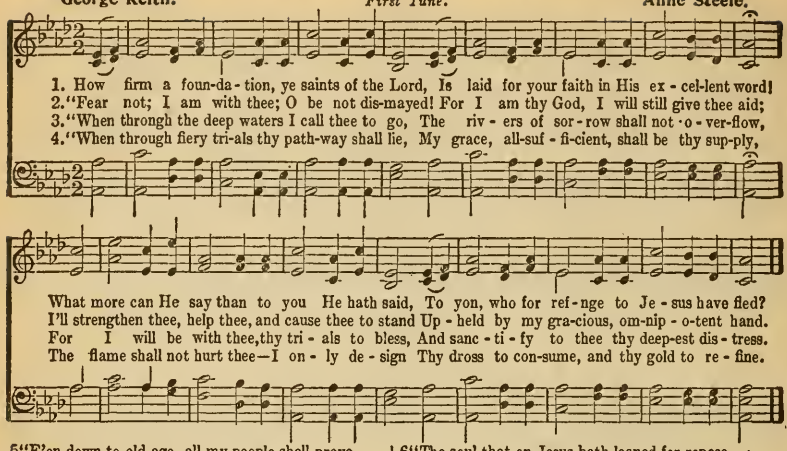
No. 320. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 321. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 322. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 323. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

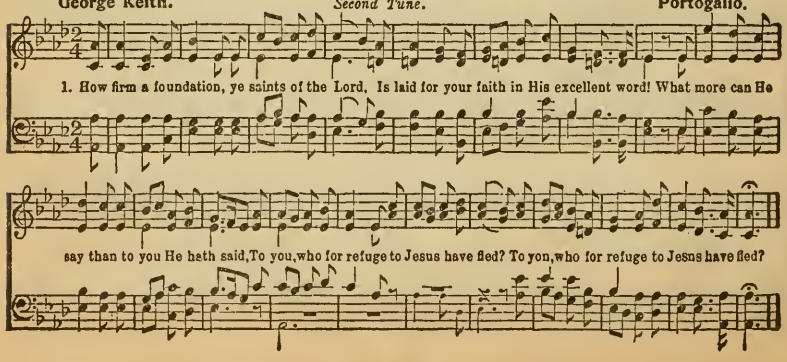
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

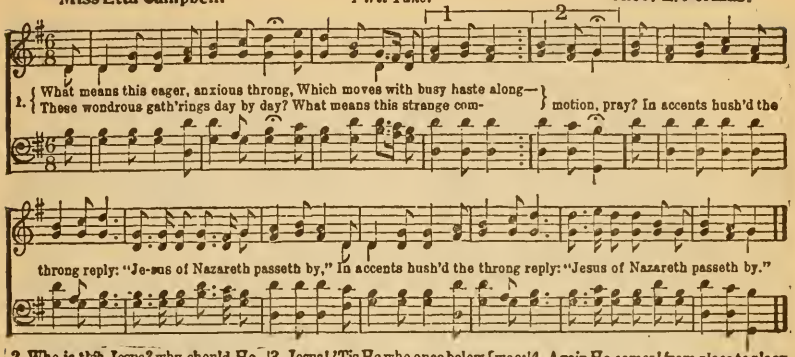
No. 324. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 325. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



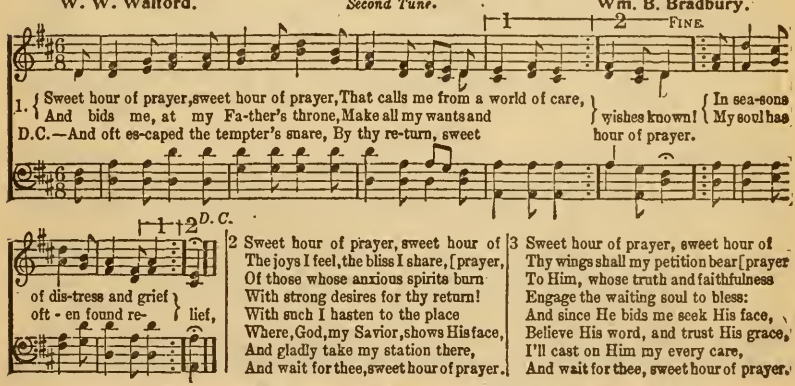
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 326. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

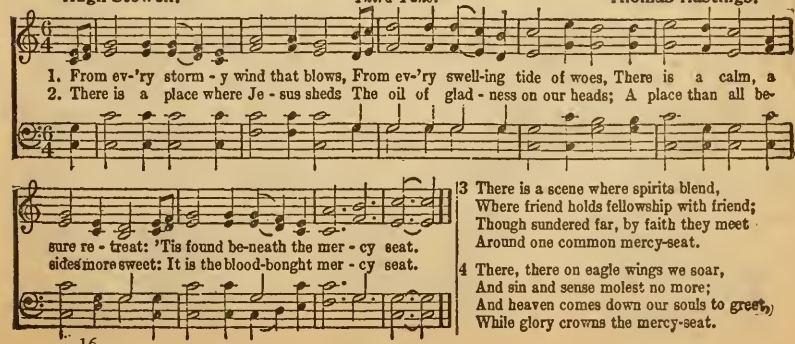


2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of [prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of [prayer
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 327. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 328. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat-tle line, Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine; } Lord God of
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice An hum-ble and a con-trite heart; } Lord God of

Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 329. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with [joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's [fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows [how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 330. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!
2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 331. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

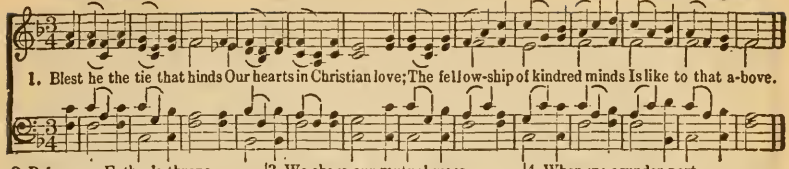
1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 332. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.



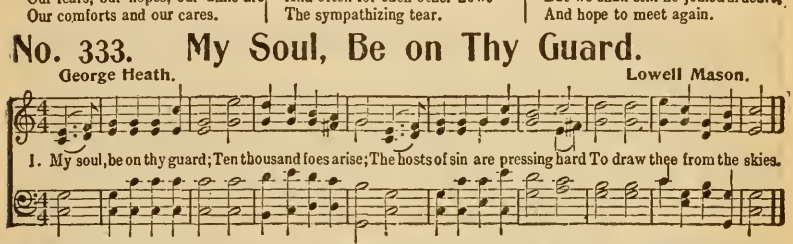
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 333. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



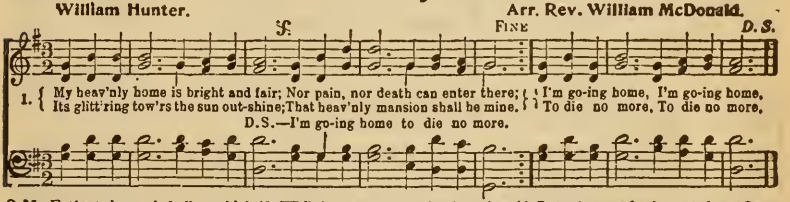
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath.

No. 334. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.



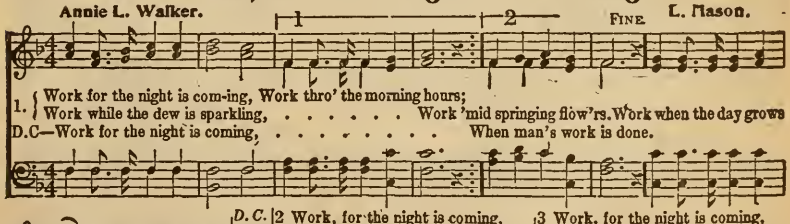
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

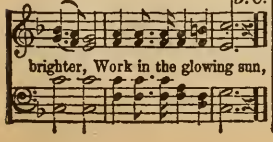
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

No. 335. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.





2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 336. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. USED BY PER.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled.
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

S.

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground,
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

D. S.—than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

CHORUS. D. S.

Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heaven's table-land; A higher plane

No. 337. There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. { Would you be free from your burden of sin, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win, }
2. { Would you be free from your passion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Come for a cleansing to Cal-va-ry's tide, }
3. { Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow, }
4. { Would you do service for Jesus your King, There's pow'r in the blood, pow'r in the blood;
Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing, }

CHORUS.

There's won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, won-der working
there is pow'r,

pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb; In the precious blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

No. 338. The Haven of Rest.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER. OF JOHN J. HOOD CO.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex-ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin and distressed,
2. I yield-ed my-self to His ten-der embrace, And faith taking hold of the Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. Oh, come to the Saviour, He pa-tiently waits To save by His pow-er di - vine;

S. FINE.

Till I heard a swe-et voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the Haven of Rest.
My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
Of Je-sus, who'll save whosoev - er will have A home in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Ha-ven of Rest."
Come, anchor your soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," And say, "My be-lov - ed is mine."

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep; In Je-sus I'm safe ev-er-more.

CHORUS. D. S.

I've anchor'd my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

No. 339. There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m* *pp* 1 2

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 340. The Lord is My Shepherd.

Lento. Solo in Alto. T. Koschat. Arr. by F. E. B.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With blessings un-measured my
4. Let goodness and mer - cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I

fold - ed I rest; He load-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when
e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou an-nointest my head; Oh, what shall I
meet Thee a-bove. I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd; Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
fall with my Com-fort-er near; No harm can be - fall with my Com-fort-er near.
ask of Thy prov-i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
so - journ, Thy king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy king-dom of love.

No. 341. A Mighty Fortress.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. Hedge. Martin Luther.

1. A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a-
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man
3. And tho' this world, with devils fill'd, Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for

mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing. For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his
on our side, The Man of God's own choosing. Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is
God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us. Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
he! Lord Sab-aoth is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for - ev - er.

No. 342. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. Perronet. (DIADEM. C. M.) Arr. by T. Richards.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran-som'd
3. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown.....

prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

Him, crown Him, crown .....Him,

crown ..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 343. Coronation.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-

dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 344. Miles Lane.

W. Shrubsole.

1 2

crown Him, crown Him,

And crown Him.

No. 345. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou jugdest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hissop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

No. 346. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed.

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 347. PSALM 90.

1 Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3 Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and
groweth up; in the evening it is cut down,
and withereth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger,
and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities before
thee, our secret sins in the light of thy
countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in
thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale
that is told.

10 The days of our years are three-
score years and ten: and if by reason of
strength they be fourscore years, yet is
their strength labor and sorrow; for it is
soon cut off, and we fly away.

11 Who knoweth the power of thine
anger? Even according to thy fear, so is
thy wrath.

12 So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O Lord, how long? And let
it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy;
that we may rejoice and be glad all our
days.

15 Make us glad according to the days
wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the
years wherein we have seen evil.

16 Let thy work appear unto thy
servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17 And let the beauty of the Lord our
God be upon us: and establish thou the
work of our hands upon us: yea, the work
of our hands establish thou it:

No. 348. JOHN 3: 1-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees,
named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night,
and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that
thou art a teacher come from God; for no
man can do these miracles that thou doest,
except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him,
Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a
a man be born again, he cannot see the
kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a
man be born when he is old? can he enter
the second time into his mother's womb,
and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say
unto thee, Except a man be born of water
and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the
kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is
flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit
is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in
the wilderness; even so must the Son of
man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him
should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he
gave his only begotten Son, that whoso-
ever believeth in him should not perish,
but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the
world to condemn the world; but that the
world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not con-
demned; but he that believeth not is con-
demned already; because he hath not be-
lieved in the name of the only begotten
Son of God.

No. 349. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye
to the waters, and he that hath no money;
come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy
wine and milk without money and without
price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for
that which is not bread? and your labour
for that which satisfieth not? hearken
diligently unto me, and eat ye that which
is good, and let your soul delight itself in
fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me;
hear, and your soul shall live; and I will
make an everlasting covenant with you,
even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a wit-
ness to the people, a leader and command-
er to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 350. Psalm 142.

1. I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about: for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

No. 351. Psalm 121.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going-ing out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

No. 352. Psalm 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but a like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 353. Matthew 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 354.

MATTHEW 13: 24–30; 36–43.

1 Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which soweth good seed in his field:

2 But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

3 But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

4 So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares?

5 He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up.

6 But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

7 Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

8 Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field.

9 He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man;

10 The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one;

11 The enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.

12 As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world.

13 The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity;

14 And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

15 Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

No. 355. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

No. 356. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 357. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye

praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 358. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts;

FINE

D. S.

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him all creatures here below;

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